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COLERIDGE'S
MISCELLANEOUS
CRITICISM

Edited by

THOMAS MIDDLETON RAYSOR

Editor of

"Coleridge's Shakespearean Criticism"

FOLCROFT LIBRARY EDITIONS
1976

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CAMBRIDGE
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1936

PREFACE

THE preface to this edition of *Coleridge's Miscellaneous Criticism* must be so nearly a repetition of the preface to my edition of the *Shakespearean Criticism* that I shall be very brief. The chief reasons for preparing this volume are the need of collecting in Coleridge's works various unpublished manuscripts and some important critical notes now to be found only in books of other authors or in old periodicals ; the need of correcting from manuscripts many materials printed in *Literary Remains* in a very incorrect form ; and the need of adding some editorial commentary to a body of criticism which has been influential in English literature.

The editor has attempted to preserve the exact words of Coleridge and the reporters of his lectures ; but he has felt it necessary in handling unrevised manuscripts to correct silently capitalization, punctuation, and spelling. The same policy of silent revision of mechanical details has occasionally been applied also to materials from periodicals, but not to those reprinted from *Literary Remains* or any other source except those specified. Titles of manuscript notes are the editor's, not Coleridge's, unless the contrary is specified. H. N. Coleridge's general titles for the lectures of 1818 have been sometimes silently omitted, to give place to new titles of separate notes.

I am profoundly obliged to Lord and Lady Coleridge for permission to collate *Literary Remains* against the marginalia on Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher in their possession ; for the Scott marginalia now published for the first time ; and for the notes "On Poesy or Art." I must again thank the Rev. G. H. B. Coleridge for his kindness in permitting me to print the various unpublished notes here included. For these unpublished notes I am indebted to the authorities of the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, the library of Harvard College, and the Folger Shakespeare Library. As this book has its origin in discoveries incidental

to my work on Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism* I should again remember with gratitude the Sheldon Fellowship from Harvard University in 1922-23, and the Guggenheim Fellowship of 1926-27, extended by a grant in the summer of 1928 ; and to these I may now add the American Council of Learned Societies, which by a small grant in the summer of 1934 assisted my work in the Folger and Congressional Libraries. More personal obligations are those to Miss Alice Snyder of Vassar College, who informed me of the notes on Barry Cornwall and on Anderson's *British Poets* in the Victoria and Albert Museum and copied them for me ; to Professor Ginsburg of the University of Nebraska, who checked Coleridge's Greek for me ; to Miss Alicc Stone of Radcliffe College, who provided nearly all of the specific parallels between Coleridge and Richter ; to Miss Adeline Lewis of Sioux City, Iowa, who sent me a note on Beaumont and Fletcher ; to Mr. Gilbert Doane, librarian of the University of Nebraska, who has on three or four different occasions noticed new items which I had not yet seen ; to Mr. Edmund Blunden, who called to Miss Snyder's attention the Coleridge notes at South Kensington. All of these have made expenditures of time and effort of which I am a grateful beneficiary.

The origin of the various unpublished materials is specified in the notes, but in two cases should be mentioned here somewhat more fully. These are the two sets of marginalia on Robert Anderson's *Poets of Great Britain*, 13 vols., 1793-1807. Since these notes are dispersed through the volume, a brief notice for all of them may appear most conveniently in the Preface. One of the two sets of the *British Poets* with Coleridge annotations is in the Folger Shakespeare Library at Washington, D.C., from which come also the new Coleridge marginalia on Shakespeare in the Appendix. The copious marginalia in the Folger set of the *British Poets* are in the main not by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, as has been supposed, but by his son Hartley. There are, however, a few S. T. Coleridge notes, which are here combined with the much fuller marginalia on the same set in the library of

the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. These are the notes discovered by Mr. Blunden, and copied for me by Miss Alice D. Snyder. From other notes by "S. C. H." in this set Miss Snyder discovered that Samuel Carter Hall had access to the books and quoted Coleridge three times in his *Book of Gems* (1836-38).¹

This collection of Coleridge's criticism is considerably more extensive than those previously published ; but there are doubtless many Coleridge marginalia and manuscript notes in the hands of private collectors. Besides unpublished materials, probably marginalia in most cases, there are notes which have been published in *Literary Remains* and here unwillingly reprinted without collation. If any of the fortunate owners of these materials are willing to let me use their Coleridgeana I should be grateful for an opportunity of corresponding with them.

I should not wish, however, to collect and publish all of Coleridge's innumerable marginalia, even if it were possible. I have, in some cases, printed critical notes in this book with much reluctance, merely because they had more or less established themselves in the canon of Coleridge's published work. In other cases, I have deliberately passed by Coleridge marginalia posthumously published in various periodicals, either because this book is limited to criticism of literature, or because it would be unfair to the writer to print trivialities never intended for the press. But I have exercised my veto cautiously, probably too cautiously, because of the consideration that others might value what I might wish to reject. I do not think, however, that there is need to apologize for the professedly miscellaneous contents of this volume, though they are miscellaneous in quality as well as subject. They include such excellent criticism as the lectures on Spenser, Milton, and Dante, the lecture on prose style, the letter on Sir Thomas Browne. And these are merely a few of the best and longest formal essays. Nearly anywhere in Coleridge's reported conversations or lectures, in the frag-

¹ Cf. Miss Snyder's article in *Notes and Queries*, November 24, 1934.

mentary manuscript notes, or in the marginalia, one can count on flashes of the profound critical insight which makes Coleridge one of the greatest—to my mind certainly the greatest—of English critics.

THOMAS M. RAYSOR.

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

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ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES

H. N. C.=H. N. Coleridge

B.L. = *Biographia Literaria*

L.R. = *Literary Remains*, vols. i-ii (1836)

SECTION I
LECTURES OF 1818
MANUSCRIPTS, REPORTS OF LECTURES, and
MARGINALIA ON THE SAME SUBJECTS

LECTURES OF 1818

SYLLABUS OF THE COURSE ¹

LECTURE I. *Tuesday Evening, January 27, 1818.*—On the Manners, Morals, Literature, Philosophy, Religion, and the State of Society in general, in European Christendom, from the eighth to the fifteenth Century (that is, from A.D. 700 to A.D. 1400), more particularly in reference to England, France, Italy, and Germany : in other words, a portrait of the (so called) Dark Ages of Europe.

LECTURE II. *Friday Evening, January 30.*—On the Tales and Metrical Romances common, for the most part, to England, Germany, and the North of France ; and on the English Songs and Ballads ; continued to the Reign of Charles the First.—A few Selections will be made from the Swedish, Danish, and German Languages, translated for the purpose by the Lecturer.

LECTURE III. *Tuesday Evening, February 3.*—Chaucer and Spenser ; of Petrarch ; of Ariosto, Pulci, and Boiardo.

LECTURES IV. V. and VI. on *Friday Evening, February 6* ; on *Tuesday Evening, February 10* ; and on *Friday Evening, February 13.*—On the Dramatic Works of SHAKESPEARE. In these Lectures will be comprised the substance of Mr. Coleridge's former Courses on the same subject, enlarged and varied by subsequent study and reflection.

¹ In the second volume of Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism* the present editor described in turn each series of Coleridge's public lectures, taking up the series of 1818 with the others. In the present volume it will be necessary only to reprint the syllabus (without the prospectus, the announcements regarding tickets, etc.) as an introduction to the fragments of miscellaneous lectures and notes which follow. These lectures are legitimately included in this volume, for they constitute Coleridge's only ambitious venture into the field of general literature. In previous series, he had devoted himself primarily to Shakespeare, with Milton and the Schlegel antithesis of classic and romantic as secondary themes.

LECTURE VII. *Tuesday Evening, February 17.*—On Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger ; with the probable Causes of the Cessation of Dramatic Poetry in England with Shirley and Otway, soon after the Restoration of Charles the Second.

LECTURE VIII. *Friday Evening, February 20.*—Of the Life and *all* the Works of CERVANTES, but chiefly of his Don Quixote. The Ridicule of Knight-Errantry shewn to have been but a secondary Object in the Mind of the Author, and not the principal Cause of the Delight which the Work continues to give in all Nations, and under all the Revolutions of Manners and Opinions.

LECTURE IX. *Tuesday Evening, February 24.*—On Rabelais, Swift, and Sterne : on the Nature and Constituents of genuine Humour, and on the Distinctions of the Humorous from the Witty, the Fanciful, the Droll, the Odd, &c.

LECTURE X. *Friday Evening, February 27.*—Of Donne, Dante, and Milton.

LECTURE XI. *Tuesday Evening, March 3.*—On the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and on the *romantic* Use of the Supernatural in Poetry, and in Works of Fiction not poetical. On the Conditions and Regulations under which such Books may be employed advantageously in the earlier Periods of Education.

LECTURE XII. *Friday Evening, March 6.*—On Tales of Witches, Apparitions, &c., as distinguished from the Magic and Magicians of Asiatic Origin. The probable Sources of the former, and of the Belief in them in certain Ages and Classes of Men. Criteria by which mistaken and exaggerated Facts may be distinguished from absolute Falsehood and Imposture. Lastly, the Causes of the Terror and Interest which Stories of Ghosts and Witches inspire, in early Life at least, whether believed or not.

LECTURE XIII. *Tuesday Evening, March 10.*—On Colour, Sound, and Form, in Nature, as connected with POESY : the word " Poesy " used as the *generic* or class term, including Poetry, Music, Painting, Statuary, and ideal Architecture, as its Species. The reciprocal Relations of Poetry and Philo-

sophy to each other ; and of both to Religion, and the Moral Sense.

LECTURE XIV. *Friday Evening, March 13.*—On the Corruptions of the English Language since the Reign of Queen Anne, in our Style of writing Prose. A few easy Rules for the Attainment of a manly, unaffected, and pure Language, in our genuine Mother-Tongue, whether for the purposes of Writing, Oratory, or Conversation. Concluding Address.

LECTURE I

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE GOTHIC MIND IN THE MIDDLE AGES

[I. *Green Report*¹]

MR. COLERIDGE began by treating of the races of mankind as descended from Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and therein of the early condition of man in his antique form. He then dwelt on the pre-eminence of the Greeks in Art and Philosophy, and noticed the suitableness of polytheism to small insulated states, in which patriotism acted as a substitute for religion, in destroying or suspending self. Afterwards, in consequence of the extension of the Roman empire, some universal or common spirit became necessary for the conservation of the vast body, and this common spirit was, in fact, produced in Christianity. The causes of the decline of the Roman empire were in operation long before the time of the actual overthrow ; that overthrow had been foreseen by many eminent Romans, especially by Seneca.² In fact, there was under the empire an Italian and a German party in Rome, and in the end the latter prevailed.

He then proceeded to describe the generic character of the Northern nations, and defined it as an independence of the whole in the freedom of the individual, noticing their respect for women, and their consequent chivalrous spirit in war ; and how evidently the participation in the general council laid the foundation of the representative form of government,

¹ Reprinted from *Literary Remains*, in which the editor, H. N. Coleridge, tells us that the note is a report of Coleridge's lecture taken by his friend Joseph Henry Green.

² Possibly Coleridge referred to the long soliloquy of Seneca with which Act II of *Octavia* begins. The attribution of this tragedy to Seneca is no longer generally accepted.

the only rational mode of preserving individual liberty in opposition to the licentious democracy of the ancient republics.

He¹ called our attention to the peculiarity of their art, and showed how it entirely depended on a symbolical expression of the infinite,—which is not vastness, nor immensity, nor perfection, but whatever cannot be circumscribed within the limits of actual sensuous being. In the ancient art, on the contrary, every thing was finite and material. Accordingly, sculpture was not attempted by the Gothic races till the ancient specimens were discovered, whilst painting and architecture were of native growth amongst them. In the earliest specimens of the paintings of modern ages, as in those of Giotto and his associates in the cemetery at Pisa, this complexity, variety, and symbolical character are evident, and are more fully developed in the mightier works of Michel Angelo and Raffael. The contemplation of the works of antique art excites a feeling of elevated beauty, and exalted notions of the human self ; but the Gothic architecture impresses the beholder with a sense of self-annihilation ; he becomes, as it were, a part of the work contemplated. An endless complexity and variety are united into one whole, the plan of which is not distinct from the execution. A Gothic cathedral is the petrification of our religion. The only work of truly modern sculpture is the Moses of Michel Angelo.

The northern nations were prepared by their own previous religion for Christianity ; they, for the most part, received it gladly, and it took root as in a native soil. The deference to woman, characteristic of the Gothic races, combined itself with devotion in the idea of the Virgin Mother, and gave rise to many beautiful associations.²

¹ This whole paragraph is loosely based on Schlegel's distinction of the classic and the romantic. Cf. *Werke*, v. 11-17 ; vi. 32-33, 161-62. A reference to this part of Schlegel implies, of course, a further reference to Schiller's essay, " On Naïve and Sentimental Poetry."

² Cf. Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 243, Robinson's account of the first lecture at Willis's Rooms in the series of 1812-13. The passage here printed is a paraphrase of similar remarks in Schlegel, *Werke* (Böcking), v. 14.

Mr. C. remarked how Gothic an instrument in origin and character the organ was.

He also enlarged on the influence of female character on our education, the first impressions of our childhood being derived from women. Amongst oriental nations, he said, the only distinction was between lord and slave. With the antique Greeks, the will of every one conflicting with the will of all, produced licentiousness ; with the modern descendants from the northern stocks, both these extremes were shut out, to reappear mixed and condensed into this principle or temper ;—submission, but with free choice,—illustrated in chivalrous devotion to women as such, in attachment to the sovereign, &c.

[II. *Carwardine Report* ¹]

Jan. 27, 1818. Attended Mr. Coleridge's first lecture on the "Manners, Morals, Literature, Philosophy, Religion, and state of Society in general in European Christendom from the Eighth to the Fifteenth Century ; more particularly in reference to England, France, Italy and Germany." Mr. C. contended that the irruption of the Barbarians, as they have been called, and the downfall of Rome was by no means so sudden and unexpected as has been imagined ; that it was long foreseen and often foretold by many of the Romans themselves long before it happened—cited Seneca—and that there was a German party in Rome who aided their Northern countrymen, and that Rome did not fall till after long and repeated struggles. Observed that the Germans of that day had a higher moral character than the Romans whom they conquered. That their feelings were elevated by that respectful and chivalrous feeling towards women which was

¹ Reprinted from *Notes and Queries*, April 2, 1870, p. 335, where it is prefaced by the following explanation : "The following rough notes of some lectures delivered by S. T. Coleridge in 1818 were made by the late Henry Holgate Carwardine, Esq., of Colne Priory, Essex, and found by me amongst his papers in Aug. 1867. Mr. Carwardine knew Coleridge personally through his friends, the Gilmans. C. K. P."

After the report of the first lecture, as given above, came a report of the fourth lecture of the same series, which has been reprinted in my edition of Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 312-16.

perfected by the influence of Christianity ;¹ made a beautiful eulogium on the influence of female affection (particularly in the maternal care and instruction when we first become susceptible of impressions and imbibe instruction) in forming our character, in repressing all our evil tendencies, and encouraging every good and amiable sentiment, and making us what we are in after life. Spoke of our superiority in this respect over the antients, which he attributed to the institution of marriage, which had given woman her proper rank and station in the scale of society, and contrasted it with the licentiousness and polygamy of the antients. Spoke of the Romans as perfecting (in many things) what the Greeks had begun.

[P. Qae.² as to the truth of this, of which I think he failed to adduce any very clear or satisfactory evidence.]

Spoke of the Greeks as our superiors in sculpture, history, rhetoric, logic ; equals in poetry and architecture ; inferiors in music and painting.

Spoke of the inferior excitement of his own feelings produced by view of a fine specimen of antient architecture, compared to the intensity of the emotions which had been produced by a view of the cathedral at York, and the interior of King's College Chapel.

[Perhaps the Gothic architecture is more particularly adapted to religious buildings, but I hardly think that good taste as it influences the feelings of the majority will prefer Gothic for all, or even the majority of public or national buildings ; and certainly there was a great deal of fustian and wandering out of the road of common sense in the enthusiasm with which Mr. C. expressed his feelings on this occasion. They were also evidently associated with feelings of religion : such feelings and associations are pardonable and even amiable, and in a poet we have no business to expect that he should always address himself to the cold and sober reason of a mere philosopher. Our poet was more happy in one of his flights upon painting when he described a picture of the

¹ Schlegel, *Werke*, v. 14, probably suggested this point.

² These square brackets, and those following, are Carwardine's, not mine.

"Triumph of Death" by Giotto¹ (or some such name), a very early painter, which he saw at the Cemetery at Pisa, a rude drawing, and poorly coloured, but so grandly composed and happily designed as to have produced a marvellous effect upon the poet, which can be adequately described only in his own language. "Death is seen of a livid white, 'killing the air with the swiftness of his motions'; groups of figures are seen flying in all directions, with action and feature characteristic of their station, conduct, and dread of the Great Destroyer; while five poor beggars are alone seen prostrate on their knees with uplifted hands and eyes to welcome his arrival."

[Mr. C. has a solemn and pompous mode of delivery, which he applies indiscriminately to the elevated and the familiar; and he reads poetry, I think, as ill as any man I ever heard.²]

¹ Read "Giotto," of course. See p. 7, above. "The Triumph of Death" in the Campo Santo, Pisa, is attributed to Pietro Lorenzetti by Crowe and Cavalcaselle. Other attributions are to Orcagna and Francesco Traini.

² Coleridge read poetry in a kind of chant, it seems. See Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 112 and note.

LECTURE II

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE GOTHIC LITERATURE AND ART ¹

IN my last lecture I stated that the descendants of Japhet and Shem peopled Europe and Asia, fulfilling in their distribution the prophecies of Scripture, while the descendants of Ham passed into Africa, there also actually verifying the interdiction pronounced against them. The Keltic and Teutonic nations occupied that part of Europe, which is now France, Britain, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, &c. They were in general a hardy race, possessing great fortitude, and capable of great endurance. The Romans slowly conquered the more southerly portion of their tribes, and succeeded only by their superior arts, their policy, and better discipline. After a time, when the Goths,—to use the name of the noblest and most historical of the Teutonic tribes,—had acquired some knowledge of these arts from mixing with their conquerors, they invaded the Roman territories. The hardy habits, the steady perseverance, the better faith of the enduring Goth, rendered him too formidable an enemy for the corrupt Roman, who was more inclined to purchase the subjection of his enemy, than to go through the suffering necessary to secure it. The conquest of the Romans gave to the Goths the Christian religion as it was then existing in Italy; and the light and graceful building of Grecian, or Roman-Greek order, became singularly combined with the massy architecture of the Goths, as wild and varied as the forest vegetation which it resembled. The Greek art is beautiful. When I enter a Greek church, my eye is charmed, and my mind elated; I feel exalted, and proud that I am a

¹ "From Mr. William Hammond's note taken at the delivery." H. N. C. A reprint from *L.R.* According to the syllabus, all of the first two paragraphs belongs properly to Lecture I.

man. But the Gothic art is sublime. On entering a cathedral, I am filled with devotion and with awe ; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite ; earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into eternity, and the only sensible impression left is, ' that I am nothing ! ' ¹ This religion, while it tended to soften the manners of the Northern tribes, was at the same time highly congenial to their nature. The Goths are free from the stain of hero worship. Gazing on their rugged mountains, surrounded by impassable forests, accustomed to gloomy seasons, they lived in the bosom of nature, and worshipped an invisible and unknown deity. Firm in his faith, domestic in his habits, the life of the Goth was simple and dignified, yet tender and affectionate.

The Greeks were remarkable for complacency and completion ; they delighted in whatever pleased the eye ; to them it was not enough to have merely the idea of a divinity, they must have it placed before them, shaped in the most perfect symmetry, and presented with the nicest judgment ; and if we look upon any Greek production of art, the beauty of its parts, and the harmony of their union, the complete and complacent effect of the whole, are the striking characteristics.² It is the same in their poetry. In Homer you have a poem perfect in its form, whether originally so, or from the labour of after critics, I know not ; his descriptions are pictures brought vividly before you, and as far as the eye and understanding are concerned, I am indeed gratified. But if I wish my feelings to be affected, if I wish my heart to be touched, if I wish to melt into sentiment and tenderness, I must turn to the heroic songs of the Goths, to the poetry of the middle ages.³ The worship of statues in Greece had, in a civil sense, its advantage, and disadvantage ; advantage

¹ On this contrast of Greek and Gothic architecture, cf. its source in Schlegel's *Werke* (Böcking), v. 10-12.

² Again cf. Schlegel's *Werke*, v. 15-17, and the whole first part of Schiller's essay, "On Naive and Sentimental Poetry."

³ Passages like this indicate the thinness of Coleridge's mediæval learning. The Middle Ages are interpreted not by induction from imaginative impressions of their literature, but by deduction from a

in promoting statuary and the arts ; disadvantage, in bringing their gods too much on a level with human beings, and thence depriving them of their dignity, and gradually giving rise to scepticism and ridicule. But no statue, no artificial emblem, could satisfy the Northman's mind ; the dark wild imagery of nature, which surrounded him, and the freedom of his life, gave his mind a tendency to the infinite, so that he found rest in that which presented no end, and derived satisfaction from that which was indistinct.

We have few and uncertain vestiges of Gothic literature till the time of Theodoric, who encouraged his subjects to write, and who made a collection of their poems. These consisted chiefly of heroic songs, sung at the Court ; for at that time this was the custom. Charlemagne, in the beginning of the ninth century, greatly encouraged letters, and made a further collection of the poems of his time, among which were several epic poems of great merit ; or rather in strictness there was a vast cycle of heroic poems, or minstrel-sies, from and out of which separate poems were composed. The form of poetry was, however, for the most part, the metrical romance and heroic tale. Charlemagne's army, or a large division of it, was utterly destroyed in the Pyrcnees, when returning from a successful attack on the Arabs of Navarre and Arragon ; yet the name of Roncesvalles became famous in the songs of the Gothic poets. The Greeks and Romans would not have done this ; they would not have recorded in heroic verse the death and defeat of their fellow-countrymen. But the Goths, firm in their faith, with a constancy not to be shaken, celebrated those brave men who died for their religion and their country ! What¹ though psychology of races, which in turn derives from an attempt to dignify contemporary literary tendencies (romanticism) by origins which combine the sanctions of tradition, racial instinct, and religion. The Christian religion of the infinite to which Coleridge immediately passes, being Oriental in origin, not Teutonic, is another illustration of his, or rather Schlegel's method.

¹ Here I have omitted a comma. In reprinting from *L.R.* I preserve H. N. C.'s punctuation except when, at long intervals, cases occur where it would confuse or annoy. Most of these seem to be proof-reading errors, and I shall, therefore, make the necessary correction silently.

they had been defeated, they died without fear, as they had lived without reproach ; they left no stain on their names, for they fell fighting for their God, their liberty, and their rights ; and the song that sang that day's reverse animated them to future victory and certain vengeance.

I must now turn to our great monarch, Alfred, one of the most august characters that any age has ever produced ; and when I picture him after the toils of government and the dangers of battle, seated by a solitary lamp, translating the holy scriptures into the Saxon tongue,—when I reflect on his moderation in success, on his fortitude and perseverance in difficulty and defeat, and on the wisdom and extensive nature of his legislation, I am really at a loss which part of this great man's character most to admire. Yet above all, I see the grandeur, the freedom, the mildness, the domestic unity, the universal character of the middle ages condensed into Alfred's glorious institution of the trial by jury. I gaze upon it as the immortal symbol of that age ;—an age called indeed dark ;—but how could that age be considered dark, which solved the difficult problem of universal liberty, freed man from the shackles of tyranny, and subjected his actions to the decision of twelve of his fellow countrymen ? The liberty of the Greeks was a phenomenon, a meteor, which blazed for a short time, and then sank into eternal darkness. It was a combination of most opposite materials, slavery and liberty. Such can neither be happy nor lasting. The Goths on the other hand said, You shall be our Emperor ; but we must be Princes on our own estates, and over them you shall have no power ! The Vassals said to their Prince, We will serve you in your wars, and defend your castle ; but we must have liberty in our own circle, our cottage, our cattle, our proportion of land. The Cities said, We acknowledge you for our Emperor ; but we must have our walls and our strongholds, and be governed by our own laws. Thus all combined, yet all were separate ; all served, yet all were free. Such a government could not exist in a dark age. Our ancestors may not indeed have been deep in the metaphysics of the schools ; they may not have shone in the fine arts ; but much

knowledge of human nature, much practical wisdom, must have existed amongst them, when this admirable constitution was formed ; and I believe it is a decided truth, though certainly an awful lesson, that nations are not the most happy at the time when literature and the arts flourish the most among them.

The translations I had promised in my syllabus I shall defer to the end of the course, when I shall give a single lecture of recitations illustrative of the different ages of poetry.¹ There is one Northern tale² I will relate, as it is one from which Shakspeare derived that strongly marked and extraordinary scene between Richard III. and the Lady Anne. It may not be equal to that in strength and genius, but it is, undoubtedly, superior in decorum and delicacy.

A Knight had slain a Prince, the lord of a strong castle, in combat. He afterwards contrived to get into the castle, where he obtained an interview with the Princess's attendant, whose life he had saved in some encounter ; he told her of his love for her mistress, and won her to his interest. She then slowly and gradually worked on her mistress's mind, spoke of the beauty of his person, the fire of his eyes, the sweetness of his voice, his valour in the field, his gentleness in the court ; in short, by watching her opportunities, she at last filled the Princess's soul with this one image ; she became restless ; sleep forsook her ; her curiosity to see this Knight became strong ; but her maid still deferred the interview, till at length she confessed she was in love with him ;—the Knight is then introduced, and the nuptials are quickly celebrated.

In this age there was a tendency in writers to the droll and the grotesque, and in the little dramas which at that time existed, there were singular instances of these. It was the disease of the age. It is a remarkable fact that Luther and

¹ The untoward fate of this lecture of recitations, thrice promised but never given, was discussed in my edition of the *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 307-08.

² Coleridge probably had the *Ywain and Gawain* story as published in the first volume of Ritson's *Ancient English Metrical Romanceës* (1802). The spelling of the title is Ritson's.

Melancthon, the great religious reformers of that day, should have strongly recommended for the education of children, dramas, which at present would be considered highly indecorous, if not bordering on a deeper sin. From one which they particularly recommended, I will give a few extracts ; more I should not think it right to do. The play opens with Adam and Eve washing and dressing their children to appear before the Lord, who is coming from heaven to hear them repeat the Lord's Prayer, Belief, &c. In the next scene the Lord appears seated like a schoolmaster, with the children standing round, when Cain, who is behind hand, and a sad pickle, comes running in with a bloody nose and his hat on. Adam says, "What, with your hat on !" Cain then goes up to shake hands with the Almighty, when Adam says (giving him a cuff), "Ah, would you give your left hand to the Lord ?" At length Cain takes his place in the class, and it becomes his turn to say the Lord's Prayer. At this time the Devil (a constant attendant at that time) makes his appearance, and getting behind Cain, whispers in his ear ; instead of the Lord's Prayer, Cain gives it so changed by the transposition of the words, that the meaning is reversed ; yet this is so artfully done by the author, that it is exactly as an obstinate child would answer, who knows his lesson, yet does not choose to say it. In the last scene, horses in rich trappings and carriages covered with gold are introduced, and the good children are to ride in them and be Lord Mayors, Lords, &c. ; Cain and the bad ones are to be made cobblers and tinkers, and only to associate with such.

This, with numberless others, was written by Hans Sachs.¹ Our simple ancestors, firm in their faith, and pure in their morals, were only amused by these pleasantries, as they seemed to them, and neither they nor the reformers feared their having any influence hostile to religion. When I was many years back in the north of Germany, there were several

¹ Cf. *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 193 and note ; ii. 8 ; and Clement Carlyon's *Early Years and Late Reflections*, i. 93-94. The subject of the Sachs play is discussed by Professor J. L. Lowes (*The Road to Xanadu*, 543), who gives the reference to Sachs's works ; ed. von Heller, i. 53-87.

innocent superstitions in practice. Among others at Christmas, presents used to be given to the children by the parents, and they were delivered on Christmas day by a person who personated, and was supposed by the children to be, Christ : early on Christmas morning he called, knocking loudly at the door, and (having received his instructions) left presents for the good and a rod for the bad. Those who have since been in Germany have found this custom relinquished ; it was considered profane and irrational. Yet they have not found the children better, nor the mothers more careful of their offspring ; they have not found their devotion more fervent, their faith more strong, nor their morality more pure.¹

¹ " See this custom of Knecht Rupert more minutely described in Mr. Coleridge's own letter from Germany, published in the 2nd vol. of the *Friend*, p. 320."—H. N. C.

This is " Christmas Within Doors " in the Third Essay of the " Second Landing-Place," in *The Friend*. See also *Letters* (1895), i. 290-91.

LECTURE III

The manuscripts used for this third lecture were so miscellaneous and fragmentary that even H. N. Coleridge, in spite of the liberties which he was able to take, could not weld his materials into a single whole. Probably Coleridge himself, in attempting to cover so much, cared little for transitions; and the reader will scarcely ask here for a coherence which never existed in Coleridge's thinking on the subject. He will, however, be annoyed at several obvious repetitions. Since certain manuscripts are now lost, their connection with others still in existence can only be surmised by their relation in H. N. Coleridge's text, where the combination of various materials may not necessarily represent Coleridge's original intention. The present editor has been obliged to print the amalgamated version of H. N. C. along with the incomplete manuscripts of its constituent parts, with an attempt to explain their original relations and with an apology for the repetitions necessary. The apparent relations of the various fragments are discussed in the notes.

TROUBADOURS AND TROUVEURS ¹

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

The final reunion of the Goths and the Romans, as the N.W. and S.W. branches of the same original stock, and the character of the compounds produced by this reunion according as the one or the other of the two component parts

¹ This fragment, from MS. Egerton 2800, f. 41, is essentially the same as the second paragraph of Lecture III as printed in *L.R.* (reprinted in the present text, p. 21). In order to place the two versions together, I have followed H. N. C.'s attribution of the fragment to Lecture III., but I think that it is without authority. The first phrase, "Ladies and Gentlemen," indicates clearly that this is an introductory paragraph and that H. N. C. has revised the connectives in order to give it another place; the subject-matter is obviously that announced for the second, not the third lecture. But so far as Hammond's report goes, it gives no indication of use of this fragment, and Coleridge might well have postponed it to Lecture III, or abandoned it entirely.

predominated, formed the subject of my two preceding lectures. From this same union arose the Romance or Romantic language, in which the soul (if I may dare so express myself) was Gothic, but the outward forms and the etymology of the far larger portion of the words were *Roman*¹—by which term I mean the Latin actually spoken in Italy and Roman Europe, and which was by no means so different from the present Spanish and Italian as the Latin of the classics, in which the Roman nobles, gentry, and men of letters wrote and conversed. If we take the Roman at the one extreme, and the Teutonic languages, *i.e.*, the Norse, Danish, Swedish, and German, as modifications of the Gothic, at the other, as the two rings or staples of a chain, the chain will commence at the Roman and with the Romance or Romantic or the language in which the Troubadours or love-singers of Provence and the neighbouring districts wrote or sang, and at the other end, namely the German, it ends with the English from 1280, the date when Robert of Gloucester finished his Chronicle in rhyme,² to 1380, in which year the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer were first made public;³ and, as the intermediate link between the Romance and the English, we have the Norman French, or language of the Trouveurs, as more Gothic than the Romance, including the elder Italian and Spanish, and more Romanized than the English, in the generation before Chaucer, which is the more striking because the old metrical romances of the English minstrels were most of them translations from the Norman Trouveurs or Inventors, a name which they amply merited. Great, however, as the merits of the Trouveurs

¹ Cf. Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 197 and note; ii. 247, 265; and Schlegel, *Werke*, v. 9. Schlegel is only partly responsible for this fanciful derivation of "the Romance language."

² Probably no one will go to Coleridge for information about the literature of the Middle Ages, but it may be worth while to say that Robert of Gloucester was not the sole author of the chronicle called by his name and that part of the work is later in date than 1280.

³ This date also is unacceptable to modern students. Coleridge seems to regard the *Canterbury Tales* as a finished work by 1380, whereas it was, of course, not finished when Chaucer died in 1400. Only a small part of the work was written by 1380.

were, and wonderfully as they had combined whatever had been inherited from the North with all that the Crusades had imported from the East, they yet left no successors in their own country : but bequeathed their genius first to the . . .

THE TROUBADOURS ; ITALIAN POETS

The ¹ last Lecture was allotted to an investigation into the origin and character of a species of poetry, the least influenced of any by the literature of Greece and Rome,—that in which the portion contributed by the Gothic conquerors, the predilections and general tone or habit of thought and feeling, brought by our remote ancestors with them from the forests of Germany, or the deep dells and rocky mountains of Norway, are the most prominent. In the present Lecture I must introduce you to a species of poetry, which had its birthplace near the centre of Roman glory, and in which, as might be anticipated, the influences of the Greek and Roman muse are far more conspicuous,—as great, indeed, as the efforts of intentional imitation on the part of the poets themselves could render them. But happily for us and for their own fame, the intention of the writers as men is often at complete variance with the genius of the same men as poets. To the force of their intention we owe their mythological ornaments, and the greater definiteness of their imagery ; and their passion for the beautiful, the voluptuous, and the artificial, we must in part attribute to the same intention, but in part likewise to their natural dispositions and tastes. For the same climate and many of the same circumstances were acting on them, which had acted on the great classics, whom they were endeavouring to imitate. But the love of the marvellous, the deeper sensibility, the higher reverence for womanhood, the characteristic spirit of sentiment and courtesy,—these were the heir-looms of nature, which still regained the ascendant, whenever the use

¹The following three paragraphs are reprinted from *L.R.*, where they are, I believe, wrongly combined. I have omitted H. N. C.'s table of subjects : "The Troubadours—Boccaccio—Petrarch—Pulci—Chaucer—Spenser." These apply to the whole lecture.

of the living mother-language enabled the inspired poet to appear instead of the toilsome scholar.

From ¹ this same union, in which the soul (if I may dare so express myself) was Gothic, while the outward forms and a majority of the words themselves, were the reliques of the Roman, arose the Romance, or romantic language, in which the Troubadours or Love-singers of Provence sang and wrote, and the different dialects of which have been modified into the modern Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese; while the language of the Trouveurs, Trouveres, or Norman-French poets, forms the intermediate link between the Romance or modified Roman, and the Teutonic, including the Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and the upper and lower German, as being the modified Gothic. And as the northernmost extreme of the Norman-French, or that part of the link in which it formed on the Teutonic, we must take the Norman-English minstrels and metrical romances, from the greater predominance of the Anglo-Saxon Gothic in the derivation of the words. I mean, that the language of the English metrical romance is less romanized, and has fewer words, not originally of a northern origin, than the same romances in the Norman-French; which is the more striking, because the former were for the most part translated from the latter; the authors of which seem to have eminently merited their name of Trouveres, or inventors. Thus then we have a chain with two rings or staples:—at the southern end there is the Roman or Latin; at the northern end the Keltic, Teutonic, or Gothic; and the links beginning with the southern end, are the Romance, including the Provençal, the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, with their different dialects, then the Norman-French, and lastly the English.

My object in adverting to the Italian poets, is not so much for their own sakes, in which point of view Dante and Ariosto alone would have required separate Lectures, but for the

¹ This second paragraph seems to be a rewriting of the MS. printed above, pp. 18-20. I believe that the return to the subject of Lecture II (Troubadours, etc.) after Coleridge had, as in the first paragraph, succeeded in making his transition to the early Italian Renaissance, is an obvious error of the editor.

elucidation of the merits of our countrymen, as to what extent we must consider them as fortunate imitators of their Italian predecessors, and in what points they have the higher claims of original genius. Of Dante, I am to speak elsewhere. Of Boccaccio, who has little interest as a metrical poet in any respect, and none for my present purpose, except, perhaps, as the reputed inventor or introducer of the octave stanza in his *Teseide*, it will be sufficient to say, that we owe to him the subjects of numerous poems taken from his famous tales, the happy art of narration, and the still greater merit of a depth and fineness in the workings of the passions, in which last excellence, as likewise in the wild and imaginative character of the situations, his almost neglected romances appear to me greatly to excel his far famed *Decameron*. To him, too, we owe the more doubtful merit of having introduced into the Italian prose, and by the authority of his name and the influence of his example, more or less throughout Europe, the long interwoven periods, and architectural structure which arose from the very nature of their language in the Greek writers, but which already in the Latin orators and historians, had betrayed a species of effort, a foreign something, which had been superinduced on the language, instead of growing out of it; and which was far too alien from that individualizing and confederating, yet not blending, character of the North, to become permanent, although its magnificence and stateliness were objects of admiration and occasional imitation. This style diminished the control of the writer over the inner feelings of men, and created too great a charm¹ between the body and the life; and hence especially it was abandoned by Luther.

But lastly, to Boccaccio's sanction we must trace a large portion of the mythological pedantry and incongruous paganisms, which for so long a period deformed the poetry, even of the truest poets. To such an extravagance did Boccaccio himself carry this folly, that in a romance of chivalry, he has uniformly styled God the Father Jupiter,

¹ Probably this word should be "chasm."

our Saviour Apollo, and the Evil Being Pluto. But for this there might be some excuse pleaded. I dare make none for the gross and disgusting licentiousness, the daring profaneness, which rendered the Decameron of Boccaccio the parent of a hundred worse children, fit to be classed among the enemies of the human race : which poisons Ariosto—(for that I may not speak oftener than necessary of so odious a subject, I mention it here once for all)—which interposes a painful mixture in the humour of Chaucer, and which has once or twice seduced even our pure-minded Spenser into a grossness, as heterogeneous from the spirit of his great poem, as it was alien to the delicacy of his morals.

CLASSICAL INFLUENCE IN THE RENAISSANCE

Italian ¹ poets from Boccaccio to Tasso, and then through these to the English—first to Chaucer, then after the distracting of the civil wars between York and Lancaster, the true Dark Age of England, to Spenser and the giants of our Elizabeth's reign and that of her successor.

THEN TURN TO THE LECTURE BOOK—as thus my last lecture was allotted, etc.—down to “toilsome scholar.” ²

Yet so strong was the prejudice in favour of classical learning, that Dante is said to have hesitated whether he should not rather compose his immortal poem in Latin. We are certain that Ariosto had not only at one time intended to have composed the *Orlando Furioso* in Latin—and that the Italian sonnets and canzones which alone have preserved and which endear the name of Petrarch, were considered by the author as unworthy trifles, while his own expectations at fame and glory were grounded by him on his Latin books, but chiefly on a huge epic poem in Latin hexameters, entitled *Africa* and having Scipio for its hero—a poem in which the

¹ This seems to be Coleridge's memorandum to announce the subject of the third lecture, to which this fragment is attached by the numeral (“3”) at the top as well as by the internal evidence of subject-matter. The MS. comes from Egerton 2800, f. 50 (Watermark, 1817).

² The fragment from the “Lecture Book” is obviously the first paragraph of the MSS. just reprinted from *L.R.*, pp. 20-21 above.

rudeness of the Latinity and [in] spite of the endless centos and ends of lines from Virgil, Ovid, and Statius, the harshness and yet feebleness of the versification are the least defects—for some years ago I imposed on myself the perusal of the whole, and as I may safely believe that I am almost the only Englishman who ever levied so heavy a subsidy on his own time and patience, I can inform them for their satisfaction, that it is almost the only poem of nearly the same length in which I could discover no one beautiful passage, not one striking thought or novel image—and this from a writer in whose Italian poems, even in the most indifferent of them, and where there is no other merit, there is yet always a fascinating delicacy in the choice and position of the words and the flow of the metre—so heavily did the shackles which were sought as more than regal ornaments by the prejudices of the scholar, press on the genius of the poet.

PETRARCH

Born at Arezzo, 1304.—Died 1374.

Petrarch was the final blossom and perfection of the Troubadours. See *Biog. Lit.*,¹ vol. ii. p. 27, &c.

Notes on Petrarch's 2 Sonnets, Canzones, &c.

VOL. I

Good.

SONNET 1. Voi, ch' ascoltate, &c.

7. La gola e 'l sonno, &c.

11. Se la mia vita, &c.

12. Quando fra l'altre, &c.

18. Vergognando talor, &c.

25. Quanto più m' avvicino, &c.

28. Solo e pensoso, &c.

29. S' io credessi, &c.

CANZ. 47.^a Sì è debile il filo, &c.

^a *L.R.* '14.'

¹ Chapter xvi (third paragraph, etc.). The reference is to the first edition (1817).

² "These notes, by Mr. C., are written in a Petrarch in my possession, and are of some date before 1812. It is hoped that they will not seem ill placed here."—H. N. C. Here reprinted from *L.R.*

Pleasing.

BALL. I. Lassare il velo, &c.

CANZ. I. Nel dolce tempo, &c.

This poem was imitated by our old Herbert;¹ it is ridiculous in the thoughts, but simple and sweet in diction.

Dignified.

CANZ. 2. O aspettata in ciel, &c.

9. Gentil mia Donna, &c.

The first half of this ninth canzone is exquisite; and in Canzone 8, the nine lines beginning

O poggi, o valli, &c.²

to *cura*, are expressed with vigour and chastity. *

CANZ. 9. Daquel dì innanzi a me medesimo piacqui,

Empiendo d'un pensier' alto, e soave

Quel core, ond' hanno i begli occhi la chiave.³

Note. O that the Pope would take these eternal keys, which so for ever turn the bolts on the finest passages of true passion!

VOL. II

CANZ. I. Che debb' io far? &c.

Very good; but not equal, I think, to Canzone 23,^a

Amor, se vuoi ch' i' torni, &c.

though less faulty. With the omission of half-a-dozen conceits and Petrarchisms of *hooks*, *baits*, *flames*, and *torches*, this second canzone is a bold and impassioned lyric, and leaves no doubt in my mind of Petrarch's having possessed a true poetic genius. *Utinam deleri possint sequentia*:—

L. 17-19. ————— e la soave fiamma

Ch' ancor, lasso! m' infiamma

Essendo spenta, or che fea dunque ardendo?

^a L.R. '2.'

¹ "If George Herbert is meant, I can find nothing like an imitation of this canzone in his poems."—H. N. C.

² Canz. 9: 37-45.³ *Ibid*: 27-30.

L. 54-56. ————— ov' erano a tutt' ore
 Disposti gli ami ov' io fui preso e l'esca
 Ch' i' bramo sempre.

L. 76-79. ————— onde l' accese
 Saette uscivan d' invisibil foco,
 E ragion temean poco ;
 Chè contra 'l ciel non val difesa umana.

And the lines 86, 87

Poser' in dubbio, a cui
 Devesse il pregio di più laude darsi—

are rather flatly worded.

LUIGI PULCI

Born at Florence, 1431.—Died about 1487.

Pulci was of one of the noblest families in Florence, reported to be one of the Frankish stocks which remained in that city after the departure of Charlemagne :—

Pulcia Gallorum soboles descendit in urbem,
 Clara quidem bello, sacris nec inhospita Musis.
 Verino, *De illustrat. Cort. Flor.*, III. v. 118.¹

Members of this family were five times elected to the Priorate, one of the highest honours of the republic. Pulci had two brothers, and one of their wives, Antonia, who were all poets :—

Carminibus patriis notissima Pulcia proles ;
 Quis non hanc urbem Musarum dicat amicam,
 Si tres producat fratres domus una poetas ?
 Ib. II. v. 241.

Luigi married Lucrezia di Uberto, of the Albizzi family, and was intimate with the great men of his time, but more especially with Angelo Politian, and Lorenzo the Magnificent. His *Morgante* has been attributed, in part at least,² to the assistance of Marsilius Ficinus, and by others the whole has been attributed to Politian. The first conjecture is utterly

¹ *De Illustratione Urbis Florentia*, by Ugolino Verino.

² "Meaning the 25th canto."—H. N. C.

improbable ; the last is possible, indeed, on account of the licentiousness of the poem ; but there are no direct grounds for believing it. The *Morgante Maggiore* is the first proper romance ; although, perhaps, Pulci had the *Teseide* before him. The story is taken from the fabulous history of Turpin ; and if the author had any distinct object, it seems to have been that of making himself merry with the absurdities of the old romancers. The *Morgante* sometimes makes you think of Rabelais. It contains the most remarkable guess or allusion upon the subject of America that can be found in any book published before the discovery.¹ The well known passage in the tragic Seneca² is not to be compared with it. The *copia verborum* of the mother Florentine tongue, and the easiness of his style, afterwards brought to perfection by Berni, are the chief merits of Pulci ; his chief demerit is his heartless spirit of jest and buffoonery, by which sovereigns and their courtiers were flattered by the degradation of nature, and the *impossibilification* of a pretended virtue.

CHAUCER³

Born in London, 1328.⁴—Died 1400.

Chaucer must be read with an eye to the Norman-French Trouveres, of whom he is the best representative in English. He had great powers of invention. As in Shakspeare, his characters represent classes, but in a different manner ; Shakspeare's characters are the representatives of the interior nature of humanity, in which some element has become so predominant as to destroy the health of the mind ; whereas Chaucer's are rather representatives of classes of manners. He is therefore more led to individualize in a mere personal sense. Observe Chaucer's love of nature ; and how happily the subject of his main work is chosen. When you reflect that the company in the *Decameron* have retired to a

¹ H. N. C. gives the reference, Canto xxv, stanza 228, etc., and quotes the long passage.

² *Medea*, 375-79.

³ " From Mr. Green's note."—H. N. C. Reprinted from *L.R.*

⁴ Probably 1340.

place of safety from the raging of a pestilence, their mirth provokes a sense of their unfeelingness ; whereas in Chaucer nothing of this sort occurs, and the scheme of a party on a pilgrimage, with different ends and occupations, aptly allows of the greatest variety of expression in the tales.

ALLEGORY¹

Substitute a simile for the thing it resembles, instead of annexing it, and it becomes a metaphor : thus ² if in speaking of the Duke of Wellington's campaign in Portugal against Massena we should say, "At length he left his mountain strongholds and fell on the rear of the retreating army, as a cloud from the hill tops," it is a simile ; if more briefly we say, "At length the cloud descended from its hill and discharged itself in thunder and lightning on the plain," it becomes a metaphor,³ and a metaphor is a fragment of an allegory. But if it be asked, how do you define an allegory

¹ This fragment, which has not hitherto been published, is derived from Egerton 2800, ff. 48-49. It appears in two drafts, the second of which incorporates passages from the first. I have, therefore, merely printed the second draft, interpolating from the first according to Coleridge's own memoranda, and explaining each interpolation in footnotes.

The date and purpose of the fragment can be easily ascertained. The watermark, 1817, of the first draft places the lecture in one or both of the last two series of lectures. Internal evidence identifies the fragment even more exactly. H. N. C. prints in *L.R.* a note on Spenser (see pp. 32-38 below) of which the second and third paragraphs are evidently taken from this MS., probably in the form of notes from Coleridge's oral delivery of the lecture. In spite of H. N. C.'s casual methods of interpolations without warning one can accept without hesitation his identification of this material with the third lecture of 1818, since its relation with Coleridge's discussion of Spenser (and Tasso) is indicated in the text itself. The material was to be used again in the second course of literary lectures in 1818-19, if we may rely upon the announcement in the *Morning Chronicle*. See my edition of the *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 320.

² Coleridge's method of referring to an earlier rough draft without copying out again the indicated passage may be worth a detailed illustration. Here the second draft reads "thus D. of W.—and a metaphor is a fragment of an allegory." The passage in the first draft dealing with the Duke of Wellington reads as in the text. Later notes will indicate the continuation of the process.

³ This is the last word of the interpolation from the first draft.

so as to distinguish it from a fable, I can reply only by a confession of my ignorance and inability. The fact is, that allegory must be used in two senses—the one including, while the other is defined by excluding, fable. Fable is a shorter and simpler sort of allegory—this is the past sense—and again whatever of this kind is not a fable, not only is, but is called, an allegory. So a pony is a smaller sort of horse : and horses that are not ponies are called horses. A shrub is a smaller sort of tree : and we are in no risk of being misunderstood when we say, the laurel is but a shrub in this country, but in the south of Europe it is a tree. It may indeed be justly said, that in a fable¹ no allegoric agent or image should be used which has not had some one paramount quality universally attributed to it beforehand, while in an allegory the resemblance may have been presented for the first time by the writer. This is the true cause why animals, the heathen gods, and trees, the properties of which are recalled by their very names, are almost the only proper *dramatis personae* of a fable. A bear, a fox, a tiger, a lion, Diana, an oak, a willow, are *every man's* metaphor for clumsiness, cunning, ferocious or magnanimous courage, chastity, unbendingness, and flexibility, and it would be a safe rule that what would not be at once and generally intelligible in a metaphor may be introduced in an allegory, but ought not to be in a fable. This, however, is one of the conditions of a good fable rather than a definition of a fable generally, and fortunately the difficulty of defining a thing or term is almost always in an inverse proportion to the necessity. Linnaeus found no difficulty in establishing discriminating characters of the different tribes of apes, but very great in scientific contra-distinctions between the genera man and ape ; but it is to be hoped that he had not met with many individuals of either kind that had produced any practical hesitation in determining his judgment.²

¹ Second draft : " It may indeed be justly said, that in a fable, etc." First draft : " it might be justly said, that in a fable . . ." The first draft then continues as in the text.

² This is the last word of the interpolation from the first draft.

We may then safely define allegoric writing as¹ the employment of one set of agents and images with actions and accompaniments correspondent, so as to convey, while in disguise, either moral qualities or conceptions of the mind that are not in themselves objects of the senses, or other images, agents, actions, fortunes, and circumstances, so that the difference is everywhere presented to the eye or imagination while the likeness is suggested to the mind ; and this connectedly so that the parts combine to form a consistent whole.² Whatever composition answering to this definition is not a fable, is entitled an allegory—of which [what] may be called picture allegories, or real or supposed pictures interpreted and moralized, and satirical allegories, we have several instances among the classics—as the Tablet of Cebes, the Choice of Hercules, and Simonides' origin of women—but of narrative or epic allegories scarce any, the multiplicity of their gods and goddesses precluding it—unless we choose rather to say that all the machinery of their poets is allegorical. Of a people who raised altars to fever, to sport, to fright, etc., it is impossible to determine how far they meant a personal power or a personification of a power. This only is certain, that the introduction of these agents could not have the same unmixed effect as the same agents used allegorically produce on our minds, but something more nearly resembling the effect produced by the introduction of characteristic saints in the Roman Catholic poets, or of Moloch, Belial, and Mammon in the second Book of *Paradise Lost* compared with his Sin and Death.

The most beautiful allegory ever composed, the Tale of Cupid and Psyche, tho' composed by an heathen, was subsequent to the general spread of Christianity, and written by one of those philosophers who attempted to Christianize a sort of Oriental and Egyptian Platonism enough to set it up against Christianity ; but the first allegory completely

¹ Second draft : " We may then safely define allegoric writing as— and then add—." First draft : " we shall not err in any material point if we define allegoric composition as . . . ", continuing as in the text.

² The last word of the interpolation from the first draft.

modern in its form is the *Psychomachia* or *Battle of the Soul* by Prudentius, a Christian poet of the fifth century—facts that fully explain both the origin and nature of narrative allegory, as a substitute for the mythological imagery of polytheism, and differing from it only in the more obvious and intentional distinction of the sense from the symbol, and the known unreality of the latter—so as to be a kind of intermediate step between actual persons and mere personifications. But for this very cause it is incapable of exciting any lively interest for any length of time, for if the allegoric personage be strongly individualized so as to interest us, we cease to think of it as allegory; and if it does not interest us, it had better be away.¹ The dullest and most defective parts of Spenser are those in which we are compelled to think of his agents as allegories—and how far the Sin and Death of Milton are exceptions to this censure, is a delicate problem which I shall attempt to solve in another lecture; but in that admirable allegory, the first Part of *Pilgrim's Progress*, which delights every one, the interest is so great that [in] spite of all the writer's attempts to force the allegoric purpose on the reader's mind by his strange names—Old Stupidity of the Tower of Honesty, etc., etc.—his piety was baffled by his genius, and the Bunyan of Parnassus had the better of Bunyan of the conventicle; and with the same illusion as we read any tale known to be fictitious, as a novel, we go on with his characters as real persons, who had been nicknamed by their neighbours. But the most decisive verdict against narrative allegory is to be found in Tasso's own account ² of what he would have the reader understand by the persons and events of his Jerusalem. Apollo be praised! not a thought like it would ever enter of its own accord into any mortal mind; and what is an additional good feature, when put there, it will not stay, having the very opposite quality that snakes have—they come out of their

¹ Coleridge was unwilling to credit allegory even with any essential part of Dante's greatness. Cf. p. 150.

² His preface, which is now discarded. This was an afterthought, and the allegory was not part of Tasso's original purpose.

holes into open view at the sound of sweet music, while the allegoric meaning slinks off at the very first notes, and lurks in murkiest oblivion—and utter invisibility.¹

SPENSER ²

Born in London, 1553.—Died 1599.

There is this difference, among many others, between Shakspeare and Spenser :—Shakspeare is never coloured by the customs of his age ; what appears of contemporary character in him is merely negative ; it is just not something else. He has none of the fictitious realities of the classics, none of the grotesqueness of chivalry, none of the allegory of the middle ages ; there is no sectarianism either of politics or religion, no miser, no witch,—no common witch,—no astrology—nothing impermanent of however long duration ; but he stands like the yew tree in Lorton vale, which has known so many ages that it belongs to none in particular ; a living image of endless self-reproduction, like the immortal tree of Malabar. In Spenser the spirit of chivalry is entirely predominant, although with a much greater infusion of the poet's own individual self into it than is found in any other writer. He has the wit of the southern with the deeper inwardness of the northern genius.³

No ⁴ one can appreciate Spenser without some reflection on the nature of allegorical writing. The mere etymological meaning of the word, allegory,—to talk of one thing and thereby convey another,—is too wide. The true sense is this,—the employment of one set of agents and images to

¹ The fragment is unfinished, ending thus, ' And in the Faery.' The evident intention is to pass on to Spenser's *Faerie Queene* as another illustration of success in an allegory because of qualities independent of allegory.

² Reprinted from *L.R.*

³ This paragraph is perhaps a rewriting and condensation by H. N. C. of the MS. printed in Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 242-45. The MS. is an introduction to Lecture IV on *Shakespeare*.

⁴ The two following paragraphs are based on the MS. on allegory printed above, pp. 28-32. H. N. C. has either rewritten and condensed, or made use of notes taken at the actual lecture.

convey in disguise a moral meaning, with a likeness to the imagination, but with a difference to the understanding,—those agents and images being so combined as to form a homogeneous whole. This distinguishes it from metaphor, which is part of an allegory. But allegory is not properly distinguishable from fable, otherwise than as the first includes the second, as a genus its species ; for in a fable there must be nothing but what is universally known and acknowledged, but in an allegory there may be that which is new and not previously admitted. The pictures of the great masters, especially of the Italian schools, are genuine allegories. Amongst the classics, the multitude of their gods either precluded allegory altogether, or else made every thing allegory, as in the Hesiodic Theogonia ; for you can scarcely distinguish between power and the personification of power. The Cupid and Psyche of, or found in, Apuleius, is a phaenomenon. It is the Platonic mode of accounting for the fall of man. The Battle of the Soul ¹ by Prudentius is an early instance of Christian allegory.

Narrative allegory is distinguished from mythology as reality from symbol ; it is, in short, the proper intermedium between person and personification. Where it is too strongly individualized, it ceases to be allegory ; this is often felt in the Pilgrim's Progress where the characters are real persons with nick names. Perhaps one of the most curious warnings against another attempt at narrative allegory on a great scale, may be found in Tasso's account of what he himself intended in and by his Jerusalem Delivered.

As characteristic of Spenser, I would call your particular attention in the first place to the indescribable sweetness and fluent projection of his verse, very clearly distinguishable from the deeper and more inwoven harmonies of Shakspeare and Milton. This stanza is a good instance of what I mean :—

Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,

¹ “ Psychomachia.”—H. N. C.

In wildernesses and wastfull deserts strayd
 To seeke her knight ; who, subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision which th' enchaunter wrought,
 Had her abandond ; she, of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought,
 Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

F. Qu. B. I. c. 3. st. 3.

2. Combined with this sweetness and fluency, the scientific construction of the metre of the Faery Queene is very noticeable. One of Spenser's arts is that of alliteration, and he uses it with great effect in doubling the impression of an image :—

In wildernesses and wastfull deserts,—

Through woods and wastnes wide,^a—

They passe the bitter waves of Acheron,
 Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
 And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
 And with sharp shrilling shrieks doth bootlesse cry,¹—&c.

He is particularly given to an alternate alliteration, which is, perhaps, when well used, a great secret in melody :—

A ramping lyon rushed suddenly,²—

And sad to see her sorrowful constraint,³—

And on the grasse her daintie limbes did lay,⁴—&c.

You cannot read a page of the Faery Queene, if you read for that purpose, without perceiving the intentional alliterativeness of the words ; and yet so skilfully is this managed, that it never strikes any unwarned ear as artificial, or other than the result of the necessary movement of the verse.

^a L.R., ' wilde.'

¹ F.Q., I, v. 33.

³ F.Q., I, iii. 8, 3.

² F.Q., I, iii. 5, 2.

⁴ F.Q., I, iii. 4, 3.

3. Spenser displays great skill in harmonizing his descriptions of external nature and actual incidents with the allegorical character and epic activity of the poem. Take these two beautiful passages as illustrations of what I mean :—

By this the northerne wagoner had set
 His sevenfold ^a terme behind the stedfast starre
 That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
 But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
 To all that in the wide deepe wandering arre ;
 And chearefull chaunticlere with his note shrill
 Had warn'd once, that Phoebus' fiery carre
 In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
 Full envious that Night so long his roome did fill ;
 When those accursed messengers of hell,
 That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged spright
 Came, &c.— B. I. c. 2. st. 1.

At last, the golden orientall gate
 Of greatest Heaven gan to open fayre ;
 And Phoebus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
 Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre ;
 And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.
 Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streightway
 He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
 In sunbright armes and battailous ^b array ;
 For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.
 Ib. c. 5. st. 2.

Observe also the exceeding vividness of Spenser's descriptions. They are not, in the true sense of the word, picturesque ; but are composed of a wondrous series of images, as in our dreams. Compare the following passage with anything you may remember in *pari materia* in Milton or Shakspeare :—

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightness and great terrour bredd,
 For all the crest a dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spreadd

^a L.R., 'sevenfol.'

^b L.R., 'battailons.'

His golden winges ; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
 Close couched on the bever, seemed to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery redd,
 That suddaine horreur to faint hartes did show ;
 And sealy tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest
 A bounch of haire discoloured diversly,
 With sprinkled pearle and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollitie ;
 Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene Selinis all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

Ib. c. 7. st. 31-2.

4. You will take especial note of the marvellous independence and true imaginative absence of all particular space or time in the Faery Queene. It is in the domains neither of history or geography ; it is ignorant of all artificial boundary, all material obstacles ; it is truly in land of Faery, that is, of mental space. The poet has placed you in a dream, a charmed sleep, and you neither wish, nor have the power, to inquire where you are, or how you got there. It reminds me of some lines of my own :—

Oh ! would to Alla !

The raven or the sca-mew were appointed
 To bring me food !—or rather that my soul
 Might draw in life from the universal air !
 It were a lot divine in some small skiff
 Along some ocean's boundless solitude
 To float for ever with a careless course,
 And think myself the only being alive !

Remorse, Act IV. sc. 3¹.

Indeed Spenser himself, in the conduct of his great poem, may be represented under the same image, his symbolizing purpose being his mariner's compass :—

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
 That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,

¹ Lines 13-20. In l. 16, Coleridge has altered ' Could ' to ' Might.'

When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
 And coverd Heaven with hideous dreriment ;
 Upon his card and compas firmes his eye,
 The maysters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the steddly helme apply,
 Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly,

B. II. c. 7. st. 1.

So the poet through the realms of allegory.

5. You should note the quintessential character of Christian chivalry in all his characters, but more especially in his women. The Greeks, except, perhaps, in Homer, seem to have had no way of making their women interesting, but by unsexing them, as in the instances of the tragic Medea, Electra, &c. Contrast such characters with Spenser's Una, who exhibits no prominent feature, has no particularization, but produces the same feeling that a statue does, when contemplated at a distance :¹—

From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole aside : her angels face,
 As the great eye of Heaven, shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place ;
 Did never mortal eue behold such heavenly grace.

B. I. c. 3. st. 4.

6. In Spenser we see the brightest and purest form of that nationality which was so common a characteristic of our elder poets. There is nothing unamiable, nothing contemptuous of others, in it. To glorify their country—to elevate England into a queen, an empress of the heart—this was their passion and object ; and how dear and important an object it was or may be, let Spain, in the recollection of her Cid, declare ! There is a great magic in national names. What a damper to all interest is a list of native East Indian merchants ! Unknown names are non-conductors ; they stop all sympathy. No one of our poets has touched this string more exquisitely than Spenser ; especially in his

¹ For similar remarks, cf. Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 30, 133, 233 ; ii. 353.

chronicle of the British Kings (B. II, c. 10), and the marriage of the Thames with the Medway (B. IV, c. 11), in both which passages the mere names constitute half the pleasure we receive. To the same feeling we must in particular attribute Spenser's sweet reference to Ireland :—

Ne thence the Irishe rivers absent were ;
Sith no lesse famous than the rest they be, &c.—Ib.¹

And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to
weep.—Ib.²

And there is a beautiful passage of the same sort in the Colin Clout's Come Home Again :—

" One day," quoth he, " I sat, as was my trade,
Under the foot of Mole," &c.³

Lastly, the great and prevailing character of Spenser's mind is fancy under the conditions of imagination, as an ever present but not always active power. He has an imaginative fancy, but he has not imagination, in kind or degree, as Shakspeare and Milton have ; the boldest effort of his powers in this way is the character of Talus.⁴ Add to this a feminine tenderness and almost maidenly purity of feeling, and above all, a deep moral earnestness which produces a believing sympathy and acquiescence in the reader, and you have a tolerably adequate view of Spenser's intellectual being.

NOTES ON " THE FAERIE QUEENE " ⁵

[*Faerie Queene*, Bk. I, Canto V, stanza vi.

And burning blades about their heads doe blesse.]

Licentiously careless as Spenser is in the orthography of words, varying the final vowels as the rhyme requires, I scarcely can reconcile myself to the belief that he would

¹ *F.Q.*, IV, xi. 40

² *F.Q.*, IV, xi. 41.

³ Lines 56-57.

⁴ " B. 5. Legend of Artegall."—H. N. C.

⁵ These marginalia are from a set of Anderson's *British Poets* in the library of the Victoria and Albert Museum, Kensington. For a full reference to this set, see the Preface.

misuse a word in so arbitrary a manner as to employ " bless " for " brandish ".¹ May it not have been " class " for " clash " ?

[Later.²] May not " blesse " mean " to wound " ? French, *bless*er ? To wound the air : so *Macbeth*.³ Not unusual.

[*Faerie Queene*, Bk. III, Canto XII, stanza xiv. Dissemblance.

And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire.]

Here, as too often in this great poem, that which is and may be known, but cannot *appear* from the given point of view, is confounded with the visible. It is no longer a mask-figure, but the character, of a Dissembler. Another common fault in stanza xvi : Grief represents two incompatibles, the grieved and the aggriever.

[Grief all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Downe hanging his dull head with heavy chere ;

A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched many people to the hart.^a]

Indeed, this confusion of agent and patient occurs so frequently in his allegorical personages that Spenser seems to have deemed it within the laws and among the legitimate principles of allegory.

^a So *Anderson*. Omit ' many.'

¹ The same usage occurs in I, viii. 22 and VI, viii. 13, however.

² Or perhaps by another hand. The first note is ink, the second pencil. The suggestion of connection with *bless*er is treated by the N. E. D. as possible.

³ " As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed."

Macbeth, V. viii. 9-10.

Nearer than this is " woundless air " (*Hamlet*, IV. i. 44), or " as the air, invulnerable " (*Hamlet*, I. i. 145).

LECTURE VII¹

JONSON, BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, MASSINGER

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

A ² CONTEMPORARY is rather an ambiguous term, when applied to authors. It may simply mean that one man lived and wrote while another was yet alive, however deeply the former may have been indebted to the latter as his model. There have been instances in the literary world that might remind a botanist of a singular sort of parasite plant which rises above ground, independent and unsupported, an apparent original ; but trace its roots and you will find the fibres all terminating in the root of another plant at an unsuspected distance, which perhaps from want of sun and genial soil, and the loss of sap, has scarcely been able to peep above ground. Or it may mean [those] whose compositions were contemporaneous in such a sense as to preclude all likelihood of the one having borrowed from the other. In this latter sense I should call Ben Jonson a contemporary of Shakespeare, tho' he long survived him, while I should prefer the phrase of immediate successors for Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, tho' these too were Shakespeare's contemporaries in the former sense.³

¹ The remains of Lectures IV, V, VI, all of which dealt with Shakespeare, have been reprinted in my edition of the *Shakespearean Criticism*.

² This fragment comes from Add. MS. 34, 225 in the British Museum and covers folios 57-62. Its subject matter indicates that it was written for Lecture VII, February 17, 1818. See also p. 41, n. 3 below.—I have omitted at the top of this fragment the word 'Beginning.'

³ At this point H. N. C. breaks off to interpolate a general comment on Ben Jonson from Green's note on Coleridge's oral lecture. Though this interpolation was not inappropriate, the MS. is continuous, and is here so printed. For the note on Jonson, cf. pp. 46-47.

Mr. Weber, to whose taste, industry, and appropriate erudition we owe, I will [not] say the best (for that would say little) but a good edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, has compliment[ed] the *Philaster*, which he himself speaks of as inferior to the *Maid's Tragedy* by the same writers, as but little inferior to the noblest of Shakespeare's [plays], the *Lear*, and *Macbeth*,¹ consequently implying the equality, at least, of the *Maid's Tragedy*; and an eminent living critic,^a who in his original works and in the manly wit, strong sterling sense, and robust style, had presented the best possible credentials of office, as *chargé d'affaires* of literature in general; and who, by his edition of Massinger, a work in which there was more for an editor to do, and in which more was actually done and well done, than in any similar work within my knowledge, has proved an especial right of authority in the appreciation of dramatic poetry, and hath, in its effect, potentially a double voice with the public as well as in the critical synod where as *princeps senatus* he possesses it by his prerogative,—has affirmed that Shakespeare's superiority to his contemporaries rests on his superior wit alone, while in all the other and, as I should deem, higher excellencies of the drama, character, pathos, depth of thought, etc., he is equalled by Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and Massinger.²

Of wit I am engaged to treat in my ninth lecture.³ It is a genus of many species, and at present I shall only say that the

^a MS. 'and another living critic of deserved eminence, etc. An eminent living critic.'

¹ See Weber's Introduction, p. xiv, to his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works* (1812). Though Weber exaggerates, like all editors in speaking of the subject of their labours, Coleridge is quite unjust in the implication regarding *The Maid's Tragedy* which he attributes to Weber. In any case, these rash comparisons with Shakespeare, which scholars occupied with the lesser Elizabethans have continued and will continue to make, have been so firmly ignored by the intelligent reading public that refutations seem gratuitous.

² The reference is to William Gifford's edition of Massinger, Introduction, p. li. Coleridge complained before of this criticism in the sixth lecture of 1811-12. See Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 123.

³ Obviously the fragment was written for the lectures of 1818, in which the ninth lecture dealt with this subject.

species which is predominant in Shakespeare is so completely Shakespearian, and in its essence so interwoven with all his other characteristic excellencies, that I am equally incapable of comprehending both how it can be detached from his other powers and how, being disparate in kind from the wit of contemporary dramatists, it can be compared with them in degree. Again, supposing both the detachment and the comparison practicable, I should, I confess, be rather inclined to concede the contrary, and in the most common species of wit, and in the ordinary application of the term, to yield the palm to Beaumont and Fletcher, whom here and henceforward I take as one poet, with two names, leaving undivided what a rare love and still rarer congeniality had united. At least, I have never been able to distinguish the presence of Fletcher during the life of Beaumont, nor the absence of Beaumont during the survival of Fletcher.

But waiving, or rather deferring, this question, I protest against the remainder of the position *in toto* ; and while I shall not, I trust, shew myself blind to the various merits of Jonson, Fletcher, and Massinger, or insensible of the greatness of the merits which they possess in common, or of the specific excellences which give to each of the three a worth of his own ; yet ^a I confess that one main object of this lecture was to prove that Shakespeare's eminence is his own, and [not] his age's—as the pine-apple, the melon, and the gourd may grow on the same bed ; nay, the same circumstances of warmth and soil may be necessary to their full development, but do ^b not account for the golden hue, the ambrosial flavour, the perfect shape of the pine-apple, or the tufted crown on its head. Would that those who would twist it off could but promise us in this instance to make it the germ of an equal successor.

What had a grammatical and logical consistency for the ear, what could be put together and represented to the eye, these poets took from the ear and eye, unchecked by any intuition of an inward impossibility, just as a man might fit together a quarter of an orange, a quarter of an apple, and

^a MS., 'but.'

^b MS., 'does.'

the like of a lemon and of a pomegranate, and make it look like one round diverse colored fruit. But nature, who works from within by evolution and assimilation according to a law, cannot do it. Nor could Shakespeare, for he too worked in the spirit of nature, by evolving the germ within by the imaginative power according to an idea—for as the power of seeing is to light, so is an idea in mind to a law in nature. They are correlatives that suppose each other.¹ Doubtless from mere observation, or from the occasional similarity of the writer's own character, more or less will happen to be in correspondence with nature, and still more in apparent compatibility ; but yet the false source is always discoverable, first by the gross contradictions to nature in so many other parts, and secondly, by the want of the impression, which Shakespeare makes, that the thing said not only might have been said, but that nothing else could be substituted to excite the same sense of its exquisite propriety—[which may be] illustrated from Iago when brought into Othello's sight.

- [*Oth.* I look down towards his feet ; but that's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [*Wounds Iago.*]
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither ; I'd have thee live ;
For in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.]

Hence Massinger and Ben Jonson [are] both more perfect in their kind than Beaumont and Fletcher—the former [tending] more to story and affecting incidents, the latter more to manners and peculiarities and whims in language and vanities of appearance.

But there is a diversity of the most dangerous kind here. Shakespeare shaped his characters out of the nature within ; but we cannot so safely say, out of *his own* nature, as an *individual person*. No ! this latter is itself but a *natura*

¹ H. N. C. interpolated at this point a fragment which I have placed in n. 1, p. 44, in order to combine it with another fragment with which it is connected.

naturata, an effect, a product, not a *power*. It was Shakespeare's prerogative to have the *universal* which is potentially in each *particular*, opened out to him in the *homo generalis*, not as an abstraction of observation from a variety of men, but as the substance capable of endless modifications, of which his own personal existence was but one, and to use *this one* as the eye that beheld the other, and as the tongue that could convey the discovery.¹ [There is] no greater or more common vice in dramatic writers than to draw out of themselves. How I—alone and in the self-sufficiency of my study, as all men are apt to be proud in their dreams—should *like* to be talking king! I am the king who would bully the kings. Tut! Shakespeare in composing had no *I* but the *I* representative. [Contrast?] Bertoldo in Massinger,² etc., etc.

¹ In the *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 117, note, references have been given for the study of this characteristic and all-important theme of Coleridge's aesthetics—the priority of subjective to objective elements in art.

² Bertoldo is a character in *The Maid of Honour*. Further down on the page, Coleridge scribbled what seem to be other illustrations of his contrast: "Beaumont and Fletcher—*The Fair Maid of the Inn*! *Thierry and Theodore*." Then, "Another—*A Case for a Mad Doctor*." I cannot interpret this last reference, if it is one. For another use of the phrase, cf. p. 50.

Through the kindness of Miss Adeline Lewis of Sioux City, Iowa, I have been sent a brief note on Beaumont and Fletcher inscribed in a copy of the 1679 edition of the plays. I add this here because the first paragraph was interpolated by H. N. C. at this point. The second paragraph (one sentence) he interpolated at another place (cf. p. 43, n. 1, above), following it as below with a third fragment from an unknown source, a comment on *Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Macbeth*. Coleridge's repetitions make it barely possible that H. N. C. found these three notes together, but the exact verbal correspondences seem to indicate that this is another case of amalgamation.

[Lewis Note]

"Beaumont and Fletcher are the most lyrical [?] of our dramatists. I think their comedies the best part of their works, although there are scenes of very deep tragic interest in some of their plays. I particularly recommend Monsieur Thomas for good pure comic humour.

The plays of B. and F. are mere aggregations without unity; in the Shakesperian drama there is a vitality which grows and evolves itself from within,—a keynote which guides and controls the harmonies throughout."

[End of Lewis Note.]

[There ¹ is, occasionally, considerable license in their dramas ; and this opens a subject much needing vindication and sound exposition, but which is beset with such difficulties for a Lecturer, that I must pass it by. Only as far as Shakespeare is concerned, I own,] I can with less pain admit a fault in Shakespeare, than beg an excuse for it. I will not, therefore, attempt to palliate the grossness that actually exists by the customs of his age or by the far greater coarseness of all his contemporaries—excepting Spenser, who is himself not wholly blameless, tho' nearly so—for I have placed his merits on being of no age. But I would clear away what is clearly not his (as the Porter in *Macbeth* ²), what is in manners only, and what is derived from association with crimes (foul thought, mean words ³).

“What is Lear?—It is storm and tempest—the thunder at first grumbling in the far horizon, then gathering around us, and at length bursting in fury over our heads,—succeeded by a breaking of the clouds for a while, a last flash of lightning, the closing in of night, and the single hope of darkness ! And Romeo and Juliet?—It is a spring day, gusty and beautiful in the morn, and closing like an April evening with the song of the nightingale ;—whilst Macbeth is deep and earthy,—composed to the subterranean music of a troubled conscience, which converts every thing into the wild and fearful !”

On organic and mechanical unity, cf. *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 224, and Coleridge's source, Schlegel's *Werke* (Böcking), vi. 157-58. On the rest, cf. *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 54 and note ; ii. 265 and note ; Schlegel, *Werke*, vi. 241-44.

¹ This passage in brackets is reprinted from *L.R.* ; that which immediately follows it is from Add. MS. 34, 225, f. 63. The similarity of the paper leads me, as it evidently did H. N. C., to think that folio 63 belongs with the lecture printed above.

² Cf. my edition of the *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 75, 77.

³ Perhaps Coleridge means that the reader's 'foul thought' or 'association with crimes' causes him to attribute coarseness to Shakespeare (H. N. C.'s interpretation in *L.R.*) ; perhaps that Shakespeare's *dramatis personae* speak in character,—coarsely, therefore, when they themselves are coarse ('foul thought, mean words'). I have no real confidence in either interpretation.

At the end of this fragment H. N. C. adds another note on the same subject which he removed from S. T. C.'s lecture on Sterne. In this edition it is restored to its original place. See p. 122.

BEN JONSON¹

[Green's Note]

Born, 1574 [1572].—Died 1637

Ben Jonson is original ; he is, indeed, the only one of the great dramatists of that day who was not either directly produced, or very greatly modified, by Shakspeare. In truth, he differs from our great master in every thing—in form and in substance—and betrays no tokens of his proximity. He is not original in the same way as Shakspeare is original ; but after a fashion of his own, Ben Jonson is most truly original.

The characters in his plays are, in the strictest sense of the term, abstractions. Some very prominent feature is taken from the whole man, and that single feature or humour is made the basis upon which the entire character is built up. Ben Jonson's *dramatis personae* are almost as fixed as the masks of the ancient actors ; you know from the first scene—sometimes from the list of names—exactly what every one of them is to be. He was a very accurately observing man ; but he cared only to observe what was external or open to, and likely to impress, the senses. He individualizes, not so much, if at all, by the exhibition of moral or intellectual differences, as by the varieties and contrasts of manners, modes of speech and tricks of temper ; as in such characters as Puntarvolo,² Bobadill,³ &c.

I believe there is not one whim or affectation in common life noted in any memoir of that age which may not be found drawn and framed in some corner or other of Ben Jonson's dramas ; and they have this merit, in common with Hogarth's prints, that not a single circumstance is introduced in them which does not play upon, and help to bring out, the dominant humour or humours of the piece. Indeed I ought very particularly to call your attention to the extraordinary skill shown by Ben Jonson in contriving situations for the display

¹ Reprinted from *L.R.*² *Every Man out of his Humour.*³ *Every Man in his Humour.*

of his characters. In fact, his care and anxiety in this matter led him to do what scarcely any of the dramatists of that age did—that is, invent his plots. It is not a first perusal that suffices for the full perception of the elaborate artifice of the plots of the *Alchemist* and the *Silent Woman*;—that of the former is absolute perfection for a necessary entanglement, and an unexpected, yet natural, evolution.

Ben Jonson exhibits a sterling English diction, and he has with great skill contrived varieties of construction; but his style is rarely sweet or harmonious, in consequence of his labour at point and strength being so evident. In all his works, in verse or prose, there is an extraordinary opulence of thought; but it is the produce of an amassing power in the author, and not of a growth from within. Indeed a large proportion of Ben Jonson's thoughts may be traced to classic or obscure modern writers, by those who are learned and curious enough to follow the steps of this robust, surly, and observing dramatist.

NOTE IN ANDERSON'S *BRITISH POETS*¹

It was not possible that so bold and robust an intellect as that of Ben Jonson could be devoted to any form of intellectual power vainly or even with mediocrity of product. He could not but be a species of himself: tho', like the mammoth and megatherion, fitted and destined to live only during a given period, and then to exist a skeleton, hard, dry, uncouth perhaps, yet massive and not to be contemplated without that mixture of wonder and admiration, or more accurately, that middle somewhat between both for which we want a term—not quite even with the latter, but far above the mere former. In this light, a heretic as to the ordinary notion (if words echoed *sine noscendo* can be called notions) but in complete sympathy with the practical feeling of my contemporary, I regard B. Jonson, the playwright—and hold his dramas of worth far inferior to his poems, and the plays themselves chiefly valuable for the many and various passages which

¹ From the Kensington set described in the Preface to this volume.

are not dramatic. In harmony of metre, in rhythm, in sweetness of words, he is indeed greatly inferior to Juvenal ; but in all other excellencies superior—and in none more so than those which (in *kind*) they both possessed in common—Jonson's philosophy more profound, his morality more pure, his observation more acute and active, and his figures more alive and individual.

S. T. C.

MARGINALIA ON JONSON

These notes are derived from marginalia on the Stockdale edition of the plays of Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher (1811). In this edition Peter Whalley's text and notes are reprinted for the plays of Jonson, and the text and notes of George Colman for the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. The particular set on which Coleridge's marginalia are found is in the possession of Lord Coleridge.¹

It ² would be amusing to collect from our dramatists from Elizabeth to Charles I proofs of the manners of the times. One striking symptom of general coarseness (*i.e.*, of *manners*, which may co-exist with great refinement of morals, as, alas ! *vice versa*) is to be seen in the very frequent allusions to the olfactories and [?] their most disgusting stimulants, and these too in the conversation of virtuous ladies. This would not appear so strange to one who had been on terms of familiarity with Sicilian and Italian women of rank ; and bad as they may, too many of them, *actually be*, yet I doubt not that the extreme grossness of their language has impressed many an Englishman of the present era with far darker notions than the same language would have produced in the mind of one of Elizabeth's or James I's courtiers. Those who have read *Shakespeare* only, complain of occasional grossness in *his* plays. Compare him with his contemporaries, and the inevitable conviction is that of the exquisite purity of his imagination.

¹ The fly-leaves bear the date of purchase, 29 March, 1815, with Coleridge's name and the place, Calne, Wilts, where he was then living.

² Fly-leaves, vol. i.

The observation I have prefixed to the *Volpone* is the key to the faint interest that these noble efforts of intellectual power excite, with the exception of the *Sad Shepherd*—because in that fragment only is there any character in whom you are morally interested. On the other hand, the *Measure for Measure* is the only play of Shakespeare's in which there are not some one or more characters, generally many, whom you follow with an affectionate feeling. For I confess that Isabella, of all Shakespeare's female characters, interests me the least ; and the *Measure for Measure* is the only one of his genuine works which is painful to me.

Let me not conclude this remark, however, without the thankful acknowledgement to the *manes* of Jonson that the more I study his writings, the more I admire them ; and the more the study resembles that of an ancient classic, in the *minutiæ* of his rhythm, metre, choice of words, forms of connection, etc., the more numerous have the points of admiration become. I may add too, that both the study and the admiration cannot but be disinterested—for to expect any advantage to the present drama were ignorance. The latter is utterly heterogeneous from the drama of the Shakespearean age, with a diverse object and a contrary principle. The one was to present a model by *imitation* of real life, to take from real life all that is what it ought to be, and to supply the rest—the other to *copy* what *is*, and as it *is*—the best a tolerable, the worst a blundering *copy*.¹ In the former the difference was an essential element ; in the latter an involuntary defect. We should think it strange, if a tale in *dance* were announced, and the actors did not dance at all. Yet such is modern comedy.

Whalley's Preface

[Vol. I, p. xii. The combination of foreign names and English manners.

But Jonson was soon sensible, how inconsistent this medley of names and manners was in reason and nature ; and with how

¹ Cf. Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 200, note.

little propriety it could ever have a place in a legitimate and just picture of real life.]

But did Jonson reflect that the very essence of a play, the very language in which it is written, is a fiction to which all the parts must conform? Surely, Greek manners in English are ^a a still grosser improbability than a Greek name transferred to English manners.

[Vol. I, p. xiv.]

Ben's *personae* are too often not characters, but derangements;—the hopeless patients of a mad-doctor ¹ rather than exhibitions of folly betraying itself [in] spite of existing reason and prudence. He not poetically, but painfully, exaggerates every trait; *i.e.*, not by the drollery of the circumstance, but by the excess of the originating feeling.

[Vol. I, p. xvi.]

But to this we might reply, that far from being thought to build his characters upon abstract ideas, he was really accused of representing particular persons then existing; and that even those characters which appear to be the most exaggerated, are said to have had their respective archetypes in nature and life.]

This degrades Jonson into a libeller, instead of justifying him as a dramatic poet. *Non quod verum est, sed quod verisimile*, is the dramatist's rule. At all events, the poet who chooses transitory manners, ought to content himself with transitory praise.² If his object be reputation, he ought not to expect fame. The utmost he can look forward to, is to be quoted by, and to enliven the writings of, an antiquarian. Pistol, Nym, etc., do not please us as characters, but are endured as fantastic creatures, foils to the native wit of Falstaff.—I say *wit*; for this character so often extolled as the masterpiece of humor, contains, and was not meant to contain, any humor at all.³

^a MS., 'is.'

¹ For another use of this phrase, cf. p. 44, n. 2.

² Schlegel (*Werke*, vi. 338-39) makes the same observation. Such a commonplace, expressed, as in this case, in totally different words, need scarcely be considered as evidence of Schlegel's influence.

³ Cf. p. 111.

Whalley's Life of Jonson

[Vol. I, p. xxxv.

It is to the honour of Jonson's judgment, that the greatest poet of our nation had the same opinion of Donne's genius and wit ; and hath preserved part of him from perishing, by putting his thoughts and satire into modern verse.]

Viz., Pope !

[He said further to Drummond, Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense ; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by an hundred miles.]

I have often thought Shakespeare justified in this seeming anachronism. In Pagan times a single name of a German kingdom might well be supposed to comprise a hundred miles more than at present. These notes of Drummond ought never to have been published. They are more disgraceful to himself than to Jonson. It would be easy to conjecture Jonson's comments on them—how grossly he had been misunderstood, and what he had said in jest (as of Hippocrates) interpreted in earnest. But this is characteristic of a Scotchman. He has no notion of a jest, unless you tell him—*This is a joke !* still less of that shade of feeling, the half-and-half.

Every Man out of His Humour

[Epilogue.

The throat of war be stopt within her land,
And turtle-footed peace dance fairie rings
About her court.]

Turtle-footed is a pretty word, a very pretty word : pray, what does it mean ! Doves, I presume, are not dancers ; and the other sort of turtle, land or sea, greenfat or hawksbill, would, I should suppose, succeed better in slow minuets than in the brisk rondillo. The pigeons, indeed, and the ring-doves could not dance but with *a claw* (éclat).

Poetaster

[Introduction.

Light ! I salute thee, but with wounded nerves,
Wishing thy golden spendour pitchy darkness.]

There is no reason to suppose Satan's address to the sun in *Paradise Lost* more than a mere coincidence with these lines ; but, were it otherwise, it would be a fine instance, what usurious interest a great genius pays in borrowing.

It would not be difficult to give a detailed psychological proof from these constant outbursts of anxious self-assertion, that Jonson was not a *genius*—a creative power. Subtract that, and you may safely accumulate on his name all other excellencies of a capacious, vigorous, agile, and richly-stored intellect.

[I. 1.¹ Whalley discusses possible corrections of the line—

Ovid. While slaves be false, fathers hard, and bawds be
whorish.]

A simple transposition would suffice—

While fathers hard, slaves false, and bawds be whorish.

[V. iii.

Cris. O—oblantant—furibund—fatuate—strenuous—

Cris. O—conscious—damp.]

It would form an interesting essay, or rather series of essays, in a periodical work, were all the attempts to ridicule new phrases brought together, to observe the proportion of the words ridiculed that have been adopted, and are now common (as "strenuous," "conscious," etc.) and how far any grounds can be detected, so that one might determine beforehand whether a word was invented under the conditions of assimilability to our language. Thus much is certain, that the ridiculers were as often wrong as right ; and

¹ Numeral references in the above form are to act and scene as given in the text used by Coleridge (the reprint of Whalley's text in the Stockdale edition of 1811).

Shakespeare himself could not prevent the naturalization of accommodation, remuneration, etc. ; or Swift the *abuse* even of *idea*.

Fall of Sejanus

[I. i.

Arr. The name Tiberius,
I hope, will keep, howe'er he hath foregone
The dignity and power.

Sil. Sure, while he lives.

Arr. And dead, it comes to Drusus. Should he fail,
To the brave issue of Germanicus ;
And they are three : too many (ha ?) for him
To have a plot upon ?

Sil. I do not know
The heart of his designs ; but, sure, their face
Looks farther than the present.

Arr. By the gods,
If I could guess he had but such a thought,
My sword should cleave him down from head to heart.]

The *anachronic* mixture [in Arruntius] of the Roman republican, to whom Tiberius must have appeared as much a tyrant as Sejanus, with his *James-and-Charles-the First* zeal for legitimacy of descent, is amusing. Of our great names Milton was, I think, the first who could properly be called a republican. My recollections of Buchanan's works are too faint to enable me to decide whether the historian is not a fair exception.

[II. i. Speech of Sejanus.

Adultery ! it is the lightest ill
I will commit. A race of wicked acts
Shall flow out of my anger, and o'erspread
The world's wide face, which no posterity
Shall e'er approve, nor yet keep silent, etc.]

The more we reflect and examine, examine and reflect, the more astonished are we at the immense superiority of Shakespeare over his contemporaries—and yet what contemporaries

aries ! Think of Jonson's erudition, and the force of learned authority in that age—and yet in no genuine part of Shakespeare is to be found such an absurd rant and *ventriloquism*¹ as this, and too, too many other passages ferruminated from Seneca's tragedies and the later Romans by Jonson. Ventriloquism, because Sejanus is a puppet out of which the poet makes his own voice appear to come.

[II. i. Speech of Tiberius.

Ἐμοῦ θανόντος γαῖα μυχθήτω πυρί.

"This Greek verse,² as the historians say, Tiberius had often in his mouth, and the poet thought it too memorable to omit it." Whalley's note.]

And to render it more ludicrous makes it rhyme to fury.

While I can live I will prevent earth's fury :
Emou thanontos gee michtheeto puri.

[IV. i. Sabinus to Latiaris.

Sab. "I were better stay
In lasting darkness, and despair of day.
No ill should force the subject undertake
Against the sov'reign, more than hell should make
The gods do wrong.]

This is the boldest sophism, nay, transparent, that was ever brought in defence of a thesis supported by sophisms only. The question is—Is it not just to resist a tyrant ? Answer—No !—Why not ? Answer—*Because* it is not just !
—a = a.

[V. i. Scene of the sacrifice to Fortune.]

This scene is unspeakably irrational. To believe and yet to scoff at a present miracle is little less than impossible. Sejanus should have been made to suspect priestcraft and a secret conspiracy against him.

¹ Cf. pp. 90, 394, 411 ; *B.L.*, ii. 109 ; Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 82 ; ii. 162, 245.

² Dio's *Roman History*, Book lviii.

Volpone

This admirable, indeed, but yet more wonderful than admirable, play is from the fertility and vigor of invention, character, language, and sentiment the strongest proof how impossible it is to keep up any pleasurable interest in a tale in which there is no goodness of heart in any of the prominent characters. After the third act, this play becomes not a dead, but a painful, weight on the feelings. *F. C. Fathom* and *Zeluco*¹ are instances of the same truth. Bonario and Celia should have been made in some way or other principals in the plot—which they might be, and the objects of interest, without being made characters. In novels, the person in whose fate you are most interested, is often the least marked character of the whole. If it were practicable to lessen the paramountcy of *Volpone*, a most delightful comedy might be produced, Celia being the ward or niece instead of the wife of Corvino, and Bonario her lover.

Epicaene

The *Epicaene* is to my feelings the most entertaining of old Ben's comedies—and, more than any other, would admit of being brought out anew, if under the management of a judicious and stage-understanding playwright; and an actor, who had *studied* Morose, might make his fortune.

[I. i. Clerimont's speech.

... He would have hang'd a pewterer's 'prentice once on a Shrove-Tuesday's riot, for being o' that trade, when the rest were *quiet*.

"The old copies read *quit*, *i.e.*, discharged from working, and gone to divert themselves." Whalley's note.]

It should be *quit*, no doubt; but not "*i.e.*, discharged from working," etc.—but *quit*, *i.e.*, acquitted. The pewterer was at his holiday diversion as well as the other apprentices, and they as forward in the riot as he. But he alone was punished under *pretèx*t of the riot, but in *fact* for his trade.

¹ Smollett's *Ferdinand Count Fathom* (1753) and Dr. John Moore's *Zeluco* (1786).

[II. i.]

Morose. Cannot I, yet, find out a more compendious method, than by this *trunk*, to save my servants the labour of speech, and mine ears the discord of sounds ? . . .]

What does " trunk " mean in this and the former ¹ scene ? A large ear-trumpet ? Or rather a tube, such as passes from parlor to kitchen, instead of a bell ?

[Whalley's note at the end.]

Some critics of the last age imagined the character of *Morose* to be wholly out of nature. But to vindicate our poet, Mr. Dryden tells us from tradition, and we may venture to take his word, that *Jonson* was really acquainted with a person of this whimsical turn of mind : and as humour is a personal quality, the poet is acquitted from the charge of exhibiting a monster, or an extravagant unnatural caricatura.]

If Dryden had not made all additional proof superfluous by his own plays, this very vindication would evince that he had formed a false and vulgar conception of the nature and conditions of the drama and dramatic personation. Ben *Jonson* would himself have rejected such a plea :

For he knew,^a poet never credit gain'd

By writing truths* ; but things, like truths, well feign'd.²

**I.e.*, facts. Caricatures are not less so because they are found existing in real life. But comedy demands characters, and leaves caricatures to farce. The safest and truest defence of old Ben were to call the *Epicaene* the best of farces. The defect in the *Morose*, as in other[s] of *Jonson's dramatis personae*, lies in this : that the accident is not a prominence growing out of and nourished by the *character* which still circulates in it, but the character rises out of the accident—say rather, consists in the accident. Shakespeare's comic personages have exquisitely characteristic features ; however awry, disproportionate, and laughable, yet like his *Bardolph's*

^a Read ' knows.'

¹ Act I, sc. i.

² Adapted from the second prologue of this play.

nose, still features. But Jonson's are either a man with a huge *wen*, having a circulation of its own, and which we might conceive ^a amputated, and the patient thereby losing all his *character*; or they are mere wens instead of men—wens personified, or with eyes, nose, and mouth cut out, mandrake-fashion.

P.S.—All the above, and more, will have been justly said, if and whenever the drama of Jonson is brought into "*comparisons of rivalry*" with the Shakespearean. But this should not be. Let its inferiority to the Shakespearean be at once fairly owned; but at the same time as the inferiority of an altogether different *genus* of the drama. On this ground, old Ben would still maintain his proud height. He no less than Shakespeare stands on the summit of his hill, and looks round him like a master—tho' his be Lattrig and Shakespeare's Skiddaw.

The Alchemist

[I. ii. Face's speech.

Will take his oath o' the Greek Xenophon,
If need be, in his pocket.]

Another reading is "Testament."¹

Probably, the meaning is that meaning to give false evidence, he carried a Greek Xenophon to pass it off for a Greek Testament, and so avoid perjury—as the Irish, by contriving to kiss their thumb-nails instead of the book.

[II. ii. Mammon's speech.

I will have all my beds blown up; not stuff:
Down is too hard.]

Thus the air-cushions, though perhaps only lately brought into use, were invented in idea in 1600-1700.^b

Catiline His Conspiracy

A fondness for judging one work by comparison with others, perhaps altogether of a different class, argues a vulgar

^a *MS.*, 'conceived.'

^b *MS.*, 16-1700.

¹ Q. (1610), 'Testament'; F. (1616), 'Xenophon.'

taste. Yet it is chiefly on this principle that the *Catiline* has been rated so low. Take it and *Sejanus* as compositions of a particular kind—viz., as a mode of relating great historical events in the liveliest and most interesting manner, and I cannot help wishing that we had whole volumes of such plays. We might as rationally expect the excitement of the *Vicar of Wakefield* from Goldsmith's *History of England*, as that of *Lear*, *Othello*, etc., from the *Sejanus* and *Catiline*.

[I. iv.

Cat. Sirrah, what ail[s] you?

(*He spies one of his boys not answer.*)

Pag. Nothing.

Best. Somewhat modest.

Cat. Slave, I will strike your soul out with my foot, etc.]

This is either an unintelligible, or (in *every* sense) a most *unnatural* passage—improbable, if not impossible, at the very moment of signing and swearing such a conspiracy for the most libidinous satyr. The very presence of the boys is an outrage to probability. I suspect that these lines [down to the words "throat opens"] should be removed back so as to follow the [words "on this part of the house," in the speech of Catiline soon after the entry of the conspirators^a]. A total erasure, however, would be the best, or, rather, the only possible amendment.

[II. ii. Sempronia's speech.

... He is but a new fellow,

An inmate here in Rome (as Catiline calls him).]

A *lodger* would have been a happier imitation of *inquilinus* [of Sallust].

[IV. vi. Speech of Cethegus.

Can these or such be any aids to us, etc.]

What a strange notion Ben must have formed of a determined, remorseless, all-daring foolhardiness, to have repre-

^a Coleridge, 'follow the 5th line of the second column, p. 382.' Coleridge then quotes. The interpolations in square brackets are from L.R.

sented it in such a mouthing Tamburlane, and bombastic tongue-bully as this Cethegus of his !

Bartholomew Fair

[Induction. Scrivener's speech.

If there be never a servant-monster ¹ i' the Fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques ? ² he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, ³ and such like drolleries, to mix his head with other men's heels. . . .]

The best excuse that can be made for Jonson, and in a somewhat less degree for Beaumont and Fletcher, for these base and silly sneers at Shakespeare, is that his plays were present to men's minds chiefly as acted. They had not a neat *edition* of them, as we have, so as, by comparing the one with the other, to form a just notion of the mighty mind that produced the whole. At all events, and in every respect, Jonson stands far higher in a moral light than Beaumont and Fletcher. He was a fair contemporary, and in *his* way, and as far as respects Shakespeare, an original. But Beaumont and Fletcher were always imitators, often borrowers, and yet sneer at him with a spite far more malignant than Jonson, who has besides made noble compensation by his praises.

[II. iii.

Just. I mean a child of the horn-thumb, a babe of booty, boy, a cutpurse.]

Confirms what the passage itself cannot but suggest, the propriety of substituting "booty" for "beauty" in the first Act of Henry IV., First Part.

Falstaff. . . . let not us that are [squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty.⁴]

It is not often that old Ben condescends to imitate a *modern*

¹ A reference to Caliban.

² A reference to the dance of satyrs in *The Winter's Tale*, IV. iv.

³ See notes 1 and 2 above.

⁴ I. ii. 22-24. This is originally Theobald's conjecture.

author ; but Master Dan Knockhum Jordan and his vapours are manifest reflexes of Nym and Pistol.

[II. v.

Quar. She'll make excellent geer for the coachmakers here in Smithfield, to anoint wheels and axle trees with.]

Good ! but yet it falls short of the speech of Mr. Johnes, M.P., in the Common Council, on the invasion intended by Buonaparte : " Houses plundered, then burnt, sons conscribed, wives and daughters ravished, etc., etc.—*but as for you, you luxurious Aldermen ! with YOUR fat will he grease the wheels of his triumphal chariot !* "

[II. vi.

Cok. Avoid i' your satin doublet, Numps.]

This reminds me of Shakespeare's " Aroint thee, witch ! " I find in several books of that age the word, " aloigne," and " eloigne"—*i.e.*, " keep your distance"—or " off with you ! " I think it very probable that " aroigne," " aroint " was a corruption of " eloigne " by the vulgar.

[III. iv.

Quar. How, now, Numps ! almost tir'd i' your protectorship ? overparted, overparted ?]

An odd sort of propheticity in this Numps and old Noll !
[III. vi. Knockhum's speech.

. . . He eats with his eyes, as well as his teeth.]

A good motto for the Parson in Hogarth's *Election Dinner*—who shows how easily he might be reconciled to the Church of Rome, for he worships what he eats.

[V. vi.

' *Pup. Di.* It is not prophane.'

Lan. It is not prophane, he says.

Bus. It is prophane.

' *Pup.* It is not prophane.'

Bus. It is prophane.

' *Pup.* It is not prophane.'

Lan. Well said, confute him with Not, still.]

Add that it [is] an imitation of the quarrel between Bacchus and the Frogs in Aristophanes : κοῶξ κοῶξ.

The Devil is an Ass

[I. i.

Pug. Why any : Fraud,
Or Covetousness, or lady Vanity,
Or old Iniquity : I'll call him hither.

“ ‘ I'll call him hither.’ This should probably be given to the master-devil, Satan.” Whalley's note.]

I.e., against all probability, and with a (for Jonson) *impossible* violation of character. The words belong plainly to Pug, and mark at once his simpleness and his impatience.

I. ii. Fitz-dottrel's soliloquy : ¹

Compare this exquisite piece of sense, satire, and sound philosophy in 1616 with Sir M. Hale's speech from the bench in a trial of a witch some twenty years after.²

Ever such as the Poet [as compared with ^a] the Plodder.

[II. i. Meercraft's speech.

Sir, money's a whore, a bawd, a drudge.]

I doubt not that “ money ” was the first word of the line, and has dropped out. Read :

Money ! Sir, money's a whore, a bawd, a drudge.

^a Coleridge has merely a colon here.

¹ A robust satire on the superstitious, too long to quote.

² Sir Matthew Hale (1609-96), then lord chief baron of the exchequer, tried two supposed witches at Bury St. Edmunds, 10 March, 1661-2. In his charge to the jury he spoke as follows : “ That there werc such creatures as witches he made no doubt at all ; For first, the scriptures had affirmed so much. Secondly, the wisdom of all nations had provided laws against such persons, which is an argument of their confidence of such a crime. And such hath been the judgment of this kingdom, as appears by that act of parliament which hath provided punishments proportionable to the quality of the offence. . . . ” William Cobbett, *State Trials*, VI, 700-01.

The Staple of News

[II. ii.]

Bro. From all the Spanish *mines* in the West Indies,
 I hope ; for she comes that way by her mother,
 But by her grandmother she's dutchess of mines.]

Mints are the mothers of money, as mines the grandmothers. Add that Spanish dollars, or Pieces of Eight, were the most common coin at that time. See the song, [IV. ii.^a]

[IV. iii. *Pecunia's* speech.

No, he would ha' done,
 That lay not in his power : he had the use
 Of our bodies, Band and Wax, and sometimes Statute's.]

[Coleridge deletes " of " at the beginning of the third line and adds it to the end of the second line ; and he indicates the alteration of " cur " to " your."]

I doubt the legitimacy of my transposition of the " of " from the fourth ¹ (" Of your bodies ") to this preceding line—for tho' it facilitates the metre and reading of the fourth line, and is frequent in Massinger, yet this disjunction of the preposition from its case seems to have been disallowed by Jonson. Better, for the reasons above assigned, read " O' your "—the two syllables slurred into one, or rather snatched or sucked up into the emphasized " your." In all points of view, therefore, Ben's judgment is just—for in this way, the line cannot be read as *metre* without that strong and quick emphasis on " your " which the *sense* requires : and had not the *sense* required an emphasis on " your," the tmesis of the sign of its cases " of," " to," etc., would destroy almost all boundary between the dramatic verse and *prose* in comedy. A lesson not to be rash in conjectural amendments. S. T. C.

It ^b is worth noticing that Jonson uniformly prefers a slurring of the signs of the cases at the beginning of a line,

^a MS., ' p. 548.'

^b Coleridge. ' See p. 550. It ' . . . This note comes from the fly-leaves, and the reference indicates that the note should be placed as in the text.

¹ Fourth on the page ; third in the reference as quoted above.

so as to form but one syllable with the noun, pronoun, or article, to placing the sign at the end of the preceding line, even where it would only make the last trochaic of the eleven-syllable dramatic blank verse line—I think, judiciously. Indeed, his verse throughout well deserves studying.

[IV. iv.

P. jun. I love all men of virtue, frommy Princess.]

["Frommy,"] fromme=pious, dutiful.

[V. iv. Penny-boy sen. and Porter.

I dare not, will not, think that honest Ben had the *Lear* in his mind in this mock mad scene.

The New Inn

[I. i. Host's speech.

A heavy purse, and then two turtles, makes,
A heart with a light stuck in't, a Light-Heart !]

"Makes," frequent in old books, and even now used in some countries for mates, a pair.

[I. iii. Host's speech.

. . . and for a leap
O' the vaulting horse, to play the vaulting house—]

The punlet, or pun-maggot, or pun intentional, "horse" and "house," is below Jonson, and "vaulting-house" for "vaulted" too. The jeu-de-mots below, on *Aquinas* and *Waterings*,

[read a lecture
Upon Aquinas at St. Thomas a Waterings.]

had a learned *smack* in it to season its insipidity. "Vaulting house" for *domus fornicata*, vaults, or stews, is a phrase not like Jonson. I suspect that instead of "ply" for "play"¹ we should read "horse" for "house"—i.e., instead of leaping on the stallion, to *play* the stallion yourself.

O' the vaulting horse, to play the vaulting horse.

¹ As suggested by Whalley's note.

[I. v.]

Old Master Gross, surnam'd 'Αγέλαστος.]

Query. Is not this line some proof that Jonson read Greek accentually? With "surnamed" instead of "surnam'd" it would indeed make metre as *ἄγελᾶστος*; but it is not probable, that Jonson's ear would have tolerated the jingling cacophony of *las* and *ass*, and "surnamed" is a drawling sound too. Therefore *Ἀγέλαστος*.

[I. vi. Lovel's speech.]

Then shower'd his bounties on me, like the Hours,
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men !]

Like many other similar passages in Jonson, it is *εἶδος χαλεπὸν ἰδεῖν*, a *sight* which it is difficult to make one's self *see*—a *picture* my fancy cannot *copy* detached from the *words*.

[II. v.]

Tho' it was hard upon old Ben, yet Felton, it must be confessed, was in the right in considering the Fly, Tipto, Bat Burst, etc., as dotages. Such a scene as this was enough to damn a new play—and Stuff is worse still, most abominable *Stuff*.

[III. ii. Lovel's speech.]

So knowledge first begets benevolence,
Benevolence breeds friendship, friendship love
And where it starts or steps aside from this,
It is a mere degenerous appetite,
A lost, oblique, deprav'd affection,
And bears no mark or character of love.]

Jonson has elsewhere proceeded thus far; but the part most difficult and delicate, yet, perhaps, not the least capable of being both morally and poetically treated, is the union itself, and what, even in this life, it can be.

MARGINALIA ON BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

These notes are all, with the exception of those marked with an asterisk, derived from marginalia on the set of the plays of Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher which has been already mentioned for the Jonson marginalia. This edition (Stockdale's, 1811) reprints the text and notes of George Colman for the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Those few notes which are marked with an asterisk are now for the first time collected in Coleridge's works, though they have been previously published by William F. Taylor, *Critical Annotations of S. T. Coleridge* (privately printed, Harrow, 1889), pp. 13-19. They came from a copy of the 1679 folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, *Fifty Comedies and Tragedies*. The copy which Coleridge annotated was formerly owned by Charles Lamb, who used it for his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets* and mentioned it in a charming passage of the essay on *Old China*. The book is now in the British Museum (pressmark, C. 45. i. 7).

Seward's Preface—1750

[“The King And No King,” too is extremely spirited in all its characters; Arbaces holds up a mirror to all men of *virtuous principles*, but *violent passions*. Hence he is as it were at once *magnanimity* and *pride*, *patience* and *fury*, *gentleness* and *rigor*, *chastity* and *incest*, and is one of the finest mixtures of virtues and vices that any poet has drawn.]

These are among the endless instances of the abject state to which psychology had sunk from the reign of Charles I to the middle of the present reign—George III; and even now it is but awaking.

[*Ibid.* Seward compares Julia's speech in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (IV. iv. 163-64)—

Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning,
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight—

with Aspatia's speech in *The Maid's Tragedy* at the end of Act II:

I stand upon the sea-beach now, etc.,
and prefers the latter.]

It is strange to take an incidental passage of one writer, intended only for a subordinate part, and compare it with the same thought in another writer, who had chosen it for a prominent and principal figure.

[*Ibid.* Seward prefers the death of the poisoned Emperor in *Valentinian* (V. ii) and the poisoned Alphonso's sufferings in *A Wife for a Month* (IV. i), to the death of King John from poison in Shakespeare's *King John* (V. vii. 35-43.)]

Mr. Seward ! Mr. Seward ! you may be, and I trust you *are*, an angel ; but you *were* an ass.

[*Ibid.*

Every reader of taste will see how superior this ¹ is to the quotation from Shakespeare.]

Of what taste ?

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[*Ibid.* Seward's classification of the plays according to relative excellence.]

These four [*Monsieur Thomas*, *The Chances*, *Beggar's Bush* and *The Pilgrim*] should surely have been placed in the very first class ! But the whole attempt ends in a woeful failure.

Harris's Commendatory Poem on Fletcher

[I'd have a state of wit convok'd which hath
A power to take up on common faith.]

This is an instance of that modifying of quantity by emphasis, without which our elder poets can not be scanned. "Power" here, instead of being one [long syllable] — (pow'r), must be not indeed [a spondee], — —, nor yet [a trochee] — ∪, but — ∪ ∪. The first syllable is 1-1/4.

We can never expect an authentic edition of our elder *dramatic* poets (for in their times a drama was a poem), until some man undertakes the work who has studied the philosophy of metre. This has been found the main torch of sound restoration in the Greek dramatists by Bentley, Porson, and their followers : how much more, then, in our own tongue ! It is true that *quantity*, an almost iron law with the

¹ The quotation from *A Wife for a Month*.

Greek, is in our language rather a subject for a peculiarly fine ear, than any law or even rule ; but then we, instead of it, have, first, accent ; secondly, emphasis ; and lastly, retardation and acceleration of the times of syllables according to the meaning of the words, the passion that accompanies them, and even the character of the person that uses them. With due attention to these—above all, to that which requires the most attention and the finest taste, the last—Massinger, *ex. gr.*, might be reduced to a rich and yet regular metre. But then the *regulae* must be first known—tho' I will venture to say, that he who does not find a line (not corrupted) of Massinger's flow to the *time total* of an iambic pentameter hyperacatalectic, *i.e.*, four iambs (∪ -) and an amphibrach (∪ - ∪) has not read it aright. By power of this last principle (retardation and acceleration of time)—we have even proceleusmatics and dispondeuses—proceleusmatics (∪ ∪ ∪ ∪) and dispondeuses (- - -)—not to mention the choriambics, the ionics, the paeons, and the epitrites. Since Dryden, the metre of our poets leads to the sense : in our elder and more genuine poets, the sense, including the passion, leads to the metre. Read even Donne's satires as he meant them to be read and as the sense and passion demand, and you will find in the lines a manly harmony.

Life of Fletcher in Stockdale's Edition, 1811

[In general their plots are more regular than Shakespeare's...]

This is true, if true at all, only before a court of criticism which judges one scheme by the laws of another and a diverse. Shakespeare's plots have their own laws or *regulae*—and according to these they are *regular*.

Maid's Tragedy

[I. i. Stockdale edition, prose. Coleridge rearranges the lines as verse as follows :

As well as masque *can* be—Masque¹ can be ? Yes !

They must commend the King and speak in praise

¹ Coleridge omits the word ' as ' before ' Masque,' and, in the next line, reads ' the king ' for ' their king.'

Of the assembly, bless the bride and bridegroom
 In person of some god. They're tied to rules
 Of flattery.]

But the metrical arrangement is most slovenly throughout.
 [*Ibid.* Speech of Melantius.

These soft and silken wars are not for me :
 The music must be shrill, and all confus'd,
 That stirs my blood ; and then I dance with arms.]

What strange self-trumpeters and tongue-bullies all the
 brave soldiers of Beaumont and Fletcher are ! Yet I am
 inclined to think it was the fashion of the age, from the
 Soldier's speech in the *Counter Scuffle*—and deeper than the
 fashion Beaumont and Fletcher did not fathom.

[*Ibid.* Speech of Lysippus.

Yes, but this lady
 Walks discontented, with her watry eyes
 Bent on the earth, etc.]

Opulent as Shakespeare was, and of his opulence prodigal,
 he yet would not have put this exquisite picce of poetry in
 the mouth of a *no-character*, or as addressed to a Melantius.
 I wish that Beaumont and Fletcher had written poems instead
 of *tragedies*.

[*Ibid.*

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily
 Upon my foe.]

Read

ÿ ÿ ÿ ÿ ÿ ÿ ÿ ÿ
 I might run more fiercely, not, etc.^a

[*Ibid.* Speech of Calianax.

Office ! I would I *could* put it off : I am sure I sweat quite
 through my office !¹]

^a I have omitted Coleridge's duplicate scansion of the line in longs and
 shorts, without the words.

Coleridge's italics.

The syllable *off* reminds the testy statesman of his robe, and he carries on the image.

[*Ibid.* Speech of Melantius.

—Would that blood,
That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight, etc.]

All Beaumont and Fletcher's generals are pugilists, or cudgel-fighters, that boast of their *bottom* and of the *claret* they have shed.

[*Ibid.* The Masque : Cinthia's speech. Coleridge accents the penult of "glory" and "memory" by scansion, as follows :

But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a noble memory
Of what these lovers are.]

I suspect that "nobler," pronounced as an amphimacer, nobiler, was the poet's word.¹

[*Ibid.* Colman removes from the text of Cinthia's speech, as unworthy of Beaumont and Fletcher, and probably spurious, this interpolation of 1622.

Yet, while our reign lasts, let us stretch our power

Gazed on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none, but of unquiet eyes.]

The first eight lines are not worse, and the last couplet incomparably better, than the stanza retained.

[II. i. Amintor's speech.

Oh, thou hast nam'd a word, that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful ! In that sacred name,
'The king,' there lies a terror.]

It is worth noticing that of the three greatest tragedians, Massinger was a democrat, Beaumont and Fletcher the most servile *jure divino* royalists, Shakespeare a philosopher—if anything, an aristocrat.²

¹ This was the reading of Q1 and is accepted in the Variorum edition.

² Cf. pp. 77, 85, 95.

[*Ibid.* The embroidered picture of Ariadne.

Asp. . . . Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
I stand upon the sea-beach now, and think—

Seward¹ reads "Put me on th' wild island" for the last four words of the second line.]

The old reading is beyond doubt the right one. The maidens could not imagine the bedroom a wild island; but they might easily imagine Aspatia as Ariadne. The words "I stand," etc., evidently mean^a to support the preceding "but"; viz., suppose me on the sea-beach or far rather, you must substitute the sea-beach and its scenery for the room. All else you may copy—and that very copying of me, as Ariadne, will so influence your imagination, that you will give a corresponding character to the mere figures of your invention.

A King and No King

[IV. i. Speech of Tigranes.

She, that forgot the greatness of her grief
And miseries, that must follow such mad passions,
Endless and wild as women! etc.

Seward's note and emendation of "as" to "in."]

It would be amusing to learn from some existing friend of Mr. Seward what he meant, or rather dreamt, in this note. It certainly is a difficult passage—of which there are two solutions—one, that the writer was *somewhat* more injudicious than usual—the other, that he was very, very far more profound and Shakespearean than usual. This emendation, at all events, is right and obvious. Were it a passage of Shakespeare, I should not hesitate to interpret it as characteristic of Tigranes' state of mind—disliking the very virtues, and therefore half-consciously representing them as mere products of the violence of the sex in all their whims, and yet forced to admire and feel or express gratitude for its

^a *MS.*, 'means.'

¹ Seward's Preface, p. xxx, not in the notes to Act II, or in the text (which is Colman's, not Seward's).

exertion in his own instance. The inconsistency of the passage would be the consistency of the author. But this is above Beaumont and Fletcher.

The Scornful Lady

[II. i. Sir Roger's speech :

Roger. Do I dream or do I wake ? surely, I know not. Am I rub'd off ? is this the way of all / my morning prayers ? Oh, Roger, thou art but grass / and woman as a flower ! Did I for this / consume my quarters in meditation, vows, / and woo'd her in heroical epistles ? / Did I expound the Owl, and undertake,^a / with labour and expence, the recollection of those thousand pieces, consum'd in cellars and tobacco-shops, of that our honour'd Englishman, Ni. Br. ? etc.

Colman reads " Nicholas Broughton " for " Ni. Br. ", quoting Theobald's note.]

Mi. Dr., *i.e.*, Michael Drayton.

Strange, that neither Mr. Theobald, nor Mr. Seward, should have seen that this mock heroic speech is in full-mouthed blank verse !¹ Had they seen this, they would have seen that " quarters " is a substitution of the players for " quires " or " squares " ; *i.e.*, of paper :

Consume my quires in meditations, vows,
And woo'd her in heroical epistles,

They ought, likewise, to have seen that Drayton is here ridiculed for his poem, " The Owl " and for his *Heroic[al] Epistles*.

[*Ibid.* Speech of Younger Loveless.

Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me moved, etc.]

The editors ought to have learnt, that scarce an instance occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher of a long speech not in metre. This is plain staring blank verse.

Fill him some wine ! Thou dost not see me mov'd ;
These transitory toys ne'er trouble *me*, etc.

^a *Stockdale text*, ' undertook.'

¹ Coleridge marks the line-divisions, not throughout, but after the words ' all,' ' grass,' ' this,' ' vows,' ' epistles,' ' undertake.'

The Custom of the Country

I cannot but think that in a country conquered by a nobler race than the natives, and in which the latter became villeins and bondsmen, this custom [*lex merchetæ*], may have been introduced for wise purposes—as of improving the breed, lessening the antipathy of different races, producing a new bond of relationship between the lord and the tenant who, as the eldest born, would at least have a chance of being, and a probability of being thought, the lord's child. In the West Indies it cannot have these effects, because the mulatto is marked by nature different from the father, because there is no bond, no law, no custom, but of mere debauchery.

[I. i. Rutilio's speech.

Yet if you play not fair, and above-board too,
I have a foolish engine here—I say no more ;
I'll tell you what, and, if your honours guts are not enchanted. . . .]

Evidently transposed—

Yet if you play not fair, above-board too,
I'll tell you what—
I've a foolish engine here :—I say no more—
But if your Honour's guts are not enchanted—

Licentious as the comic metre of Beaumont and Fletcher is—far more lawless and yet a far less happy imitation of the rhythm of animated talk in real life than Massinger's—still it is made worse than it really is by ignorance of the halves, thirds, and two-thirds, of [a] line which Beaumont and Fletcher adopted from the Italian and Spanish dramatists. Thus in Rutilio's [later speech, read—

Though I confess] any man would
Desire to have her, and by any means,
At any rate too, yet this common hangman
Who hath whipt off a thousand maids' heads already—
That he [should glean the harvest, sticks in my stomach !]
etc.

In all comic metres the gulping of short syllables, and the abbreviation of syllables ordinarily long by the rapid pro-

nunciation of eagerness and vehemence, are "not so much a licence, as a law—a faithful copy of nature, and let them be read characteristically, the *times* will be found nearly the same. Thus "a thousand maids' heads" is a choriambus [— ∪ ∪ —], or even perhaps a pæon primus, — ∪ ∪ ∪ (a dactyl, by virtue of comic rapidity, being equal to an iambic when the iambic is distinctly pronounced). I have no doubt that all Beaumont and Fletcher's works might be safely corrected by attention to this rule—and that the editor is entitled to transpositions of all kinds, and to not a few omissions. For the rule of the metre lost—what was to restrain the actor from interpolation?

The Elder Brother

[I. ii. Charles's speech.

—For what concerns tillage
Who better can deliver it than Virgil
In his Georgicks? and to cure your herds,
His Bucolicks is a master-piece.]

Fletcher was too good a scholar to fall into so gross a blunder. I read the passage as a parenthesis—thus :

For what concerns tillage,
Who better can deliver it than Virgil,
In his Georgicks, or to cure your herds ;
(His Bucolicks are a master-piece). But when, etc.

Jealous of Virgil's honour, he is afraid lest, by referring to the Georgics alone, he might be understood as undervaluing the preceding work. "Not that I do not admire his Bucolics too in their way ; but when, etc."

[III. iii. Charles's speech.

—She has a face looks like a story ;
The story of the Heav'ns looks very like her.

Seward reads "glory ;" and Theobald, to defend the original reading, quotes from *Philaster*—

That reads the story of a woman's face—]

^a MS., 'is.'

Yes ! but this latter is evident sense. I can make sense of this passage as little as Mr. Seward. The passage from *Philaster* is nothing to the purpose. Instead of "glory," I should propose "Astraea."

[III. v. Angelina's speech.

You're old and dim, Sir,
And th' shadow of the earth eclips'd your judgment.]

Inappropriate to Angelina, but one of the finest lines in our language.

[IV. iii. Charles's speech (Theobald's emendation).

And lets the serious part of life run by,
As thin neglected sand, whiteness of name,
You must be mine, etc.

Following Seward's note, which he reprints, Colman begins a new sentence with 'Whiteness.']

Nonsense ! "Whiteness of name," is in apposition to "the serious part of life"—*i.e.*, deservedly pure reputation. And the following line—"You must be mine !" *i.e.*—"Tho' I do not enjoy you to-day, I shall hereafter, and without reproach."

The Spanish Curate

[IV. vii. Amaranta's speech.

And still I push'd him on, as he had been *coming*.]

Perhaps "conning," *i.e.*, learning, or reading, and therefore inattentive.

Wit Without Money

[I. i. Valentine's speech, in the Stockdale text :

One without substance of herself ; that woman
Without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton,
Though she be young ; forgetting it, tho' fair.]

The present text, and that proposed by Mr. Seward, [are] equally vile. I have endeavored to make the lines *sense* [by interchanging the comma and semi-colon in the third line],

tho' the whole is, I suspect, incurable except by bold conjectural reformation. "One without substance of herself, that's wanton" (or as we often write, *i.e.*, wanton) without the very pleasure of life, *i.e.*, wantonness.

[II. i. Valentine's speech.

Of half-a-crown a week for pins and puppets—

"As there is a syllable wanting in the measure here, I have ventured to supply it" (by the emendation 'puppet-shows'). Seward.]

A syllable wanting! Had this Seward neither ears [n]or fingers? The line is a more than a usually regular iambic pentameter hyperacatalectic.

[*Ibid.*

With one faith, one content, one bed;
Aged, she makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue—

In the first line, Coleridge places a comma before 'content' and deletes the semi-colon.]

Is "apay'd" = contented, too obsolete for Beaumont and Fletcher? If not, the [n] "content with one faith, with one bed apay'd. She makes the wife," etc. Or "*one breed*," *i.e.*, one set of children. "The *widow* is,"¹ etc.

[Colman's note at the end on Seward's attempt to put this play into metre.]

The editors (and their contemporaries in general) were ignorant of any but the regular iambic verse. A study of the Aristophanic and Plautine metres would have enabled them to reduce Beaumont and Fletcher throughout into metre.

The Humorous Lieutenant

[I. i. Second Ambassador's speech.

... when your angers,
Like so many brother billows, rose together,
And, curling up your foaming crests, defied
Even mighty kings, and in their falls entomb'd 'em.]

¹ Coleridge begins to quote the next line.

This worse than superfluous "like" is very like an interpolation of some *matter-of-fact* critic—all pus, prose, *atque venenum*. The "your" in the next line, instead of "their," is likewise yours, *Ye Pus-facti Homos*.¹

[II. i. Timon's speech.

Another of a new way will be look'd at.

"We much suspect the poets wrote, of a new *day*. So, immediately after,

. . . Time may
For all his wisdom, yet give us a day."
Colman's Note.]

For this very reason we more than suspect the contrary.

[II. iii. Speech of Leucippe.

I'll put her into action for a wastcoat . . .]

What we call a riding-habit,—some mannish dress.

The Mad Lover

[IV. i. Masque of beasts.

. . . This goodly tree,
An usher that still grew before his lady,
'Wither'd at root : this, for he could not woo,
A grumbling lawyer : etc.]

Here must have been omitted a line rhyming to "tree ;" and the words of the next line have been transposed—

This goodly tree
(Which leafless, and obscur'd with moss you see)
An usher this, that 'fore his lady grew,
Wither'd at root—this, for he could not woo, etc.

The Loyal Subject

It is well worthy of notice, and yet has not been (I believe) noticed hitherto, what a marked difference there exists in the dramatic writers of the *Elizabetho-Jacobae*an age (mercy on

¹ *Puris facti homines* ?

me! *what* a phrase for “during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I!”) in respect to political opinions. Shakespeare, in this as in all other things, himself and alone, gives the permanent politics of human nature, and the only predilection which appears, shews itself in his contempt of mobs and the populace. Massinger is a decided Whig: Beaumont and Fletcher high-flying, passive-obedience Tories.¹ The Spanish dramatists furnished them with this as with many other ingredients. By the bye, an accurate and familiar acquaintance with all the productions of the Spanish stage prior to 1620, is an indispensable qualification for an editor of Beaumont and Fletcher—and with this qualification a most interesting and instructive edition might be given. This edition is below criticism.

P.S.—In the metre of the drama, Beaumont and Fletcher are inferior to Shakespeare on the one hand, as expressing the poetic part of the drama, and to Massinger, on the other, in the art of reconciling metre with the natural rhythm of conversation—in which Massinger is indeed unrivalled. *Read* him aright, and measure by time, not syllables, and no lines can be more legitimate, none in which the substitution of equi-pollent feet, and the modifications by emphasis, are managed with such exquisite judgment. Beaumont and Fletcher are fond of the twelve syllable (not Alexandrine) line, as—

Too many fears 'tis thought too : and to nourish those . . .

This has often a good effect. It is one of the varieties most common in Shakespeare.

Rule a Wife and Have a Wife

[III. i. Old Woman's speech.

. . . I fear he will knock my
Brains out for lying.

¹ Cf. pp. 69, 85, 95.

Mr. Seward discards the words 'for lying,' because 'most of the things spoke of Estifania are true, with only a little exaggeration ;' and 'because they destroy all appearance of measure.' Colman's note.]

Mr. Seward had his brains out. The humor lies in Estifania's having ordered the Old Woman to tell these tales of her ; for tho' an intriguer, she is not represented as other than chaste—and as to the metre, it is perfectly correct in the comic rhythm—

... knock my—[a pause]

Brains out for lying.

[*Ibid.*

Marg. As you love me, give way.

Leon. It shall be better, I will give none, madam, etc.]

The meaning is : " It shall be a better way, first ; as it is, I will not give it, or any that you in your present mood would wish."

The Laws of Candy

This* play has (to my feelings) a defect which is uncommon in Beaumont and Fletcher. It is not even *entertaining*. The story is as dull as the characters are unnatural and the incidents improbable and revolting. The diction indeed is perhaps purer and more simple than in several other of the dramas ; but there are fewer poetic lines and passages, and such as there are or were intended to be such seem to me an old coat new turned, mere parodies of the same thoughts and passions better expressed in their other plays—as Cassilane's harangues, for instance, compared with Memnon in *The Mad Lover*, Archas in *The Loyal Subject* with Theodore, and with Caratach in *Bonduca*. It is remarkable that Fletcher, so exquisite in his comedies, should so universally fail in all the comic scenes of his tragedies. They not only do not re-act upon and finally fuse with the tragic interest, an excellence peculiar to Shakespeare and Hogarth (see Lamb's Essay on Hogarth, in the *Reflector*) but they are dull and filthy in themselves.

[I. i. Speech of Melitus.

Whose insolence and never-yet-match'd pride
Can by no character be well express'd,
But in her only name, the proud Erotia.

Colman's note, expressing bewilderment at the presumed association of pride with the name 'Erotia.']

The poet intended no allusion to the word "Erotia"; but says that her very name, "the proud Erotia," became a character and adage—as we say, a Quixote or a Brutus—so to say an "Erotia" expressed female pride and insolence of beauty.

[*Ibid.*¹ Speech of Antinous.

Of my peculiar honours, not derived
From successory, but purchas'd with my blood . . .]

Successors [Theobald's reading]=nonsense.

The poet doubtless wrote "success'ry," which, tho' not adopted in our language, would be on many occasions, as here, a much more significant phrase than ancestry.

The Little French Lawyer

[I. i. Dinant's speech.

Are you become a patron too? 'Tis a new one,
No more on't, etc.

Seward reads :

Are you become a patron too? How long
Have you been conning this speech? 'Tis a new one, etc.]

If conjectural emendation like this be allowed, we might venture to read—

Are you become a patron to a new tune?
No more on't, etc.

[or,

Are you become "a" patron? 'Tis a new tune.

^a *Perhaps H. N. C.'s interpolation, or perhaps S. T. C.'s own text Stains now cover the margin at this point.*

¹ Sc. ii, Waller edition (Cambridge, 1906).

[*Ibid.*

- Din.* Thou wouldst not willingly
Live a protested coward, or be call'd one ?
Cler. Words are but words.
Din. Nor wouldst thou take a blow ?

Seward's note.]

O miserable ! Dinant sees thro' Cleremont's gravity, and the *actor* is to explain [that] the " Words are but words " is the last struggle of affected morality.

Valentinian

[I. iii.] It is a real trial for charity to read this third scene with tolerable charity towards Fletcher. So very slavish, so reptile, are the feelings and sentiments represented as duties. And yet remember, he was a bishop's son—and the duty to God was the supposed basis.

Personals (including 1. body, 2. house, 3. HOME, 4. religion ¹) — property — subordination — intercommunity — these are the fundamentals of society. Now no one of these can be rightfully attacked except when its guardian has abused it to subvert one or more of the rest. Charles I. *deserved* death.

The reason is, that the guardian, as a fluent, is less than the PERMANENT which he is to guard. He is the temporary and mutable *mean*—and derives his whole value from the *end*. In short, as robbery is not high treason, so neither is every

¹ " *I.e.*, negative, so that the person be not compelled to do or utter in relation of the soul to God what would be, in *that* person, a lie—such as to force a man to go to church, to swear that he believes what he does not believe, etc. The *positive* may be a great and useful privilege, but cannot be a *right* : were it for this only, that it cannot be pre-defined.

The ground of this distinction between negative and *positive* is plain. No one of my fellow-citizens is encroached on by my *not* declaring to him what I believe respecting the supersensual—but should every man be entitled to preach against the preacher, who could hear *any* preacher ? Now it is different in loyalty. There we have *positive* rights, but not *negative*. For every pretended negative would be in effect positive, as if a soldier had a right to keep to himself, whether he would or would not fight." Coleridge's note.

unjust act of a king the converse. *All* must be attacked and endangered. Why? Because the king, as *a* to *A*, is a means of *A*. = subordination in a far higher sense than a proprietor = *b* is to *B*. = property.

[II. ii. Claudia's speech.

I'd rather make a drallery 'till thirty.
While I were able to endure a tempest
And bear my fights out bravely, 'till my tackle
Whistled i' th' wind. . . .

Query, "while [my tackle]?" The whole of this speech of Claudia's seems corrupt—and, if accurately printed (*i.e.*, if the same in all the prior editions) irremediable but by bold conjecture.

[III. i.] Beaumont and Fletcher always write as if virtue or goodness were a sort of talisman or strange something that might be lost without the least fault on the part of the owner. In short, their chaste ladies value their chastity as a material thing, not as an act or state of being—and this mere *thing* being merely imaginary, no wonder that all their "women are represented with the minds of strumpets, except a few irrational humorists, far less capable of exciting our sympathy than a Hindoo who had had a basin of cow-broth thrown over him—for this, tho' a debasing superstition, is still real, and we might pity the poor wretch, though we cannot help despising him. But Beaumont and Fletcher's Lucinas are clumsy fictions. It is too plain that the authors had no one idea of chastity as a virtue—but only such a conception as a blind man might have of the power of seeing, by handling an ox's eye. In *The Queen of Corinth*, indeed, they talk differently—but it is all *talk*, for nothing is real but the dread of losing a reputation. Hence the frightful contrast between their women (even those who are meant for virtuous) and Shakespeare's. So, for instance, *The Maid in the Mill*—a woman must not merely have grown old in brothels, but have chuckled over every abomination committed in them with a rampant sympathy of imagination, to have had her

fancy so. . . . [?] drunk with the minutiae of lechery as this icy chaste virgin. . . . [?]

Mem.¹ To note how many of these plays are founded on rapes—how many on unnatural incestuous passions—how many on mere lunacies. Then their "virtuous women [are] either crazy superstitions of a merely bodily negation of having been acted on, or strumpets in their imaginations and wishes—or as in *The Maid in the Mill*, both at the same time.²

In the men, the love is merely lust in one direction—exclusive preference of one object. The tyrant's speeches are mostly taken from the mouths of indignant denouncers of the tyrant's character, with the substitution of "I" for "he" and the omission of "*he acts as if he thought or said*," "Know [?] I am far above the faults I do and those I do I'm able to forgive [?] too." The only feelings they can possibly excite are disgust at the Aeciuses and other sane loyalists. . . . [?] or compassion, as Bedlamites. So much for their tragedies. But even their comedies are most of them disturbed by the fantasticalness or gross caricature of the persons or incidents. There are few characters that you can like (even tho' you should have had erased from you all the filth that bespatters the most likeable, as Piniero [in *The Island Princess*] for instance), scarcely any you can love. How different from Shakespeare, who makes one have a sort of sneaking affection for even his Barnardines, whose very Iagos and Richards are awful, and, by the counteracting power of profound intellects, rendered fearful rather than hateful³—

¹ MS., 'his.'

² This memorandum is a separate fragment, from the fly-leaves of vol. iii. It is so nearly continuous in subject-matter that one cannot hesitate in joining it to the preceding paragraph.

³ "I am in a stronghold built on a high and rugged precipice. 'Climb it if you can and dare—and take it if you can.' I shall then (be) your booty. But do not expect that I shall prove the betrayer of the gates or throw rope and ladder to you. Olivia's . . . [?] temptation to Mamertus." A separate note by Coleridge on the next page. It may possibly belong at the end of the next paragraph, but I am inclined to think it an afterthought, quite separate.

⁴ For other uses of this favourite distinction, cf. pp. 84, 88, 157, 306.

and even the exceptions, as Goneril and Regan, [are] proofs of superlative judgment and the finest moral tact, in being utter monsters, *nulla virtute redemptae*, and kept out of sight as much as possible—they being indeed only means for the excitement and deepening of noblest emotions towards the Lear, Cordelia, etc., and employed with the severest economy. But even his grossness—that which is really so independent of the increase of vicious associations with things indifferent (for there is a state of manners conceivable so pure, that the language of Hamlet at Ophelia's feet might be a harmless rallying, or playful teasing, of a shame that would exist in Paradise)—yet at the worst, how different from Beaumont and Fletcher's ! In Shakespeare the mere generalities of sex, mere words oftenest, seldom or never distinct images—all head-work, and fancy-drolleries, no sensation supposed in the speaker, no itchy wriggling. In Beaumont and Fletcher the *minutiae* of a lecher.

[V. ii. The sick Emperor Valentinian.]

It* is strange that a man of genius should have thought it worth while to steal, in this [?] parody line, the rants of Shakespeare's poisoned King John.¹

A* noble subject for the few noble minds capable of treating it would [?] be this : what are the probable, what the possible defects of *genius*—and of each given *sort* of genius ? And of course, what defects are psychologically impossible ? This would comprize—what semblance of *genius* can *talent* supply ? and what *talent*, united with strong feeling for poetry and aided by taste and judgment ? and how are the effects to be distinguished from those of genius ? Lastly, what degree of talent may be produced by an intense desire of the end (*ex. gr.*, to be and to be thought, a poet) without any natural, more than general, aptitude for the means.

Be it not presumptuous or taken as a proof of self-conceit, I will affirm that no man can have formed a just idea of possible *tragic* drama, as opposed to possible *comic* drama, and not find in this tragedy of *Valentinian* a convincing proof

¹ *King John*, V. vii.

that the writer was utterly incapable of tragedy—and that such instances *ad contra* as may be brought, must be attributed to lucky imitation of Shakespeare, tho' blind to the *essential* excellence (which easily may be, notwithstanding the mind is struck with *accidental* beauties) of what he has imitated. In short, I scarcely recollect any scene or passage in Beaumont and Fletcher that is exclusively tragic, that is not in a higher degree poetic—*i.e.*, capable of being narrated by the poet in his own person in the same words, with strict adherence to the character of the poet. There is a kind of comedy which whoever produces must be capable of tragedy (Cervantes, Shakespeare); but there is another kind, and that, too, highly amusing, which is quite heterogeneous. Of this latter Fletcher was a great master. The surface and all its flowers and open pleasures, serious or light, were his property—all his eye can see, ear hear—nothing more.

*Rollo, Duke of Normandy*¹

This is, perhaps, the most energetic of Fletcher's tragedies. He evidently aimed at a new *Richard the Third* in *Rollo*; but as in all his other imitations of Shakespeare, he was not philosopher enough to *bottom* his original. Thus, in *Rollo*, he has produced a mere personification of outrageous wickedness, with no fundamental characteristic impulses to make either the tyrant's words or actions philosophically intelligible. Hence, the most pathetic situations border on the *horrible*, and what he meant for the terrible, is either hateful (*μισητόν*) or ludicrous.¹ The scene of Baldwin's sentence in the Act III is probably the grandest working of passion in all Beaumont and Fletcher's works; but the very magnificence of filial affection given to Edith in this noble scene renders the after scene (in imitation of one of the least Shakespearean of all Shakespeare's works, (if it *BE his*) that between Richard

¹ Usually referred to as *The Bloody Brother* (Q₁, F.). The title above is that of Q₂, now given merely as a sub-title. Coleridge's text is followed here, for the sake of consistency with his notes.

¹ Cf. pp. 82, 88, 157, 306.

and Lady Anne), in which Edith is yielding to a few words and tears, not only unnatural, but disgusting. [In *Richard III.*], Lady Anne is described as a weak, vain, *very* woman throughout.

[I. i.]

Gis. He is indeed the perfect character
Of a good man, and so his actions speak him.]

This character of Aubrey and the whole spirit of this and several other plays of the same author [s], are interesting as traits of the morals which it was fashionable to teach in the reigns of James I. and his successor, who died a martyr to them. Stage, pulpit, law, fashion—all conspired to enslave the realm. Massinger's plays breathe the opposite spirit; Shakespeare's the spirit of wisdom which is for all ages. By the bye, the Spanish dramatists (Calderon, in particular) had some influence in this respect (*i.e.*, romantic loyalty to the greatest monsters^a), as well as in the busy intrigues of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays.

[II. i.] Single* facts in history would poorly justify a poet's introduction of anomalous varieties, accidental monsters, *lusus naturae*—were it only that they cannot represent an *Idea*, and whatever is not ideal (*i.e.*, partaking of the τὸ καθολόν) cannot be poetry. Yet even in genuine history, such as Froissart, Commynes, etc., I remember no instances of villains talking to their sovereign, in the character of counsellors, as professed villains.

[*Ibid.*

Rollo. Conscience, Latorch ! what's that ?]

That* men have reasoned thus to themselves after a guilty deed in order to blunt the sting of remorse, I doubt not ; but that it is natural to reason thus as an inducement to perpetrate a crime, I find no evidence in history or my own experience of men, no slim presentiment, no *germ* of its possibility in my own heart.

[II. ii. The drinking-song, second stanza.

^a An afterthought, marked by S. T. C. for this position.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
 There is no cure 'gainst age but it.
 It helps the head-ach, cough and ptisick,
 And is for all diseases physick.]

This* is the original of the excellent song "Punch cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisic."¹ The imitation is an improvement.

The Wildgoose Chase

[II. i. Belleur's speech.

—that wench, methinks,
 If I were but well set on, for she is *a fable*,
 If I were but hounded right, and one to teach me.

Sympson suggests "affable." Colman is inclined to reject this and says that "the next line seems to enforce" the reading in the text.]

Pity that the editor did not explain wherein the sense, "seemingly enforced by the next line," consists. "A sable," *i.e.*, the black fox hunted for its precious fur? Or "*at-able*," as we now say, "she is come-at-able?"

A Wife for a Month

[IV. i. Alphonso's speech.

Betwixt the cold bear and the raging lion
 Lies my safe way.

Seward's note and alteration to—

"Twixt the cold bears, far from the raging lion.]

This Mr. Seward is a blockhead of the provoking species. In his itch of correction, he forgot the words—"lies my safe

¹ Second chorus of the ballad sometimes called "Fill the Flowing Bowl:"

"Punch cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisic,
 And is to all men the very best of physick."

I quote from p. 90 of *My Pious Friends and Drunken Companions* (songs collected by Frank Shay), New York, 1927.

way ! ” The Bear is the extreme pole—and thither he would travel over the space contained between it and “ the raging lion.”

The Pilgrim

[IV. ii.] Alinda’s interview with her father is lively and happily hit off ; but *this* scene with Roderigo is truly excellent. Altogether, indeed, this play holds the first place in Beaumont and Fletcher’s romantic entertainments (*Lustspiele*) which collectively are their ^a happiest performances and are ^b only inferior to the romance of Shakespeare’s *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, etc.

[*Ibid.*

Alin. To-day you shall wed Sorrow,
And Repentance will come to-morrow.]

[Read] “ Penitence ? ”—or—

Repentance, she will come to-morrow.

The Prophetess

Were* I to choose a play that most realized the ideal of Anti-Shakespeareanism, I should fix, I think, on this, tho’ perhaps half a dozen others of the same writer might be perilous competitors. A witch, possessed of all powers, and comprizing in herself all the gods, yet an every-day old aunt—only a witch but by whose powers no one knows—working neither for good or for evil, but to secure her *niece* a reluctant husband—and all the rest pasteboard puppets, ducking head, lifting arm, and sprawling legs, as she pulls the thread—nothing from within, all from without—sincere conversions to virtue produced in an instant by unmanly terrors—no characters, no men, no women—but only mouthing Vices, or interlocutory *Entia Narrationis*—explanations personified by hat, coat, waistcoat, and breeches—of course no *interest* (for a vulgar curiosity about—not what is to *happen* next—but about what the witch will *do* next, whether thunder or a

^a MS., ‘ *his*. ’

^b MS., ‘ *is*. ’

brimstone she-devil, or an earthquake—cannot be called interest) miserable parodies and thefts of fine lines in Shakespeare—and the compound, a senseless day-dream, with all the wildness, without any of the terror of a nightmare—in short, stupidity from malice (of self-conceit) prepense, aping madness. The proper compliment is to open one's mouth in *wonder*, and lo ! it was only a yawn !

The Queen of Corinth

[II. i. Merione's speech.]

Had the scene of this tragi-comedy been laid in Hindostan instead of Corinth, and the gods here addressed been the Vischnu and Co. of the Indian Pantheon, this rant would not have been much amiss.

Exquisite* specimen of the *μισητόν* substituted for the *φοβερόν*.¹

[II. iii. Merione's thanks to Agenor.]

This* is pretty, but it is false, and made up of incompatibles ; natural feelings and abstract notions, which being, such feelings could not exist.

N.B.—I shall not be long here, Charles !—and gone, you will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave a relic. S. T. C. October, 1811.²

In respect of style and versification, this play and the *Bonduca* may be taken as the best, and yet as *characteristic*, specimens [of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays]—particularly the first scene of the *Bonduca*. Take the *Richard the Second* of Shakespeare, and having selected some one scene of about the same number of lines, and consisting mostly of long speeches, compare it with the first scene in *Bonduca*—not for the idle purpose of finding out which is the better, but in order to see and understand the difference. The latter (Beaumont and Fletcher) you will find a well arranged bed of flowers, each having its separate root, and its position de-

¹ Cf. pp. 82, 84, 157, 306, where Coleridge himself translates his Greek.

² Underneath appear the initials "W. W." presumably signed by Wordsworth.

terminated aforehand by the *will* of the gardener—a fresh plant, a fresh volition. In the former an Indian fig-tree, as described by Milton.¹ All is growth, evolution, γένεσις—each line, each word almost, begets the following—and the will of the writer is an interfusion, a continuous agency, no series of separate acts. Shakespeare is the height, breadth, and depth of genius : Beaumont and Fletcher the excellent mechanism, in juxtaposition and succession, of talent.

Bonduca

[II. iii.

2 *Daughter*. That hungry fellow
With the *red beard* there . . .

Judas's* colour in the tapestries.

The Noble Gentleman

Why have the dramatists of the times of Elizabeth, James I, and the first Charles become almost obsolete, excepting Shakespeare ? Why do they no longer belong to the English people, being once so popular ? And why is Shakespeare an exception ? One thing among fifty necessary to the full solution is, that they all employed *poetry* and poetic diction on *unpoetic* subjects, both characters and situations—especially in their comedy. Now Shakespeare is all, all, ideal—of no time, and therefore for all times. Read, for instance, *Marine's* panegyric on the court, [in the first scene of this play a—

Know

The eminent court, to them that can be wise,
And fasten on her blessings, is a sun
That draws men up from coarse and earthly being, etc.]

What can be more unnatural and inappropriate (not only is, but must be *felt* as such) than such poetry in the mouth of a

^a MS., ' p. 168, column 2nd.'

¹ *Paradise Lost*, ix. 1101-10. Cf. Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 244.

silly dupe? In short, the scenes are mock dialogues, in which the poet solo plays the ventriloquist,¹ but cannot suppress his own way of expressing himself. Heavy complaints have been made respecting the transposing of the old plays by Cibber—but it never occurred to these critics to ask, how it came that no one ever attempted to transpose a comedy of Shakespeare's.

The Coronation

[I. i. Speech of Seleucus.

Altho' he be my enemy, should any
Of the gay flies that buz about the court,
Sit to catch trouts i' the summer, tell me so,
I durst, etc.

Colman's note.]

Pshaw! "Sit" is either a misprint for "set," or the old and still provincial word for "set" as the participle passive of "seat" or "set." I have heard an old Somersetshire gardener say—"Look, Sir! I set these plants here; those yonder I *sit* yesterday."

[II. i. Speech of Arcadius.

Nay, some will swear they love their mistress,
Would hazard lives and fortunes to preserve
One of her hairs brighter than Berenice's
Or young Apollo's, and yet, after this
A favour from another toy would tempt him. . . .

Coleridge adds "so" at the end of the first line.]

"They² would haz[ard]," an anapaest for an iambic. The "and yet," which must be read as "anyet" = - ˘, is an instance of the *enclitic* force in an accented syllable. "And yet" is a complete iambic, but "anyet" is, like "spirit," a dibrach, ˘ ˘, trocheeized by the first accent or arsis damping (not extinguishing) the second.

¹ Cf. pp. 54, 394, 411; *B.L.*, ii. 109; *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 82; ii. 162, 245.

² The word "They" (before "would hazard") is not in the text, but is added by Coleridge as an emendation.

Wit at Several Weapons

[I. i. Oldcraft's speech.

I'm arm'd at all points, etc.]

It would be easy to restore this passage to metre, by supplying a sentence of four syllables, which the reasoning almost demands, and correcting the grammar. "Next" is a mere interpolation. Otherwise "can" might be struck out.

Arm'd at all points 'gainst treachery, I hold
 My humor firm. If, living, I can see thee
 Thrive by thy wits, I shall have the more courage,
 Dying, to trust thee with my lands. If not,
 The best wit I can hear of carries them.
 For since so many in my time and knowledge,
 Rich children of the city, have concluded
 For lack of wit in beggary, I'd rather
 Make a wise stranger my executor,
 Than a fool son my heir, and have my lands call'd
 After my wit than name; and that's my nature.¹

[*Ibid.* Oldcraft's speech.

To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her.]

[Read

Which to prevent I have sought a match out for her.²]

[*Ibid.* Sir Gregory's speech.

—Do you think
 I'll have any of the wits hang upon me after
 I am married once ?]

[Read

Do you think]
 That I'll have any of the wits to hang
 Upon me after I am married once ?

¹ This revision of Coleridge's amounts to re-casting the whole passage.

² Coleridge's pencil revision of the text.

[and afterwards]—

Is it a fashion in London,¹
To marry a woman and to never see her ?

The superfluous “ to ² ” gives it the Sir Andrew Ague-cheek character.

The Fair Maid of the Inn

[II. i. Speech of Albertus.

But, Sir,
By my life, I vow to take assurance from you,
That right-hand never more shall strike my son,

.
Chop his hand off !]

In this (as indeed in all other respects, but most in this) it is that Shakespeare is so incomparably superior to Fletcher and his friend,—in judgment ! What can be conceived more unnatural and motiveless than this brutal resolve ? How is it possible to feel the least interest in Albertus afterwards ? or in Cesario ?

The Two Noble Kinsmen

On comparing the prison scene in this act ³ (II) with the dialogue between the same speakers in the first ⁴ [act], I can scarcely retain a doubt as to the first act's having been written by Shakespeare : assuredly not by Beaumont or Fletcher. I hold Jonson more probable than either of these two.

The ⁵ main presumption for Shakespeare's share in this play rests on a point to which both these sturdy critics ⁶ (and indeed all before them) were blind—the construction of the blank verse, which proves beyond all doubt an intentional

¹ The last two words are transferred from the beginning of the next line in the Stockdale edition to make verse out of prose.

² Interpolated by Coleridge.

³ II. ii.

⁴ I. ii.

⁵ A separate note, at the end of the play.

⁶ Colman, and Seward, whom Colman quotes at length.

imitation, if not the proper hand, of Shakespeare. Now, whatever improbability there is in the former (which supposes Fletcher conscious of the inferiority, the too poematic minus-dramatic nature, of his versification, and of which there is neither proof nor likelihood) adds so much to the probability of the latter. On the other hand, the *harshness* of many of these very passages, and a harshness unrelieved by any lyrical interbreathings, and still more the want of profundity in the thoughts, keep me fluctuating. S. T. Coleridge.

[I. iii. Emilia's speech.

. . . Since his depart, his sports,
Tho' craving seriousness and skill, etc.]

I conjecture "imports"; *i.e.*, duties or offices of importance. The flow of the versification in the speech seems to demand the trochaic ending, — ∪ while "since his depart, his sports" blends jingle and *hisses* to the annoyance of less sensitive ears than Fletcher's, not to say Shakespeare's.

The Woman Hater

[I. ii. Beginning of the scene.¹]

Prose printed as blank verse, as elsewhere in this edition blank verse is printed as prose. S. T. C.

[Even all the valiant stomachs in the court. . . .]

Here the verse recommences. The transition from the prose to the verse enhances and indeed forms the comic effect. Lazarillo concludes his soliloquy with a *hymn* to the goddess of plenty.

MASSINGER

1. Massinger.²—Vein of *satire* on the *times*—. . . [?] not, as in Shakespeare, the natures evolving themselves according to their incidental disproportions from excess, deficiency, or

¹ Lines 1-26, Stockdale edition.

² This lecture is from Add. MS. 34, 225, ff. 64-67.

mislocation of one or more of the component elements, but what is attributed to them by others.

2. His excellent metre. A better model for dramatists in general [than Shakespeare's], even tho' a dramatic taste existed in the frequenters of the stage, and could be gratified in the present size and management (or rather managerment) of our two patent theatres.

I¹ do not mean that Massinger's verse is superior to Shakspeare's or equal to it. Far from it; but it is much more easily constructed and may be more successfully adopted by writers in the present day. It is the nearest approach to the language of real life at all compatible with a fixed metre. In Massinger, as in all our poets before Dryden, in order to make harmonious verse in the reading, it is absolutely necessary that the meaning should be understood;—when the meaning is once seen, then the harmony is perfect. Whereas in Pope and in most of the writers who followed in his school, it is the mechanical metre which determines the sense.

3. Impropropriety, indecorum of demeanour in his favourite characters, as in Bertoldo,² who is a *swaggerer*, who talks to his sovereign what no sovereign could endure, and to gentlemen what no gentleman would answer but by pulling his nose.

4. Shakespeare's Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Osric [are] displayed by others, in the course of social intercourse, as by the mode of their performing some office in which they are employed; but Massinger[']s Sylli³ comes forward to declare himself a fool, *ad arbitrium auctoris*, and so the diction always needs the *subintelligitur* (the man looks *as if he thought* so and so) expressed in the language of the satirist, not of the man himself (*ex. gr.*, *Vide* III, p. 29, Astutio to Fulgentio⁴). The author mixed his own feelings and

¹ This paragraph is reprinted from *L.R.* It does not originally belong in this place, as the MS. is continuous.

² In *The Maid of Honour*.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Coleridge here deserts Sylli for a moment for another illustration of his point, returning to Sylli in the next sentence. The reference is to Gifford's 1805 (or 1813) edition of Massinger (see below, p. 97).

judgments concerning him, but the man himself, till mad, fights up against them and betrays, by the attempt to modify [them], an activity and copiousness of thought, image, and expression which belongs not to Sylli, but to a man of wit making himself merry with his [own] character.

5. Utter want of preparation, as in *Camiola*, the Maid of Honour. Why? Because the *dramatis personae* were all planned *each by itself*; but in Shakespeare the play is a *syngenesia*¹—each has indeed a life of its own and is an *individuum* of itself, but yet an organ to the whole—as the heart, etc., of *that* particular whole. Shakespeare [was] a comparative anatomist.

Hence Massinger, and all, indeed, but Shakespeare, take a dislike to their own characters, and spite themselves upon them by making them talk like *fools* or *monsters*. So Fulgentio in his visit to *Camiola*.² Hence, too, the continued flings at kings, courtiers, and all the favorites of fortune, like one who had enough of intellect to see the injustice of his own inferiority in the share of the good things of life, but not genius enough to rise above it and forget himself. Envy democratic [?]. Beaumont and Fletcher [have] the same vice in the opposite pole, a servility of sentiment, a partisanship of the monarchical faction.³

6. From the want of character, of a guiding point, in Massinger's characters, you never know what they are about.

7. Soliloquies—with all the connectives and arrangements that have no other purpose but our fear lest the person to whom we speak should not understand us.

8. Neither a one effect produced by the spirit of the whole, as in *As You Like It*, nor by any one indisputably prominent, as in *Hamlet*. “Which you like, gentlemen!”

Ast. I know it.

They are not fit to be state agents, sir,
That without scruple of their conscience, cannot
Be prodigal in such trifles.

The Maid of Honour, II. i. The ‘trifles’ are official perjuries.

¹ Coleridge explains his metaphor from a class of flowers by the rest of the sentence.

² *The Maid of Honour*, II. ii.

³ Cf. pp. 69, 77, 85.

9. Unnaturally irrational passions that deprive the reader of all sound interest in the character, as in Mathias in *The Picture*.

10. The comic scenes in Massinger not only do not harmonize with the tragic, not only interrupt the feeling, but degrade the characters that are to form any part in the action of the piece so as to render them unfit for any *tragic interest*—as when a gentleman is insulted by a mere blackguard. It is the same as if any other accident of nature had occurred, as if a pig had run under his horse [to] throw him.

I¹ like Massinger's comedies better than his tragedies, although where the situation requires it, he often rises into the truly tragic and pathetic. He excels in narration, and for the most part displays his mere story with skill. But he is not a poet of high imagination; he is like a Flemish painter, in whose delineations objects appear as they do in nature, have the same force and truth, and produce the same effect upon the spectator. But Shakspeare is beyond this;—he always by metaphors and figures involves in the thing considered a universe of past and possible experiences; he mingles earth, sea, and air, gives a soul to everything, and at the same time that he inspires human feelings, adds a dignity in his images to human nature itself:—

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye;
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy, &c.

33rd Sonnet.

Have I not over-rated Gifford's edition of Massinger? Not if I have, as but just is, main reference to the restitution of the text; but *yes*, perhaps, if I were talking of the *notes*. These are more often wrong than right. So vol. III, p. 6, "A gentleman, yet no lord." Gifford supposes a trans-

¹ This paragraph is reprinted from *L.R.* The interpolation is not here, as in the preceding case, made in a continuous MS. and may perhaps represent Coleridge's original intention, though I do not know H. N. C.'s source.

position of the press for "No gentleman, yet a lord."¹ But this would have no connection with what follows, and we have only to recollect that "lord" means a lord of lands, to see that the after lines are explanatory. He is a man of high birth, but no landed property. As to [the] former, he is a distant branch of the blood royal; as to the latter, his whole estate lies "In a narrow compass, the king's ear."

[*Bert.* No! they are useful
For your imitation; I remember you.¹ . . .

Gifford condemns Mason's conjecture of "initiation" as void of meaning and harmony.]

P. 11. My *ear* deceives me if Mason's "initiation" be not the right word. In short, "imitation" is utterly impertinent to all that follows. He tells Antonio that he had been initiated into manners suited to the court by two or three sound beatings² and that a similar experience would be equally useful for his initiation into the camp. Not a word of his "imitation."

¹ *The Maid of Honour*, I. i.

² I have sought to avoid useless animadversions upon H. N. Coleridge's text. But in a case like this, where H. N. C. read 'sacred beauties' for the 'sound beatings' of the MS., it is evident that either his or my reading is a rather striking error. I wish, therefore, to suggest that any doubter may read the first scene of *The Maid of Honour*.

LECTURE VIII

DON QUIXOTE ¹

CERVANTES

BORN at Madrid, 1547 ;—Shakspeare, 1564 ; both put off mortality on the same day, the 23rd of April, 1616,²—the one in the sixty-ninth, the other in the fifty-second, year of his life. The resemblance in their physiognomies is striking, but with a predominance of acuteness in Cervantes, and of reflection in Shakspeare, which is the specific difference between the Spanish and English characters of mind.

I. The nature and eminence of Symbolical writing ;—

II. Madness, and its different sorts, (considered without pretension to medical science) ;—

To each of these, or at least to my own notions respecting them, I must devote a few words of explanation, in order to render the after critique on Don Quixote, the master work of Cervantes' and his country's genius easily and throughout intelligible. This is not the least valuable, though it may most often be felt by us both as the heaviest and least entertaining portion of these critical disquisitions : for without it, I must have foregone one at least of the two appropriate objects of a Lecture, that of interesting you during its delivery, and of leaving behind in your minds the germs of after-thought, and the materials for future enjoyment. To have

¹ Reprinted from *L.R.* I have here and there omitted footnotes of H. N. C. giving Spanish originals for a few phrases in the translations and have changed the phrases in question from italics to roman type in the text.

² The calendar date of the death of Cervantes and Shakspeare is the same, but they did not die on the same day. The English did not adopt the Gregorian calendar until the middle of the eighteenth century, and were, therefore, behind the Spanish in dates until that time. Shakspeare survived Cervantes ten days.

been assured by several of my intelligent auditors that they have reperused Hamlet or Othello with increased satisfaction in consequence of the new points of view in which I had placed those characters—is the highest compliment I could receive or desire ; and should the address of this evening open out a new source of pleasure, or enlarge the former in your perusal of Don Quixote, it will compensate for the failure of any personal or temporary object.

I. The Symbolical cannot, perhaps, be better defined in distinction from the Allegorical, than that it is always itself a part of that, of the whole of which it is the representative.—“ Here comes a sail,”—(that is, a ship) is a symbolical expression. “ Behold our lion ! ” when we speak of some gallant soldier, is allegorical. Of most importance to our present subject is this point, that the latter (the allegory) cannot be other than spoken consciously ;—whereas in the former (the symbol) it is very possible that the general truth represented may be working unconsciously in the writer’s mind during the construction of the symbol ;—and it proves itself by being produced out of his own mind,—as the Don Quixote out of the perfectly sane mind of Cervantes, and not by outward observation, or historically. The advantage of symbolical writing over allegory is, that it presumes no disjunction of faculties, but simple predominance.

II. Madness may be divided as—

1. hypochondriasis ; or, the man is out of his senses.
2. derangement of the understanding ; or, the man is out of his wits.
3. loss of reason.
4. frenzy, or derangement of the sensations.

Cervantes’s own preface to Don Quixote is a perfect model of the gentle, every where intelligible, irony in the best essays of the Tatler and the Spectator. Equally natural and easy, Cervantes is more spirited than Addison ; whilst he blends with the terseness of Swift, an exquisite flow and music of style, and above all, contrasts with the latter by the sweet temper of a superior mind, which saw the follies of

mankind, and was even at the moment suffering severely under hard mistreatment ; and yet seems everywhere to have but one thought as the undersong—" Brethren ! with all your faults I love you still !"—or as a mother that chides the child she loves, with one hand holds up the rod, and with the other wipes off each tear as it drops !

Don Quixote was neither fettered to the earth by want, nor holden in its embraces by wealth ;—of which, with the temperance natural to his country, as a Spaniard, he had both far too little, and somewhat too much, to be under any necessity of thinking about it. His age too, fifty, may be well supposed to prevent his mind from being tempted out of itself by any of the lower passions ;—while his habits, as a very early riser and a keen sportsman, were such as kept his spare body in serviceable subjection to his will, and yet by the play of hope that accompanies pursuit, not only permitted, but assisted, his fancy in shaping what it would. Nor must we omit his meagreness and entire featureliness, face and frame, which Cervantes gives us at once : " It is said that his surname was *Quixada* or *Quesada*," &c.—even in this trifle showing an exquisite judgment ;—just once insinuating the association of *lantern-jaws* into the reader's mind, yet not retaining it obtrusively like the names in old farces and in the *Pilgrim's Progress*,—but taking for the regular appellative one which had the no meaning of a proper name in real life, and which yet was capable of recalling a number of very different, but all pertinent, recollections, as old armour, the precious metals hidden in the ore, &c. Don Quixote's leanness and featureliness are happy exponents of the excess of the formative or imaginative in him, contrasted with Sancho's plump rotundity, and recipiency of external impression.

He has no knowledge of the sciences or scientific arts which give to the meanest portions of matter an intellectual interest, and which enable the mind to decypher in the world of the senses the invisible agency—that alone, of which the world's phenomena are the effects and manifestations,—and thus, as in a mirror, to contemplate its own reflex, its life in

the powers, its imagination in the symbolic forms, its moral instincts in the final causes, and its reason in the laws of material nature : but—estranged from all the motives to observation from self-interest—the persons that surround him too few and too familiar to enter into any connection with his thoughts, or to require any adaptation of his conduct to their particular characters or relations to himself—his judgment lies fallow, with nothing to excite, nothing to employ it. Yet,—and here is the point, where genius even of the most perfect kind, allotted but to few in the course of many ages, does not preclude the necessity in part, and in part counterbalance the craving by sanity of judgment, without which genius either cannot be, or cannot at least manifest itself,—the dependency of our nature asks for some confirmation from without, though it be only from the shadows of other men's fictions.

Too uninformed, and with too narrow a sphere of power and opportunity to rise into the scientific artist, or to be himself a patron of art, and with too deep a principle and too much innocence to become a mere projector, Don Quixote has recourse to romances :—

His curiosity and extravagant fondness herein arrived at that pitch, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, and carried home all he could lay hands on of that kind ! C. 1.

The more remote these romances were from the language of common life, the more akin on that very account were they to the shapeless dreams and strivings of his own mind ;—a mind, which possessed not the highest order of genius which lives in an atmosphere of power over mankind, but that minor kind which, in its restlessness, seeks for a vivid representative of its own wishes, and substitutes the movements of that objective puppet for an exercise of actual power in and by itself. The more wild and improbable these romances were, the more were they akin to his will, which had been in the habit of acting as an unlimited monarch over the creations of his fancy ! Hence observe how the startling of the remaining

common sense, like a glimmering before its death, in the notice of the impossible-improbable of Don Belianis, is dismissed by Don Quixote as impertinent :—

He had some doubt as to the dreadful wounds which Don Belianis gave and received : for he imagined, that notwithstanding the most expert surgeons had cured him, his face and whole body must still be full of seams and scars. Nevertheless he commended in his author the concluding his book with a promise of that unfinishable adventure ! C. 1.

Hence also his first intention to turn author ; but who, with such a restless struggle within him, could content himself with writing in a remote village among apathists and ignorants ? During his colloquies with the village priest and the barber surgeon, in which the fervour of critical controversy feeds the passion and gives reality to its object—what more natural than that the mental striving should become an eddy ?—madness may perhaps be defined as the circling in a stream which should be progressive and adaptive : Don Quixote grows at length to be a man out of his wits ; his understanding is deranged ; and hence without the least deviation from the truth of nature, without losing the least trait of personal individuality, he becomes a substantial living allegory, or personification of the reason and the moral sense, divested of the judgment and the understanding. Sancho is the converse. He is the common sense without reason or imagination ; and Cervantes not only shows the excellence and power of reason in Don Quixote, but in both him and Sancho the mischiefs resulting from a severance of the two main constituents of sound intellectual and moral action. Put him and his master together, and they form a perfect intellect ; but they are separated and without cement ; and hence each having a need of the other for its own completeness, each has at times a mastery over the other. For the common sense, although it may see the practical inapplicability of the dictates of the imagination or abstract reason, yet cannot help submitting to them. These two characters possess the world, alternately and interchangeably the

cheater and the cheated. To impersonate them, and to combine the permanent with the individual, is one of the highest creations of genius, and has been achieved by Cervantes and Shakspeare, almost alone.

Observations on particular passages,

B. I. c. 1. But not altogether approving of his having broken it to pieces with so much ease, to secure himself from the like danger for the future, he made it over again, fencing it with small bars of iron within, in such a manner, *that he rested satisfied of its strength ; and without caring to make a fresh experiment on it, he approved and looked upon it as a most excellent helmet.*

His not trying his improved scull-cap is an exquisite trait of human character, founded on the oppugnancy of the soul in such a state to any disturbance by doubt of its own broodings. Even the long deliberation about his horse's name is full of meaning ;—for in these day-dreams the greater part of the history passes and is carried on in words, which look forward to other words as what will be said of them.

Ib. Near the place where he lived, there dwelt a very comely country lass, with whom he had formerly been in love ; though, as it is supposed, she never knew it, nor troubled herself about it.

The nascent love for the country lass, but without any attempt at utterance, or an opportunity of knowing her, except as the hint—the *δτι ἔσται*—of the inward imagination, is happily conceived in both parts ;—first, as confirmative of the shrinking back of the mind on itself, and its dread of having a cherished image destroyed by its own judgment ; and secondly, as showing how necessarily love is the passion of novels. Novels are to love as fairy tales to dreams. I never knew but two men of taste and feeling who could not understand why I was delighted with the Arabian Nights' Tales, and they were likewise the only persons in my knowledge who scarcely remembered having ever dreamed.

Magic and war—itsself a magic—are the day-dreams of childhood ; love is the day-dream of youth and early manhood.

C. 2. “ Scarcely had ruddy Phoebus spread the golden tresses of his beauteous hair over the face of the wide and spacious earth ; and scarcely had the little painted birds, with the sweet and mellifluous harmony of their forked tongues, saluted the approach of rosy Aurora, who, quitting the soft couch of her jealous husband, disclosed herself to mortals through the gates of the Mauchegan horizon ; when the renowned Don Quixote,” &c.

How happily already is the abstraction from the senses, from observation, and the consequent confusion of the judgment, marked in this description ! The knight is describing objects immediate to his senses and sensations without borrowing a single trait from either. Would it be difficult to find parallel descriptions in Dryden’s plays and in those of his successors ?

C. 3. The host is here happily conceived as one who from his past life as a sharper, was capable of entering into and humouring the knight, and so perfectly in character, that he precludes a considerable source of improbability in the future narrative, by enforcing upon Don Quixote the necessity of taking money with him.

C. 3. “ Ho, there, whoever thou art, rash knight, that approachest to touch the arms of the most valorous adventurer that ever girded sword,” &c.

Don Quixote’s high eulogiums on himself—“ the most valorous adventurer ! ”—but it is not himself that he has before him, but the idol of his imagination, the imaginary being whom he is acting. And this, that it is entirely a third person, excuses his heart from the otherwise inevitable charge of selfish vanity ; and so by madness itself he preserves our esteem, and renders those actions natural by which he, the first person, deserves it.

C. 4. Andres and his master.

The manner in which Don Quixote redressed this wrong,

is a picture of the true revolutionary passion in its first honest state, while it is yet only a bewilderment of the understanding. You have a benevolence limitless in its prayers, which are in fact aspirations towards omnipotence ; but between it and beneficence the bridge of judgment—that is, of measurement of personal power—intervenes, and must be passed. Otherwise you will be bruised by the leap into the chasm, or be drowned in the revolutionary river, and drag others with you to the same fate.

C. 4. Merchants of Toledo.

When they were come so near as to be seen and heard, Don Quixote raised his voice, and with arrogant air cried out : “ Let the whole world stand ! if the whole world does not confess that there is not in the whole world a damsel more beautiful than,” &c.

Now mark the presumption which follows the self-complacency of the last act ! That was an honest attempt to redress a real wrong ; this is an arbitrary determination to enforce a Brissotine or Rousseau’s ideal on all his fellow creatures.

Let the whole world stand !

‘ If there had been any experience in proof of the excellence of our code, where would be our superiority in this enlightened age ? ’

“ No ! the business is that without seeing her, you believe, confess, affirm, swear, and maintain it ; and if not, I challenge you all to battle.”

Next see the persecution and fury excited by opposition however moderate ! The only words listened to are those, that without their context and their conditionals, and transformed into positive assertions, might give some shadow of excuse for the violence shown ! This rich story ends, to the compassion of the men in their senses, in a sound rib-roasting of the idealist by the muleteer, the mob. And happy for thee, poor knight ! that the mob were against thee ! For

had they been with thee, by the change of the moon and of them, thy head would have been off.

C. 5. first part ¹—The idealist recollects the causes that had been accessory to the reverse and attempts to remove them—too late. He is beaten and disgraced.

C. 6. This chapter on Don Quixote's library proves that the author did not wish to destroy the romances, but to cause them to be read as romances—that is, for their merits as poetry.

C. 7. Among other things, Don Quixote told him, he should dispose himself to go with him willingly ;—for some time or other such an adventure might present, that an island might be won, in the turn of a hand, and he be left governor thereof.

At length the promises of the imaginative reason begin to act on the plump, sensual, honest common sense accomplice, —but unhappily not in the same person, and without the *copula* of the judgment,—in hopes of the substantial good things, of which the former contemplated only the glory and the colours.

C. 7. Sancho Panza went riding upon his ass, like any patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, and with a vehement desire to find himself governor of the island which his master had promised him.

The first relief from regular labour is so pleasant to poor Sancho !

C. 8. " I no gentleman ! I swear by the great God, thou liest, as I am a Christian. Biscainer by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman for the devil, and thou liest : look then if thou hast any thing else to say."

This Biscainer is an excellent image of the prejudices and bigotry provoked by the idealism of a speculator. This story happily detects the trick which our imagination plays in the description of single combats : only change the preconception of the magnificence of the combatants, and all is gone.

¹ Probably this should be ' ch. 4, last part.'

B. II. c. 2. "Be pleased, my lord Don Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that island," &c.

Sancho's eagerness for his government, the nascent lust of actual democracy, or isocracy !

C. 2. "But tell me, on your life, have you ever seen a more valorous knight than I, upon the whole face of the known earth ? Have you read in story of any other, who has, or ever had, more bravery in assailing, more breath in holding out, more dexterity in wounding, or more address in giving a fall ?" — "The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I never read any history at all ; for I can neither read nor write ; but what I dare affirm is, that I never served a bolder master," &c.

This appeal to Sancho, and Sancho's answer are exquisitely humorous. It is impossible not to think of the French bulletins and proclamations. Remark the necessity under which we are of being sympathized with, fly as high into abstraction as we may, and how constantly the imagination is recalled to the ground of our common humanity ! And note a little further on, the knight's easy vaunting of his balsam, and his quietly deferring the making and application of it.

C. 3. The speech before the goatherds :

"Happy times and happy ages," &c.

Note the rhythm of this, and the admirable beauty and wisdom of the thoughts in themselves, but the total want of judgment in Don Quixote's addressing them to such an audience.

B. III. c. 3. Don Quixote's balsam, and the vomiting and consequent relief ; an excellent hit at *panacea nostrums*, which cure the patient by his being himself cured of the medicine by revolting nature.

C. 4. "Peace ! and have patience ; the day will come," &c.

The perpetual promises of the imagination !

Ib. "Your Worship," said Sancho, "would make a better preacher than knight errant !"

Exactly so. This is the true moral.

C. 6. The uncommon beauty of the description in the commencement of this chapter. In truth, the whole of it seems to put all nature in its heights and its humiliations, before us.

Ib. Sancho's story of the goats :

"Make account, he carried them all over," said Don Quixote, "and do not be going and coming in this manner ; for at this rate, you will not have done carrying them over in a twelvemonth."

"How many are passed already ?" said Sancho, &c.

Observe the happy contrast between the all-generalizing mind of the mad knight, and Sancho's all-particularizing memory. How admirable a symbol of the dependence of all *copula* on the higher powers of the mind, with the single exception of the succession in time and the accidental relations of space. Men of mere common sense have no theory or means of making one fact more important or prominent than the rest ; if they lose one link, all is lost. Compare Mrs. Quickly and the Tapster.¹ And note also Sancho's good heart, when his master is about to leave him. Don Quixote's conduct upon discovering the fulling-hammers, proves he was meant to be in his senses. Nothing can be better conceived than his fit of passion at Sancho's laughing, and his sophism of self-justification by the courage he had shown.

Sancho is by this time cured, through experience, as far as his own errors are concerned ; yet still is he lured on by the unconquerable awe of his master's superiority, even when he is cheating him.

C. 8. The adventure of the Galley-slaves. I think this is the only passage of moment in which Cervantes slips the mask of his hero, and speaks for himself.

¹ Cf. Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 336-39 (the Essay on Method, from *The Friend*, Section II, Essay 4). Mrs. Quickly is the chief illustration given by Coleridge in his magnificent psychological analysis of disorderly thought, as represented deliberately in Shakespeare. The tapster Pompey in *Measure for Measure* is mentioned incidentally.

C. 9. Don Quixote desired to have it, and bade him take the money, and keep it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour, &c.

Observe Sancho's eagerness to avail himself of the permission of his master, who, in the war sports of knight-errantry, had, without any selfish dishonesty, overlooked the *meum* and *tuum*. Sancho's selfishness is modified by his involuntary goodness of heart, and Don Quixote's flighty goodness is debased by the involuntary or unconscious selfishness of his vanity and self-applause.

C. 10. Cardenio is the madman of passion, who meets and easily overthrows for the moment the madman of imagination. And note the contagion of madness of any kind, upon Don Quixote's interruption of Cardenio's story.

C. 11. Perhaps the best specimen of Sancho's proverbializing is this :

" And I (Don Q.) say again, they lie, and will lie two hundred times more, all who say, or think her so." " I neither say, nor think so," answered Sancho ; " let those who say it, eat the lie, and swallow it with their bread : whether they were guilty or no, they have given an account to God before now : I come from my vineyard, I know nothing ; I am no friend to inquiring into other men's lives ; *for* he that buys and lies shall find the lie left in his purse behind ; *besides*, naked was I born, and naked I remain ; I neither win nor lose ; if they were guilty, what is that to me ? Many think to find bacon, where there is not so much as a pin to hang it on : *but* who can hedge in the cuckoo ? *Epecially*, do they spare God himself ? "

Ib. " And it is no great matter, if it be in another hand ; for by what I remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read," &c.

The wonderful twilight of the mind ! and mark Cervantes's courage in daring to present it, and trust to a distant posterity for an appreciation of its truth to nature.

P. II. B. III. c. 9.¹ Sancho's account of what he had seen on Clavileno is a counterpart in his style to Don Quixote's adventures in the cave of Montesinos. This last is the only

¹ Part II, ch. 41. This book division of Part II is not usual.

impeachment of the knight's moral character ; Cervantes just gives one instance of the veracity failing before the strong cravings of the imagination for something real and external ; the picture would not have been complete without this ; and yet it is so well managed, that the reader has no unpleasant sense of Don Quixote having told a lie. It is evident that he hardly knows whether it was a dream or not ; and goes to the enchanter to inquire the real nature of the adventure.

SUMMARY ON CERVANTES

A Castilian of refined manners ; a gentleman, true to religion, and true to honour.

A scholar and a soldier, and fought under the banners of Don John of Austria, at Lepanto, lost his arm and was captured.

Endured slavery not only with fortitude, but with mirth ; and by the superiority of nature, mastered and overawed his barbarian owner.

Finally ransomed, he resumed his native destiny, the awful task of achieving fame ; and for that reason died poor and a prisoner, while nobles and kings over their goblets of gold gave relish to their pleasures by the charms of his divine genius. He was the inventor of novels for the Spaniards, and in his *Persilis* and *Sigismunda*, the English may find the germ of their *Robinson Crusoe*.

The world was a drama to him. His own thoughts, in spite of poverty and sickness, perpetuated for him the feelings of youth. He painted only what he knew and had looked into, but he knew and had looked into much indeed ; and his imagination was ever at hand to adapt and modify the world of his experience. Of delicious love he fabled, yet with stainless virtue.

LECTURE IX

WIT AND HUMOUR

I. *Tatler Report*¹

IN a few prefatory observations on the nature of wit, the Lecturer stated that surprise in the hearers was one of its most common effects. He proceeded to illustrate his meaning by some remarkable sayings of the ancients :—for example, the answer made to one who complained of the shortness of his sword,—“It is but to advance a step further ;” and the remark of Cato, “That he would rather be asked, Why no statue of him was erected, than why there was one.”² These instances may with propriety come under the denomination of wit, from the deep meaning which they involve, and the surprise they occasion.

The character of Falstaff, as drawn by Shakespeare, may be described as one of wit, rather than of humour.³ The speeches of Falstaff and Prince Henry would, for the most part, be equally proper in the mouth of either, and might indeed, with undiminished effect, proceed from any person. This is owing to their being composed almost wholly of wit, which is impersonal, and not of humour, which always more or less partakes of the character of the speaker. The Character of Parson Evans, on the other hand, is one of humour throughout.

¹ *Tatler*, May 24, 1831. I have omitted the heading in the *Tatler* : “Recollections of Another of Mr. Coleridge’s Lectures ; [Namely, on Rabelais, Swift, Sterne, &c.] No account of which has been published.” See also the *Tatler* report of Lecture XIV, pp. 221-26, below. These two reports are now collected in Coleridge’s works for the first time.

² Coleridge evidently derives this illustration from J. P. Richter’s *Vorschule der Aesthetik*, section 47.

³ Cf. p. 50.

The wit of the Italians is of a mixed kind, something midway between what we understand by wit and humour. It is generally tinged with irony, and partakes of the character of the speaker. There is something sardonic about it. The three instances following are illustrative of French wit. "An old man reading a romance was asked the reason of his partiality for that species of writing. He answered,—'In my younger days I read a great deal of History; but to confess the truth I was obliged to discontinue it, *I found it so very improbable.*'" The second is the address of a suitor to a French minister, from whom he had received many promises, and as many disappointments:—"I entreat you, sir, to grant me the favour *although you have promised me so many times.*" The third is of two Gascons, one of whom related an incredible story, of which the other shewed his disbelief by his gestures. The relator, perceiving this, indignantly demands, "Do you not believe me, sir?" The other answers, "Certainly, I believe you; but you'll excuse my repeating the story, lest I should injure it by my provincial accent."¹

It may be remarked, that real wit always appeals to the understanding, and does not necessarily produce laughter. Error and idiotcy are not proper subjects of laughter.²

The satires of Young are witty, but they are little productive of pleasure. Even Butler, when describing Hudibras as a sectary and a persecutor, ceases to give that pleasure which is afforded by his representations of his hero in love.

The origin of the word humour may be traced to the science of Pathology. The ancients were unacquainted with its present meaning. They considered the human body as the repository of four humours, viz., blood, phlegm, bile or gall, and the black bile, and according to the predominance of either of these they believed the character to be sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, or melancholy. When these dis-

¹ Again from Richter, *Vorschule der Aesthetik*, section 48. All these instances of wit occur in Coleridge's MS., printed below on p. 117. Since this report as a whole goes over the same ground as the MS. fragments, no further cross-references will be made.

² Cf. Richter, section 28.

tinctions ceased to be regarded, the word was still retained, and one of its applications was to persons engaged in pursuits of no abstract utility, but which had the limited effect of making happy those engaged in them. Sterne's *Uncle Toby* is of this kind. The fortifications on which he employed himself in his garden are represented as a source of unceasing delight to him, totally abstracted from the remotest idea of utility. Humour is also displayed in the comparison of finite things with those which our imaginations cannot bound ; such as make our great appear little and our little great ; or, rather, which reduces to a common littleness both the great and the little, when compared with infinity.¹

Plato, in his dialogues, gives the first true idea of humour in theory, when describing the effects at times produced on us by Tragedy and Comedy.²

Humour and pathos are generally found together. In Sterne, they are admirably blended, so as to serve as reliefs to each other.

Mr. Coleridge next considered separately the humourist and the man of humour.

The humourist is one who erroneously supposes himself calculated for certain things which occupy his mind, and whose deficiencies, in the very particulars on which he prides himself, are obvious to all about him. I knew, said Mr. C., a man of this description. He was fond of giving advice as to the best way of addressing the great, and of escaping the arts of the designing. He was one of the most simple-hearted men in the world, one of the most undesigning and disinterested, and much less fitted to contend with the subtleties of mankind than to become himself their dupe. The man of humour is one skilled in the representation of the peculiarities of others.

Rabelais next engaged the Lecturer's notice. He considered it unaccountable how a man of genius should disfigure his works by so much sheer ribaldry. He conjectured that the ribaldry of Rabelais was merely a disguise, like the

¹ This sentence is a paraphrase of a passage in Richter, section 32.

² From Richter, section 33.

idiotcy of Brutus. Under this disguise he attacked boldly, but still with great peril, the vices of the priesthood and of the court of Francis the First. In perusing his writings therefore (an occupation perhaps only proper to scholars) his remarks should be considered, beyond a certain point, as so many words of no meaning, such as are made use of in those cyphers which pass between governments and their agents, to deceive those who are not in possession of the explanatory key. Mr. C. here read two extracts from the character of Panurge. One of them related to the adventure of the sheep and Dingdong.¹ Rabelais loses by the attempts made to particularize his characters. Their beauty consists in their truth to general nature. The writings of Swift and Rochefoucauld do not evince an accurate knowledge of mankind; they contain representations only of the dark side of things. The writings of Swift are also censurable for the vast quantity of physical dirt with which they abound; and not merely on that account, but for their moral dirt.

Gulliver's Travels is Swift's greatest work. The unimportance of mere exterior is well illustrated in the adventures of Gulliver among the great and little people. Adverting to absurd reports which are suffered to remain uncontradicted because they excite only the contempt of the parties attacked but, owing to their circumstantiality, are believed by some, who ask—If these reports are unfounded, why are they not contradicted?—Mr. C. quoted the following passage from *Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput*, relative to the Lilliputian sheep:²

"I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from

¹ *Works*, Book IV, chs. 5-8.

² The last paragraph but one of "A Voyage to Lilliput." The paragraph is quoted so accurately as to indicate that Coleridge's auditor either used shorthand for his report of this lecture or looked up the passage for quotation later. The rest of the report, however, is too brief and disconnected for a detailed shorthand report.

the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality and others: and before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return, I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces."

In further illustration of Sterne, Mr. C. adduced as a happy specimen of his talents, Mr. Shandy's address to a friend on the importance of Christian names.¹

"My father's ^a opinion in this matter, was, that there was a strange kind of magic bias, which good or bad names, as he called them, irresistibly impressed upon our characters and conduct.

The hero of Cervantes argued not the point with more seriousness,—nor had he more faith,—or more to say on the powers of necromancy in dishonouring his deeds, or on Dulcinea's name, in shedding lustre upon them, than my father had on those of Trismegistus or Archimedes, on the one hand—or of Nyky and Simpkin on the other. How many Caesars and Pompeys, he would say, by mere inspiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them? And how many, he would add, are there, who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing?

I see plainly, Sir, by your looks, (or as the case happened) my father would say,—that you do not heartily subscribe to this opinion of mine,—which, to those, he would add, who

^a For 'My father's' read 'His.'

¹ *Tristram Shandy*, Book I, ch. xix. Again, except for matters of punctuation or typography the passage is quoted very accurately.

have not carefully sifted it to the bottom,—I own has an air more of fancy than of solid reasoning in it ; and yet, my dear Sir, if I may presume to know your character, I am morally assured, I should hazard little in stating a case to you, not as a party in the dispute,—but as a judge, and trusting my appeal upon it to your own good sense and candid disquisition in this matter ;—you are a person free from as many narrow prejudices of education as most men ;—and, if I may presume to penetrate farther into you—of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion merely because it wants friends. Your son—your dear son,—from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect ;—your Billy, Sir !—would you for the world have called him Judas ?—Would you, my dear Sir, he would say, laying his hand upon his ^a breast, with the genteelest address,—and in that soft irresistible *piano* of voice, which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* absolutely requires ;—Would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a god-father had proposed the name of your child, had ^b offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him ?—O my God !—he would say, looking up,—if I know your temper right, Sir, you are incapable of it ;—you would have trampled upon the offer ;—you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money which you shew me in the whole transaction, is really noble ;—and what renders it more so, is the principle of it ;—the workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hypothesis, namely, that was your son called Judas, the sordid and treacherous idea, so inseparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his shadow, and, in the end, made a miser and a rascal of him,—in spite, Sir, of your example."

He next passed to the faults of Sterne, whom he severely censured for his indecency, his degradation of the passion of Love, and his affected sensibility. In conclusion, he ex-

^a Read 'your.'

^b Read 'and.'

pressed his opinion that the works of Sterne had been productive of much more evil than good.

II. Coleridge's *Manuscript Notes*¹

The pure unmixed ludicrous or laughable belongs exclusively to the understanding plus ^a the senses of eye and ear; hence to the fancy. Not to the reason or the moral sense.² Out of time and place (the positive [characteristic]); *without danger* (the negative³).

Neither the understanding without the object of the senses (as an error, or idiocy) nor an external object, unless as attributed to the understanding, [is] poetically laughable.⁴ Nay,

^a Coleridge uses the symbol.

¹ These notes are from the British Museum MS. Add. 34, 225, ff. 63, 74-80. They are evidently the MSS. of Lecture IX of the 1818 series, and the basis of the lecture on *Wit and Humour* printed in *L.R.* by H. N. Coleridge. H. N. C. had, however, some MSS. not known to the present editor, and wove them together with the materials which are still extant, partly rewriting Coleridge's notes. Since this process resulted in a text with which the MSS. can only partly be reconciled, the present editor has decided to print the extant MSS. alone, and to relegate the text of *L.R.* to the Appendix. Students of Coleridge should study H. N. C.'s editorial methods, to understand how little reliance can be placed upon any text for which he is the sole authority, and this lecture offers an opportunity for such a study scarcely to be surpassed.—Before the text, as it begins above, H. N. C. printed an introductory paragraph on wit which is evidently authentic. See p. 440, below.—The first two paragraphs above, both from Add. 34, 225, f. 74 are entirely based on passages from Richter's *Vorschule der Aesthetik*, sections 26, 28. Though Coleridge himself made an acknowledgment to Richter in a later passage (p. 118 of the present text), this was deleted by H. N. C., and the indebtedness was first noted by Professor Alois Brandl, in *Samuel Taylor Coleridge und die englische Romantik*, S. 394. Professor Brandl did not give specific references, and for these I am indebted not to him, but to Miss Alice Stone of Radcliffe College, who made a study of this subject.

² With the exception of the characteristic reference to the fancy, this is all a paraphrase of a longer passage in Richter, section 28.

³ As H. N. C. pointed out in his expansion of this sentence, the definition of the laughable here is essentially that of Aristotle's *Poetics*, V. i. It is mentioned by Richter, section 26.

⁴ Richter, section 28. . . . "no mere object of the senses—that is, nothing without life, except through personification—and again, nothing purely spiritual—neither a pure error nor pure idiocy—can be laughable."

in ridiculous positions laughed at by the vulgar, there is a subtle personification going on, something symbolical. Hence the imperfect and awkward effect of comic stories of animals¹: the *understanding* is satisfied with the allegory; but the *senses* are not.

Hence² too, that the laughable is its *own end*.³ When serious satire commences, or satire that is felt as serious, however comically drest, the free laughter ceases; it becomes sardonic. Felt in Young's satire—not uninstanced in Butler.⁴ The truly comic is the *blossom of the nettle*.⁵

In the simply laughable, there is a mere disproportion between a definite act and a definite purpose or end, or a disproportion of the end itself to the rank of the definite person; but when we contemplate a finite in reference to the infinite, consciously or unconsciously, *humor*. So says Jean Paul Richter.⁶

Humorous writers, therefore, as Sterne in particular, delight to end in nothing, or a direct contradiction.⁷

¹ Only the more intelligent animals are objects of humour, says Richter (section 28); these may be so because they are regarded anthropomorphically.

² Here begins Add. 34, 225, f. 75, which includes this paragraph and the next. The editor believes it necessary to note the separate pages of the manuscripts, for their arrangement is problematical. In a lecture already so overburdened with notes, it does not seem worth while to give the rather vague evidence for the arrangement here followed. This consists chiefly of internal evidence, supported by an occasional hint from the *Tatler* report printed above. Allowing for H. N. C.'s rewriting, it is evident that he gave the MSS. much the same arrangement as that followed here, with one easily explained exception (see p. 445, n. 5, below).

³ Richter, section 29. "Humour [der Scherz] knows no other purpose than its own existence. The poetic blossom of its nettle does not sting."

⁴ *Ibid.* "Works in which satirical malice and laughing humour . . . are mingled and confused, for example, Young's *Satires* and Pope's *Dunciad*, give pain. . . ."

⁵ See note 3, above.

⁶ Richter, section 32. See p. 442, n. 2, below.

⁷ This sentence is a separate fragment from MS. Add. 34, 225, f. 76. Cf. Richter, section 33. "Therefore humour often delights in a direct contradiction or impossibility. . . . Therefore the love of humour

That ¹ there is something in this is evident ; for you cannot conceive a humorous man who does not give some disproportionate *generality*, universality, to his hobbyhorse, as Mr. Shandy ; or at least [there is] an absence of any interest but what arises from the humor itself, as in Uncle Toby.² There is *the idea* of the soul in its undefined capacity and dignity that gives the sting to any absorption of it by any one pursuit, and this not as a member of society for any particular, however mistaken, interest, but as man. Hence in humor the little is made great, and the great little, in order to destroy both, because all is equal in contrast with the infinite.³

Hence ⁴ the tender feeling connected with the *humors* or hobbyhorses of a man. 1. Respect, for there is absence of any interest as the ground-work, tho' the imagination of a[n] *interest* by the humorist may exist, as if a remarkably simple-hearted man should pride himself on his knowledge of the world, and how well he can manage it.

2. Acknowledgement of the hollowness and farce of the world, and its disproportion to the godlike within us.

Hence ⁵ when particular *acts* have ^a reference to particular *selfish* motives, the humorous bursts into the indignant and abhorring. All follies *not selfish*, it pardons or palliates. The danger of this [is] exemplified in Sterne.

A seriousness in humor, Spain and England ;⁶ irony, Italy ; wit, France.

for the emptiest of conclusions. . . . So, for example, Sterne often speaks long and deliberately on certain occurrences, until he finally concludes—not a word of it is true.”

^a MS., ‘ *having*. ’

¹ This paragraph is from MS. Add. 34, 225, f. 77.

² Without close verbal parallels, this is based generally on Richter’s discussion of ‘ *humoristic totality* ’ (section 32).

³ Richter, section 32. Coleridge uses not only Richter’s principal idea, but also his very phrases, although condensing so much that I cannot take space for the parallel in Richter’s discussion.

⁴ This paragraph, and that following, are from MS. Add. 34, 225, f. 78.

⁵ Here begins MS. Add. 34, 225, f. 79.

⁶ From Richter, section 29. The space between this paragraph and that preceding is indicated by Coleridge’s MS.

The ancients [had] little or no humor.¹ The devil, the Vice of the mysteries, characterise[s] the modern *humor* in its elements: It is a spirit measured by disproportionate finites. The devil [is] not ^a humorous, only because he is the extreme of humour.² Of all the ancients Socrates, or at least Plato under his name, gives the [best] idea of humor, in the Banquet, where he gave to comedy and tragedy the same ground.⁴

[*Instances of Wit*⁶]

[1.] "Why are you reading romances at your age. Why—I used to be fond of history, but I have given it up, it was so grossly improbable."

[2.] "Pray, sir! do it—altho' you have promised me."

[3.] Spartan mother—"Return with or on thy shield";⁸ or the short sword—"a step forwarder."

[4.] The Gasconade—"I believe you, sir! but you will excuse my repeating it on account of my provincial accent."⁷

5. Pasquil⁸ on Pope Urban, who had employed a committee to rip up the old errors of his predecessors.

¹ Richter, section 33. "The ancients loved life too much for the humoristic contempt of life."

² With this word begins MS. Add. 34, 225, f. 80.

³ *Ibid.* "The devil, as the exact inverted world of the divine world. . . . I can easily regard as the greatest 'whimsical man' [English in Richter's text] and humorist, but he would be, as the Arabesque of Arabesques [als die Moreske einer Moreske], much too unaesthetic, for his laughter would have too much pain."

⁴ Richter (section 33) cites this reference in discussing the harmony of pathos and humour.

⁵ These first four instances of wit (from MS. Add. 34, 225, f. 63) were used by Coleridge for the beginning of his lecture on "Wit and Humour," as the *Tatler* report of the lecture (pp. 111-12, above) shows. Since some of Coleridge's MS. notes on wit seem to have disappeared, I have thought it best to print the illustrations separately.

⁶ From Richter, section 44.

⁷ From Richter, section 48.

⁸ These two instances are reprinted from *L.R.* and have no MS. authority. I doubt whether they were associated with the first four in Coleridge's lecture.

Some one placed a pair of spurs on the heels of the statue of St. Peter, and a label from the opposite statue of St. Paul, on the same bridge ;—

St. Paul. “ Whither then are you bound ? ”

St. Peter. “ I apprehend danger here ;—they’ll soon call me in question for denying my Master.”

St. Paul. “ Nay, then, I had better be off too ; for they’ll question me for having persecuted the Christians, before my conversion.”

6. Speaking of the small German potentates, I dictated the phrase,—*officious for equivalents*. This my amanuensis wrote,—*fishing for elephants* ;—which, as I observed at the time, was a sort of Noah’s angling, that could hardly have occurred, except at the commencement of the Deluge.

STERNE ¹

A sort of *knowingness*, the wit of which depends, first on the modesty it gives pain to ; or secondly, the innocence and innocent ignorance over which it triumphs ; or thirdly, on a certain oscillation in the individual’s own mind between the remaining good and the encroaching evil of his nature, a sort of dallying with the devil, a fluxionary act of combining courage and cowardice, as when a man snuffs a candle with his fingers for the first time, or better still, perhaps, that tremulous daring with which a child touches a hot tea urn, because it had been forbidden—so that the mind has in its

¹ These notes, from MS. Add. 34, 225, ff. 68-73 (watermark 1815), are probably intended to be continuous with the preceding notes on “ Wit and Humour.” They were so used in Lecture IX of 1818.—The editor has not been able to identify the edition of *Tristram Shandy* to which Coleridge’s page-references refer, though he has searched for it in the British Museum. This failure is of little consequence, however, for H. N. C. evidently had the proper edition before him. The editor has been able to ascertain this with a fair degree of certainty by taking the interval in pages between two fairly obvious references, establishing a ratio proportional to the same interval in a standard text, and then applying the ratio to less certain page-references, all of which agree with H. N. C.’s quotations. This evidence cannot be explained in detail, but it offers fairly conclusive proof that H. N. C. is not merely guessing.

own white and black angel the same or similar amusements as might be supposed to take place between an old debauchee and a prude—[her] resentment from the prudential anxiety to preserve appearances, and have a character, and an inward sympathy with the enemy. We have only to suppose society *innocent*—and [this sort of wit] is equal to ¹ a stone that falls in snow ; it makes no sound because it excites no resistance. [This accounts] for nine tenths [of its effect] ; the remainder rests on its being an offence against the good manners of human nature itself.

The ² vile comments and—[?] offensive and defensive of Pope's

Lust ³ thro' some gentle strainers once refined
Is love—

contrasted with Shakespeare, and even with the —[?] of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, etc. Hence Sterne a favourite with the French.

The unfairness of this,—because they cannot be answered where an answer would be most desirable, from the painful nature of one part of the position ; but this very pain is demonstrative of the falsehood.

Asympatheia—a closet devotion alone with a bottle of wine—with or without a book.⁴

This source, unworthy as it is, may doubtless be combined with wit, drollery, fancy, and even humour,—and we have only to regret the *mésalliance* ; but that the latter are quite distinct from the former may be made evident by abstracting in our imagination the *characters* of Mr. Shandy, my Uncle Toby, and Trim, which are all *antagonists* to this wit, and suppose instead of them two or three callous debauchees,

¹ Coleridge uses the symbol for this phrase.

² The two following paragraphs were separated by H. N. C. from their context and printed in *L.R.* (i. 107) at the end of a short lecture on Beaumont and Fletcher.

³ “ Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.”

Essay on Man, ii. 189-90.

⁴ The editor can give no explanation of this obscure passage.

and the result will be pure disgust. Sterne cannot be too severely censured for this, for he makes the best dispositions of our nature the pandars and condiments for the basest.

Excellences

1. The bringing forward into distinct consciousness those minutiae of thought and feeling which appear trifles, have an importance [only] for the moment, and yet almost every man feels in one way or other. Thus it has the novelty of an individual peculiarity, and yet the interest of a something that belongs to our common nature. In short, to seize happily on those points in which every man is more or less a *humorist*. And the propensity to notice these things does itself constitute a humorist, and the superadded power of so presenting them to men in general gives us the man of humor. Hence the difference of the man of humor, the effect of whose portraits does not depend on the felt presence of himself as a humorist, as Cervantes and Shakespeare, nay, Rabelais—and those in whom ^a the effect is in the humorist's own oddity—Sterne (and *Swift*?).

2. Traits of *human* nature, which so easily assume a particular cast and color from individual character. Hence this, and the pathos connected with it, quickly passes into *humor*, and forms the ground of it ^b—[as in] the story of the Fly.¹ Character [is created] by a delicacy and higher degree of a good quality.²

[Go,—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly

^a MS., 'which.'

^b MS., 'it—p. 46. 117.'

¹ This well-known passage, evidently on p. 117 or on p. 46 of Coleridge's text (cf. note 'b' above), furnished one of the references on which it is possible to base a ratio between the page-numbers of Coleridge's text and any other given text.—The page-reference 'p. 46' evidently indicates the passage immediately before that which is quoted below to illustrate Coleridge's fourth point. This later passage is 'p. 47' (p. 124, note 'a').

² "Observe in this incident how individual character may be given by the mere delicacy of presentation and elevation in degree of a common good quality, humanity, which in itself would not be characteristic at all." H. N. C.'s excellent amplification.

all dinner-time,—and which after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him ;—I'll not hurt thee, says my Uncle *Toby*, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head :—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape ;—go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee ?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me. Book II, ch. xii.]

3. In Mr. Shandy's character, as of all Mr. Shandys, a craving for sympathy in exact proportion to the oddity and unsympathizability ; next to this, [craving] to be at least disputed with, or rather both in one, [to] dispute and yet agree ; but [holding] worst of all, to acquiesce without either resistance or sympathy—[all this is] most happily conceived.

Contrasts sometimes increasing the love between the brothers—and always either balanced or remedied.

Drollery in Obadiah.

4. No writer so happy as Sterne in the unexaggerated and truly natural representation of that species of slander which consists in gossiping about our neighbours, as *whetstones* of our moral discrimination—as if they were conscience-blocks which we used in our apprenticeship, not to waste such precious materials as our own consciences in the trimming and shaping by self-examination.^a

[Alas o'day ;—had Mrs. *Shandy*, poor gentlewoman ! had but her wish in going up to town just to lye-in and come down again ;—which, they say, she begged and prayed for upon her bare knees,—and which, in my opinion, considering the fortune which Mr. *Shandy* got with her,—was no such mighty matter to have complied with, the lady and her babe might both of them have been alive at this hour.

Book I, ch. xviii.]

5. When ^b you have secured a man's likings and prejudices in your favor, you may then safely appeal to his impartial judgement. [The following passage is full of] acute sense in

^a MS., ' self-examination, p. 47.'

^b MS., ' 5. p. 53. When.'

ironical wit, but now add *life* to it and *character*—and it becomes *dramatic*.^a

[I¹ see plainly, Sir, by your looks (or as the case happened) my father would say—that you do not heartily subscribe to this opinion of mine—which, to those, he would add, who have not carefully sifted it to the bottom,—I own has an air more of fancy than of solid reasoning in it ;—and yet, my dear Sir, if I may presume to know your character, I am morally assured, I should hazard little in stating a case to you,—not as a party in the dispute,—but as a judge, and trusting my appeal upon it to your own good sense and candid disquisition in this matter ;—you are a person free from as many narrow prejudices of education as most men ;—and, if I may presume to penetrate further into you,—of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion, merely because it wants friends. Your son,—your dear son,—from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect.—Your BILLY, Sir !—would you, for the world, have called him JUDAS ? Would you, my dear Sir, he would say, laying his hand upon your breast, with the genteelest address,—and in that soft and irresistible *piano* of voice which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* absolutely requires,—Would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a godfather had proposed the name for your child, and offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him ? O my God ! he would say, looking up, if I know your temper right, Sir, you are incapable of it ;—you would have trampled upon the offer ;—you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money, which you shew me in the whole transaction, is really noble ;—and what renders it more so, is the principle of it ;—the workings of a parent's love upon

^a MS., 'dramatic—as in p. 53.'

¹ The *Tatler* report of Lecture IX shows that Coleridge quoted this passage from *Tristram Shandy*. The passage would naturally be that selected from *Tristram Shandy* to illustrate Coleridge's point. The editor believes, therefore, that this quotation may be used for the second page-reference, from which one may tentatively establish a ratio between Coleridge's text and any other given text. Such a ratio, of course, enables one to identify approximately Coleridge's quotations, and to check H. N. C.'s selected passages.

the truth and conviction of this very hypothesis, namely, That was your son called JUDAS,—the sordid and treacherous idea, so inseparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his shadow, and, in the end, made a miser and a rascal of him, in spite, Sir, of your example.

Book I, ch. xix.]

6. The physiognomic tact common, in very different degrees indeed, to us all, [is] gratified in Dr. Slop. And in general, [note] all that happiest use of drapery and attitude, which at once gives the *reality* by individualizing, and the vividness by unusual, yet probable combinations.^a

[Imagine to yourself a little squat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor *Slop*, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a sesquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a serjeant in the horse-guards. . . .

Imagine such a one,—for such, I say, were the outlines of Dr. *Slop*'s figure, coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling thro' the dirt upon the vertebrae of a little diminutive pony, of a pretty colour—but of strength,—alack !—scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.—They were not.—Imagine to yourself, *Obadiah* mounted upon a strong monster of a coach-horse, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

Book II, ch. ix.]

7. More humor in the single remark, "Learned men, Brother Toby, do not ^b write dialogues on long noses for nothing,¹" than in the whole Slawkenburghian tale that follows, which is oddity interspersed with drollery.

8. The moral *good* of Sterne in the characters of Trim, etc., as contrasted with Jacobinism.^c [Book V, ch. vii. Trim mourning the death of his young master, Bobby.]

9. Each part by right of humoristic universality, a whole. Hence the digressive spirit [is] not wantonness, but the *very form* of his genius. The connection is given by the continuity of the characters.

^a MS., 'combinations, p. 108.'

^b Read 'don't.'

^c MS., 'Jacobinism, 393.'

¹ Cf. p. 445, n. 1.

RABELAIS ¹

Born at Chinon, 1483-4 [1494?].—Died 1553.

One cannot help regretting that no friend of Rabelais, (and surely friends he must have had), has left an authentic account of him. His buffoonery was not merely Brutus' rough stick, which contained a rod of gold ; it was necessary as an amulet against the monks and bigots. Beyond a doubt, he was among the deepest as well as boldest thinkers of his age. Never was a more plausible, and seldom, I am persuaded, a less appropriate line than the thousand times quoted,

Rabelais laughing in his easy chair ²—

of Mr. Pope. The caricature of his filth and zanyism proves how fully he both knew and felt the danger in which he stood. I could write a treatise in proof and praise of the morality and moral elevation of Rabelais' work which would make the church stare and the conventicle groan, and yet should be the truth and nothing but the truth. I class Rabelais with the creative minds of the world, Shakspeare, Dantc, Cervantes, &c.

All Rabelais' personages are phantasmagoric allegories, but Panurge above all. He is throughout the *πανουργία*,—the wisdom, that is, the cunning of the human animal,—the understanding, as the faculty of means to purposes without ultimate ends, in the most comprehensive sense, and including art, sensuous fancy, and all the passions of the understanding. It is impossible to read Rabelais without an admiration mixed with wonder at the depth and extent of his learning, his multifarious knowledge, and original ob-

¹ "No note remains of that part of this Lecture which treated of Rabelais. This seems, therefore, a convenient place for the reception of some remarks written by Mr. C. in Mr. Gillman's copy of Rabelais, about the year 1825. See *Table Talk*, vol. i, p. 177."—H. N. C. Here reprinted from *L.R.* The reference to *Table Talk* is to the comment of June 15, 1830, here reprinted in the Appendix, p. 407.

² "Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair."

servation beyond what books could in that age have supplied him with.

B. III. c. 9. How Panurge asketh counsel of Pantagruel, whether he should marry, yea or no.

Note this incomparable chapter. Pantagruel stands for the reason as contradistinguished from the understanding and choice, that is, from Panurge; and the humour consists in the latter asking advice of the former on a subject in which the reason can only give the inevitable conclusion, the syllogistic *ergo*, from the premisses provided by the understanding itself, which puts each case so as of necessity to predetermine the verdict thereon. This chapter, independently of the allegory, is an exquisite satire on the spirit in which people commonly ask advice.

SWIFT ¹

Born in Dublin, 1667.—Died 1745.

In Swift's writings there is a false misanthropy grounded upon an exclusive contemplation of the vices and follies of mankind, and this misanthropic tone is also disfigured or brutalized by his obtrusion of physical dirt and coarseness. I think Gulliver's Travels the great work of Swift. In the voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag he displays the littleness and moral contemptibility of human nature; in that to the Houyhnhnms he represents the disgusting spectacle of man with the understanding only, without the reason or the moral feeling, and in his horse he gives the misanthropic ideal of man—that is, a being virtuous from rule and duty, but untouched by the principle of love.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

The ² great defect of the Houyhnhnms is not its misanthropy, and those who apply this word to it must really

¹ "From Mr. Green's note."—H. N. C. Here reprinted from *L.R.*

² This note first appeared in the *Athenaeum*, 1896, II. 224 (August 15), as a contribution from G. A. Aitken. Aitken's library finally came into

believe that the essence of human nature, that the *anthropos misoumenos*, consists in the shape of the body. Now, to shew the falsity of this was Swift's great object: he would prove to our feelings and imagination, and thereby teach *practically* that it is reason and conscience which give all the loveliness and dignity not only to man, but to the shape of man; that deprived of these, and yet retaining the understanding, he would be the most loathsome and hateful of all animals; that his understanding would manifest itself only as malignant cunning, his free will as obstinacy and unteachableness. And how true a picture this is every madhouse may convince any man; a brothel where highwaymen meet will convince every philosopher. But the defect of the work is its inconsistency; the Houyhnhnms are not rational creatures, *i.e.*, creatures of perfect reason; they are not progressive; they have servants without any reason for their natural inferiority or any explanation how the difference acted [?]; and, above all, they—*i.e.*, Swift himself—has a perpetual affectation of being wiser than his Maker (see postscript ¹), and of eradicating what God gave to be subordinated and used; *ex. gr.*, the maternal and paternal affection (*σοφροσύνη*). There is likewise a true Yahooism in the constant denial of the existence of love, as not identical with friendship, and yet distinct always and very often divided from lust. The best defence is that it is a satire ^a; still, it would have been felt a thousand times more deeply if reason had been truly portrayed, and a finer imagination would have been evinced if the author had shewn the effects of the possession of reason and the moral

the possession of the University of Texas, and I learned that this note of Coleridge was to be found there from a little article by E. G. Fletcher in *Notes and Queries*, vol. clxv, no. 13, p. 226, Sept. 30, 1933. The note has been collated for me by the kindness of Miss Fanny Ratchford, librarian of the Wrenn, Aitken, and Stock collections of the University of Texas, and is here collected in Coleridge's works for the first time, *verbatim*, but not *literatim*, since punctuation and capitalization are regularized. The original is written on both sides of the end-leaf and on the inside of the back cover of the fifth volume of Swift's works, printed in Edinburgh for Eben. Wilson, 1768 (thirteen volumes, octavo). The book came from Wordsworth's library.

^a MS., 'Satyr.'

¹ Coleridge's brackets.

sense on the outward form and gestures of the horses. In short, critics in general complain of the Yahoos ; I complain of the Houyhnhnms.

As to the wisdom of adopting this mode of proving the great truths here exemplified, that is another question, which no feeling mind will find a difficulty in answering who has read and understood the Paradise scenes in "Paradise Lost," and compared the moral effect on his heart and his virtuous aspirations of Milton's Adam with Swift's horses ; but different men have different turns of genius ; Swift's may be good, tho' very inferior to Milton's ; they do not stand in each other's way.

S. T. C.

A case in point, and besides utterly inconsistent with the boasted reason of the Houyhnhnm, may be seen, p. 194, 195 [chap. iv.], where the horse discourses on the human frame with the grossest prejudices that could possibly be inspired by vanity and self-opinion. That reason which commands man to admire the fitness of the horse and stag for superior speed, of the bird for flight, &c., &c.,—must it not have necessitated the rational horse to have seen and acknowledged the admirable aptitude of the human hand, compared with his own fetlocks, of the human limbs for climbing, for the management of tools, &c.? In short, compare the *effect* of the satire, when it is founded in truth and good sense (chapt. v., for instance ¹), with the wittiest of those passages which have their only support in spleen and want of reverence for the original frame of man, and the feelings of the reader will be his faithful guide in the reperusal of the work, which I still think the highest effort of Swift's genius, unless we should except the "Tale of the Tub." Then I would put Lilliput ; next Brobdingnag ; and Laputa I would expunge altogether. It is a wretched abortion, the product of spleen and ignorance and self-conceit.

¹ Gulliver's account to the horse, his master, of European wars and legal procedure.

LECTURE X

DONNE ¹

I. Marginalia from "Literary Remains"

Born in London, 1573.—Died, 1631

I

With Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots,
Wreathe iron pokers into true-love knots ;
Rhyme's sturdy cripple, fancy's maze and clue,
Wit's forge and fire-blast, meaning's press and screw.

II

See lewdness and theology combin'd,—
A cynic and a sycophantic mind ;
A fancy shar'd party per pale between ²
Death's heads and skeletons and Aretine !—
Not his peculiar defect or crime,
But the true current mintage of the time.
Such were the establish'd signs and tokens given
To mark a loyal churchman, sound and even,
Free from papistic and fanatic leaven.

¹ " Nothing remains of what was said on Donne in this Lecture. Here, therefore, as in previous like instances, the gap is filled up with some notes written by Mr. Coleridge in a volume of Chalmers's Poets, belonging to Mr. Gillman. The verses were added in pencil to the collection of commendatory lines ; No. I. is Mr. C.'s ; the publication of No. II. I trust the all-accomplished author will, under the circumstances, pardon. Numerous and elaborate notes by Mr. Coleridge on Donne's Sermons are in existence, and will be published hereafter."—H. N. C. Here reprinted from *L.R.* If one may judge by the announcement in the *Morning Chronicle* and by Robinson's reference to the lecture, Coleridge deliberately omitted Donne from his subject in spite of the syllabus. See Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 309, 317. I do not know the author of the verses on Donne which follow Coleridge's.

² ' Party per pale,' a heraldic term, meaning divided by a vertical line through the middle.

The wit of Donne, the wit of Butler, the wit of Pope, the wit of Congreve, the wit of Sheridan—how many disparate things are here expressed by one and the same word, Wit!—Wonder-exciting vigour, intenseness and peculiarity of thought, using at will the almost boundless stores of a capacious memory, and exercised on subjects, where we have no right to expect it—this is the wit of Donne! The four others I am just in the mood to describe and inter-distinguish;—what a pity that the marginal space will not let me!

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two fitter hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west?

Good-Morrow, v. 15, &c.

The sense is;—Our mutual loves may in many respects be fitly compared to corresponding hemispheres; but as no simile squares (*nihil simile est idem*), so here the simile fails, for there is nothing in our loves that corresponds to the cold north, or the declining west, which in two hemispheres must necessarily be supposed. But an ellipse of such length will scarcely rescue the line from the charge of nonsense or a bull. *January*, 1829.

Woman's constancy.

A misnomer. The title ought to be—

Mutual Inconstancy.

Whether both th' Indias of spice and *mine*, &c.

Sun Rising, v. 17.

And see at night thy western land of *mine*, &c.

Progress of the Soul, I Song, 2 st.¹

This use of the word *mine* specifically for mines of gold, silver, or precious stones, is, I believe, peculiar to Donne.²

¹ *Infinitati Sacrum*.

² For want of a better place, I add here a note on Donne's poem, "On the Blessed Virgin Mary": "Singular to meet in so serious a poem so full an assertion of the Virgin's *immaculate conception*." This bit is

II. *Marginalia from the "Literary World"*¹

N.B.—Spite of appearances, this copy is the better for the MSS. notes—the annotator himself says so.² S. T. C.

To read Dryden, Pope, &c., you need only count syllables ; but to read Donne you must measure *time*, and discover the time of each word by the sense of passion. I would ask no surer test of a Scotchman's *substratum* (for the turf-cover of pretension they all have) than to make him read Donne's satires aloud. If he made manly metre of them and yet strict metre, then,—why, then he wasn't a Scotchman, or his soul was geographically slandered by his body's first appearing there.³

Doubtless, all the copies I have ever seen of Donne's poems are grievously misprinted. Wonderful that they are not more so, considering that not one in a thousand of his readers has ^a any notion how his lines are to be read—to the many, five out of six appear anti-metrical. How greatly this aided the compositor's negligence or ignorance, and prevented the corrector's remedy, any man may ascertain by examining the earliest editions of blank verse plays, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c. Now, Donne's rhythm was as inexplicable to the many as blank verse, spite of his rhymes—*ergo*, as blank verse, misprinted. I am convinced that where no mode of rational declamation by pause, hurrying of voice, or apt and sometimes double emphasis, can at once

a marginal note on vol. iv, p. 42 of the Folger set of Anderson's *British Poets*, which is mentioned in the Preface of this volume.

^a *Lit. World*, 'have.'

¹ These notes are reprinted from the *Literary World* (New York), xii. 349-50, 393, 433 (April 30, May 14, May 28, 1853). They had previously appeared in *Notes Theological, Political, and Miscellaneous*, 1853, with the exception of several brief passages which are indicated in the notes following. The present editor has preserved the text of the *Literary World*, but has shifted the position of titles to conform to the usages of this edition, and has a few small corrections of capitalizations, etc.

² Note from an unspecified page. Not in *Notes Theological*, etc.

³ The two preceding sentences are omitted in *Notes Theological*, etc.

make the verse metrical and bring out the sense of passion more prominently, that there we are entitled to alter the text, when it can be done by simple omission or addition of *that*, *which*, *and*, and such "small deer"; or by mere new placing of the same words—I would venture nothing beyond.

The Triple Fool, v. 15.

And by delighting many, frees again
Grief which Verse did restrain.

A good instance how Donne read his own verses. We should write, "The Grief, verse did restrain;" but Donne roughly emphasized the two main words, Grief and Verse, and, therefore, made each the first syllable of a trochee or dactyl:—

Grief, which / verse did re / strain.

Song

And we join to't our strength,
And we teach it art and length.¹

The anapest judiciously used, in the eagerness and haste to confirm and aggravate. This beautiful and perfect poem proves, by its title "*Song*," that *all* Donne's poems are equally *metrical* (misprints allowed for) though smoothness (*i.e.*, the metre necessitating the proper reading) be deemed appropriate to *songs*; but in poems where the writer *thinks*, and expects the reader to do so, the sense must be understood in order to ascertain the metre.

SATIRE III

If you would teach a scholar in the highest form how to *read*, take Donne, and of Donne this satire. When he has learnt to read Donne, with all the force and meaning which are involved in the words, then send him to Milton, and he will stalk on like a master, *enjoying* his walk.

¹ Donne's *Poetical Works* (Grierson), i. 19.

SONGS AND SONNETS

On Donne's Poem "The Flea" ^a

Be proud as Spaniards. Leap for pride, ye Fleas !
 In Nature's *minim* realm ye're now grandees.
 Skip-jacks no more, nor civiller skip-johns ;
 Thrice-honored Fleas ! I greet you all as *Dons*.
 In Phoebus's archives registered are ye,
 And this your patent of nobility.¹

The Good Morrow

What ever dies is not mixt equally ;
 If our two loves be one, both thou and I
 Love just alike in all ; none of these loves can die.²

Too good for mere wit. It contains a deep practical truth, this triplet.

Woman's Constancy

After all, there is but one Donne ! and now tell me yet, wherein, in *his own kind*, he differs from the similar power in Shakespeare ? Shakespeare was all men, potentially, except Milton ; and they differ from him by negation, or privation, or both. This power of dissolving orient pearls, worth a kingdom, in a health to a whore !—this absolute right of dominion over all thoughts, that dukes are bid to clean his shoes, and are yet honored by it ! But, I say, in this lordliness of opulence, in which *the* positive of Donne agrees with *a* positive of Shakespeare, what is it that makes them *homoiousian*, indeed : yet not *homooousian* ?

The Sun Rising

Busie old fool, unruly Sun,
 Why dost thou thus

^a *Literary World*, 'On Donne's First Poem ["The Flea"]'.

¹ In the Oxford edition of Coleridge's *Poems* (ii. 980-81), Ernest Hartley Coleridge printed a twelve-line version of this poem of his grandfather. This version is not only longer but varies from that printed above.

² I have preserved here, and elsewhere, the text given in the *Literary World*, as presumably that which Coleridge had before him. But this

Through windows and through curtains look on us ?
 Must to thy motions, Lovers' seasons run ?
 Saucy, pedantique wretch, goe chide
 Late school-boys, or sour 'prentices ;
 Go tell court-huntsmen that the King will ride ;
 Call country ants to harvest offices :
 Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime ;
 Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.
 Thy beams, so reverend and strong,
 Dost thou not think
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
 But that I would not lose her sight so long ?

Fine, vigorous exultation, both soul and body in full
 puissance.

The Indifferent

I can love both fair and brown ;
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays ;
 Her who loves lonesness best, and her who sports and plays ;
 Her whom the country formed, and whom the town ;
 Her who believes, and her who tries ;
 Her who still weeps with spungy eyes,
 And her who is dry cork and never cries ;
 I can love her, and her, and you, and you ;
 I can love any, so she be not true.

How legitimate a child was not Cowley of Donne ; but
 Cowley had a soul-mother as well as a soul-father, and who
 was she ? What was that ? Perhaps, sickly court-loyalty,
 conscientious per accident—a discursive intellect, *naturally*
 less vigorous and daring, and then *cowed* by king-worship.
 The populousness, the activity, is as great in C. as in D. ; but
 the *vigor*, the insufficiency to the poet of active fancy without
 a substrate of profound, tho' mislocate thinking,—the will-
 worship, in squandering golden hecatombs on a fetisch, on

is a late text and inferior to that which Professor Grierson based on the
 1633 edition. Read 'was' for 'is' (l. 1) ; 'or' for 'both' (l. 2) ; 'Love
 so alike, that none doe slacken, none can die' (l. 3). In *The Sun Rising*,
 read 'call' for 'look' (l. 3) ; 'and' for 'or' (l. 6) ; 'Why shouldst thou
 thinke ?' (l. 12).

In *The Indifferent*, read 'maskes' for 'sports' (l. 3).

the first stick or straw met with at rising—this pride of doing what he likes with his own, fearless of an immense surplus to pay all lawful debts to self-subsisting themes, that rule, while they cannot create, the moral will—this is Donne ! He was an orthodox Christian only because he could have been an infidel *more* easily ; and, therefore willed to be a Christian : and he was a Protestant, because it enabled him to lash about to the right and the left, and without a *motive*, to say better things for the Papists than they could say for themselves. It was the impulse of a purse-proud opulence of innate power ! In the sluggish pond the waves roll this or that way ; for such is the wind's direction : but in the brisk spring or lake, boiling at bottom, wind this way, that way, all ways, most irregular in the calm, yet inexplicable by the most violent *ab extra* tempest.

Canonization

One of my favourite poems. As late as ten years ago, I used to seek and find out grand lines and fine stanzas ; but my delight has been far greater since it has consisted more in tracing the leading thought thro'out the whole. The former is too much like coveting your neighbour's goods ; in the latter you merge yourself in the author, you *become He*.

A Fever

Yet ^a I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

Just and affecting, as *dramatic* ; *i.e.*, the outburst of a transient feeling, itself the symbol of a deeper feeling, that would have made *one* hour, *known* to be *only* one hour (or even one year), a perfect hell ! All the preceding verses are detestable. Shakespeare has nothing of this. He is never *positively* bad, even in his Sonnets.¹ He may be sometimes

^a ' Yet ' (1669). Read ' For.'

¹ The implications of this remark may indicate why Coleridge seems never to have paid any serious attention in his lectures to Shakespeare's sonnets, even when dealing with his non-dramatic poetry.

worthless (N.B., I don't say he *is*), but nowhere is he *unworthy*.

A Valediction forbidding Mourning

An admirable poem which none but Donne could have written. Nothing was ever more admirably made out than the figure of the Compass.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, indure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two ;
Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And, though it in the centre sit,
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run ;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

The Extacy

I should never find fault with metaphysical poems, were they all like this, or but half as excellent.

The Primrose

I am tired of expressing my admiration ; else I could not have passed by *The Will*, *The Blossom*, and *The Primrose*, with *The Relique*.

I shall die soon, my dear Charles Lamb, and then you will not be vexed that I had describbled your book.—2d May, 1811.¹

¹ Written 'at the close of this volume' [of Donne's *Poems*]. *Literary World*, April 30, 1853, p. 349. This note is omitted in *Notes Theologicaï*, etc.

*Letters*¹*To Sir H. G.*²

I send not my letters as tribute, nor interest, nor recompence, nor for commerce, nor as testimonials of my love, nor provokers of yours, nor to justify my custom of writing, nor for a vent and utterance of my meditations ; for my letters are either above or under all such offices, *yet I write very affectionately, and I chide and accuse my self of diminishing that affection, which sends them, when I ask my self why.* Only I am sure, that I desire that you might have in your hands letters of mine of all kinds, as conveyances and deliverers of me to you, whether you accept me as a friend, or as a patient, or as a penitent, or as a beadsman ; for I decline no jurisdiction, nor refuse any tenure. I would not open any door upon you, but look in, when you open it. Angels have not, nor affect not other knowledge of one another, than they list to reveal to one another. It is then in this only, that friends are angels, that they are capable and fit for such revelations, when they are offered. If at any time I seem to study you more inquisitively, it is for no other end, but to know how to present you to God in my prayers, and what to ask of him for you ; for even that holy exercise may not be done inopportunately, nor importunately. I find little error in that Grecian's counsel, who says, If thou ask any thing of God, offer no sacrifice, nor ask elegantly, nor vehemently ; but remember, that thou would'st not give to such an asker. Nor in his other countryman, who affirms sacrifice of blood to be so unproportionable to God, that perfumes, though much more spiritual, are too gross ; yea, words, which are our subtlest and delicatest outward creatures, being composed of thoughts and breath, are so muddy, so thick, that our thoughts themselves are so ; because (except at the first rising) they are ever leavened with passions and affections. And that advantage of nearer familiarity with God which the Act of Incarnation gave us, is grounded upon God's assuming us, not

¹ The text of these letters is that of the *Literary World* article from the edition used by Coleridge. I shall give the references to Sir Edmund Gosse's *Life and Letters of John Donne* (London, 1899) with whatever variant readings from Gosse or the early editions may seem necessary, ignoring the numerous minor variations of punctuation, capitalization spelling, or paragraph indentation.

² Sir Henry Goodyer. Gosse, *Life*, i. 227-28.

our going to him : and our accesses to his presence are but his descents into us. And when we get any thing by prayer, he gave us beforehand the thing and the petition ; for I scarce think any ineffectual prayer free from both sin and the punishment of sin. Yet as God seposd a seventh of our time for his exterior worship, and as his Christian Church early presented him a type of the whole year in a Lent, and after imposed the obligation of canonique hours, constituting thereby moral Sabbaths every day, I am far from dehorting those fixed devotions : but I had rather it were disposed upon thanksgiving than petition, upon praise than prayer ; not that God is endeared by that, or wearied by this ; all is one in the receiver, but not one in ^a the lender ; ^b and thanks doth both offices : For nothing doth so innocently provoke new graces, as gratitude. I would also rather make short prayers than extend them, though God can neither be surprised nor besieged ; for long prayers have more of the man, as ambition of eloquence, and a complacency in the work, and more of the devil by often distractions ; for after in the beginning we have all ^c intreated God to hearken, we speak no more to him. Even this letter is some example of such infirmity ; which being intended for a letter, is extended and strayed into a homily ; and whatsoever is not what it was purposed, is worse. Therefore it shall at last end like a letter, by assuring you, I am, &c.

A noble letter in that *next* to the best style of correspondence, in which friends communicate to each other the accidents of their meditations and baffle absence by writing what, if present, they would have talked. Nothing can be tenderer than the sentence I have lined.

*To the Countess of Bedford*¹

HAPPIEST AND WORTHIEST LADY :—I do not remember that ever I have seen a petition in verse ; I would not therefore be singular, nor add these to your other papers. I have yet adventured so near as to make a petition for verse, it is for those your

^a Read 'not in.' Gosse, *Poems* (1633), *Letters* (1651).

^b Read 'sender.' Gosse, *Poems* (1633), *Letters* (1651).

^c Read 'well.' Gosse, *Poems* (1633), *Letters* (1651).

¹ Gosse, *Life*, i. 217-18. For variant readings, see textual notes.

ladyship did me the honour to see in Twicknam Garden, except you repent your making, and have ^a mended your judgment by thinking worse, that is, better, because more justly,^b of their subject. They must needs be an excellent exercise of your wit, which speak so well of so ill. I humbly beg them of your ladyship, with two such promises, as to any other of your compositions were threatenings : that I will not shew them, and that I will not believe them ; and nothing should be so used which ^c comes from your brain or heart.^d If I should confess a fault in the boldness of asking them, or make a fault by doing it in a longer letter, your ladyship might use your style and old fashion of the Court towards me, and pay me with a pardon. Here, therefore, I humbly kiss your ladyship's fair learned hands, and wish you good wishes and speedy grants.

Your ladyship's servant,

JOHN DONNE.

A truly elegant letter, and a happy specimen of that dignified courtesy to sex and rank, of that white flattery in which the wit unrealizes the falsehood, and the sportive exaggeration of the thoughts, blending with a delicate tenderness, faithfully conveys the truth as to the feelings.

To the Lady G.¹

MADAM :—I am not come out of England, if I remain in the noblest part of it, your mind ; yet, I confess, it is too much diminution to call your mind any part of England, or this world, since every part even of your body deserves titles of higher dignity. No prince would be loath to die, that were assured of

^a Read 'having.' Gosse, *Poems* (1633), *Letters* (1651).

^b Read 'because juster.' Gosse, *Poems* (1633), *Letters* (1651).

^c *Poems* (1633), 'which,' as above ; Gosse, *Letters* (1651), 'that.'

^d *Poems* (1633), 'heart,' as above ; Gosse, *Letters* (1651), 'breast,' a dubious reading.

¹ Lady Grymes [?] Gosse, *Life*, i. 289-90. The text above is that of the letter as published with Donne's *Poems* (1635). Gosse unfortunately follows the obviously inferior text of the *Letters* (1651). I shall not, either in this or the two following cases, give textual variants, since the version given above is probably preferable to that used by Gosse, and certainly defensible. The version used by Gosse is easily accessible.

so fair a tomb to preserve his memory :¹ but I have a greater advantage than so : for since there is a religion in friendship, and a death in absence, to make up an entire friend, there must be an heaven too ; and there can be no heaven so proportional to that religion, and that death, as your favour ; and I am gladder that it is a heaven, than that it were a court or any other high place of this world, because I am likelier to have a room there than here, and better cheap ; Madam, my best treasure is time, and my best employment of that (next my thoughts of thankfulness for my Redeemer) is to study good wishes for you, in which I am by continual meditation so learned, that any creature (except your own good angel), when it would do you most good, might be content to come and take instructions from

Your humble and affectionate servant,

J. D.

AMIENS, the 7 Feb., 1611.

Contrast this letter with that to the Countess of Bedford. There is perhaps more wit and more vigor in this, but the thoughts played upon are of so serious a nature, and the exception in the parenthesis so awful, that the art, instead of carrying off, aggravates the flattery, and Donne must either have been literally sincere, or adulatory to extravagance, and almost to blasphemy.

To my honoured friend, G. G.¹, Esq.

Of my Anniversaries, the fault that I acknowledge in myself, is to have descended to print anything in verse, which though it have excuse even in our times by men who profess and practise much gravity, yet I confess I wonder how I declined to it, and do not pardon myself ; but for the other part of the imputation of having said too much, my defence is that my purpose was to

¹ "Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument ;
And, there sepulchred, in such state dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb might wish to die."

Milton's Lines on Shakespeare, [ll. 7-8, 15-16].

Coleridge's note. For 'there,' 'state,' 'might,' read 'so,' 'pomp,' 'would.'

² George Gerrard [?]. Gosse, *Life*, i. 302. Again Gosse follows the obviously inferior later text of 1651 instead of that of *Poems* (1635), which is printed above.

say as well as I could : for since I never saw the gentlewoman, I cannot be understood to have bound myself to have spoken just truths, but I would not be thought to have gone about to praise her, or any other, in rhyme ; except I took such a person as might be capable of all that I could say : if any of those ladies think that Mistress Drewry was not so, let that lady make herself fit for all those praises in the book, and they shall be hers.

This excuse reminds me of Sallust's (the Greek Platonic Philosopher's) apology for the Pagan mythology, viz. that the fables are so excessively silly and absurd, that they are incapable of imposing on any man in his senses, and therefore to be acquitted of falsehood.¹ To be sure, these Anniversaries were the strangest caprices of genius upon record. I conjecture that Donne had been requested to write something on this girl, whom he had never seen, and having no other subject in contemplation, and Miss Drewry herself supplying materials, he threaded upon her name all his thoughts as they crowded into his mind, careless how extravagant they became, when applied to the best woman on earth. The idea of degradation and frivolity which Donne himself attached to the character of a professed poet, and which was only not universal in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, which yet exhibited the brightest constellation of poets ever known, gives a *settling* answer to the fashionable outcry about patronage²—nothing but patronage wanting to Midasize their Herr Füssly into Michael Angelo Buonarotti, Mister Shee to a Raphael, and Rat Northcote into a Titian.

To my honoured friend G. G.,³ Esq., Jan. 7, 1630

It hath been my desire (and God may be pleased to grant it) that I might die in the pulpit ; if not that, yet that I might

¹ Coleridge misrepresents Sallust. See Sallustius, *Concerning the Gods and the Universe* (ed. Nock, Cambridge, 1926), paragraph 3. This Sallust is not the historian but probably a philosopher of the fourth century, a friend of the Emperor Julian. His treatise was translated in 1793 by Tom Taylor.

² The reference to contemporaries after this word is omitted in *Notes Theological*, etc.

³ George Gerrard. Gosse, *Life*, ii. 268. The text above is that printed with *Poems* (1635) ; Gosse follows the inferior text of *Letters* (1651).

take my death in the pulpit, that is, die the sooner by occasion of those labours.

This passage seems to prove that Donne retained thro' life the same opinions defended in his *Biothanatos* ; at least this, *joined* with his dying command that the treatise should not be destroyed, tho' he did not think the age ripe for its publication, furnishes a strong presumption of his perseverance in the defensibility of suicide in certain cases.

The Elegies upon Dr. Donne

To the Memory of my ever desired Friend Dr. Donne.

To have lived eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty flights, *that is*, like thee,
Or t'have had too much merit, is not safe ;
For such excesses find no epitaph, etc.

We cannot better illustrate the weight and condensation of metal in the old English Parnassian Guinea, or the immense volume of French writing which it would cover and ornament, if beat into gold leaf, than by recurrence to the funeral poems of our elder writers, from Henry VIII. to Charles II. These on Donne are more than usually excellent, their chief, and, indeed, almost only fault, being want of smoothness, flow, and perspicuity, from too great compression of thought—too many thoughts, and, often, too much thought in each.

There are occasions, in which a regret expresses itself, not only in the most manly but likewise in the most natural way, by intellectual effort and activity, in proof of intellectual admiration. This is one ; and with this feeling should these poems be read. This fine poem has suggested to me many thoughts for "An Apology for Conceits," as a sequel to an Essay I have written called "An Apology for Puns."

The careful perusal of modern Latin verses is not without its use. They furnish instances of every species of nice characteristic of modern English poetry ; and in some measure, are, perhaps, a cause. But even Virgil and Horace

(in his serious Odes) will do the same, though in a less glaring way. Yet compare them, or the best of their successors, with Lucretius, Catullus, Plautus, and even Terence, the difference is as between Rowe, Dr. Johnson, &c., and the writers of Elizabeth and James.

DANTE¹

Born at Florence, 1265.—Died, 1321.

As I remarked in a former Lecture on a different subject (for subjects the most diverse in literature have still their tangents), the Gothic character, and its good and evil fruits, appeared less in Italy than in any other part of European Christendom. There was accordingly much less romance, as that word is commonly understood ; or, perhaps, more truly stated, there was romance instead of chivalry. In Italy, an earlier imitation of, and a more evident and intentional blending with, the Latin literature took place than elsewhere. The operation of the feudal system, too, was incalculably weaker, of that singular chain of independent interdependents, the principle of which was a confederacy for the preservation of individual, consistently with general, freedom. In short, Italy, in the time of Dante, was an after-birth of eldest Greece, a renewal or a reflex of the old Italy under its kings and first Roman consuls, a net-work of free little republics, with the same domestic feuds, civil wars, and party spirit,—the same vices and virtues produced on a similarly narrow theatre,—the existing state of things being, as in all small democracies, under the working and direction of certain individuals, to whose will even the laws were swayed ;—whilst at the same time the singular spectacle was exhibited amidst all this confusion of the flourishing of commerce, and the protection and encouragement of letters and arts. Never was the commercial spirit so well reconciled to the nobler principles of social polity as in Florence. It tended there to union and permanence and elevation,—not as the overbalance of it in England is now doing, to dislo-

¹ Reprinted from *L.R.*

cation, change and moral degradation. The intensest patriotism reigned in these communities, but confined and attached exclusively to the small locality of the patriot's birth and residence ; whereas in the true Gothic feudalism, country was nothing but the preservation of personal independence. But then, on the other hand, as a counterbalance to these disuniting elements, there was in Dante's Italy, as in Greece, a much greater uniformity of religion common to all than amongst the northern nations.

Upon these hints the history of the republican aeras of ancient Greece and modern Italy ought to be written. There are three kinds or stages of historic narrative ;—1. that of the annalist or chronicler, who deals merely in facts and events arranged in order of time, having no principle of selection, no plan of arrangement, and whose work properly constitutes a supplement to the poetical writings of romance or heroic legends :—2. that of the writer who takes his stand on some moral point, and selects a series of events for the express purpose of illustrating it, and in whose hands the narrative of the selected events is modified by the principle of selection ;—as Thucydides, whose object was to describe the evils of democratic and aristocratic partizanships ;—or Polybius, whose design was to show the social benefits resulting from the triumph and grandeur of Rome, in public institutions and military discipline ;—or Tacitus, whose secret aim was to exhibit the pressure and corruptions of despotism ;—in all which writers and others like them, the ground-object of the historian colours with artificial lights the facts which he relates :—3. and which in idea is the grandest—the most truly founded in philosophy—there is the Herodotean history, which is not composed with reference to any particular causes, but attempts to describe human nature itself on a great scale as a portion of the drama of providence, the free will of man resisting the destiny of events,—for the individuals often succeeding against it, but for the race always yielding to it, and in the resistance itself invariably affording means towards the completion of the ultimate result. Mitford's history is a good and useful work ; but in his zeal

against democratic government, Mitford forgot, or never saw, that ancient Greece was not, nor ought ever to be considered, a permanent thing, but that it existed, in the disposition of providence, as a proclaimer of ideal truths, and that everlasting proclamation being made, that its functions were naturally at an end.

However, in the height of such a state of society in Italy, Dante was born and flourished ; and was himself eminently a picture of the age in which he lived. But of more importance even than this, to a right understanding of Dante, is the consideration that the scholastic philosophy was then at its acme even in itself ; but more especially in Italy, where it never prevailed so exclusively as northward of the Alps. It is impossible to understand the genius of Dante, and difficult to understand his poem, without some knowledge of the characters, studies, and writings of the schoolmen of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. For Dante was the living link between religion and philosophy ; he philosophized the religion and christianized the philosophy of Italy ; and, in this poetic union of religion and philosophy, he became the ground of transition into the mixed Platonism and Aristotelianism of the Schools, under which, by numerous minute articles of faith and ceremony, Christianity became a craft of hair-splitting, and was ultimately degraded into a complete *fetisch* worship, divorced from philosophy, and made up of a faith without thought, and a credulity directed by passion. Afterwards, indeed, philosophy revived under condition of defending this very superstition ; and, in so doing, it necessarily led the way to its subversion, and that in exact proportion to the influence of the philosophic schools. Hence it did its work most completely in Germany, then in England, next in France, then in Spain, least of all in Italy. We must, therefore, take the poetry of Dante as christianized, but without the further Gothic accession of proper chivalry. It was at a somewhat later period, that the importations from the East, through the Venetian commerce and the crusading armaments, exercised a peculiarly strong influence on Italy.

In studying Dante, therefore, we must consider carefully the differences produced, first, by allegory being substituted for polytheism ; and secondly and mainly, by the opposition of Christianity to the spirit of pagan Greece, which receiving the very names of its gods from Egypt, soon deprived them of all that was universal. The Greeks changed the ideas into finites, and these finites into *anthropomorphi*, or forms of men. Hence their religion, their poetry, nay, their very pictures, became statuesque. With them the form was the end. The reverse of this was the natural effect of Christianity ; in which finites, even the human form, must, in order to satisfy the mind, be brought into connexion with, and be in fact symbolical of, the infinite ; and must be considered in some enduring, however shadowy and indistinct, point of view, as the vehicle or representative of moral truth.¹

Hence resulted two great effects ; a combination of poetry with doctrine, and, by turning the mind inward on its own essence instead of letting it act only on its outward circumstances and communities, a combination of poetry with sentiment. And it is this inwardness or subjectivity, which principally and most fundamentally distinguishes all the classic from all the modern poetry. Compare the passage in the *Iliad* (Z. vi. 119-236) in which Diomed and Glaucus change arms,—

χείρας τ' ἀλλήλων λαβέτην καὶ πιστώσαντο—

They took each other by the hand, and pledged friendship—

with the scene in Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, c. i. st. 20-22), where Rinaldo and Ferrauto fight and afterwards make it up :—

Al Pagan la proposta non dispiacque :
Così fu differita la tenzone ;
E tal tregua tra lor subito nacque,
Sì l' odio e l' ira va in obliuione,
Che 'l Pagano al partir dalle fresche acque

¹ All this is again a reworking of the old ideas from Schlegel's first lecture. See the index to Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism* under 'Romantic' and 'Statuesque' for various parallels. Cf. also Lectures I and II of the present series of lectures.

Non lasciò a piede il buon figliuol d' Amone :
 Con preghi invita, e al fin lo toglie in groppa,
 E per l' orme d' Angelica galoppa.

Here Homer would have left it. But the Christian poet has his own feelings to express, and goes on :—

Oh gran bontà de' cavalieri antiqui !
 Eran rivali, eran di fè diversi,
 E si sentian degli aspri colpi iniqui
 Per tutta la persona anco dolersi ;
 E pur per selve oscure e calli obliqui
 Insieme van senza sospetto aversi !

And here you will observe, that the reaction of Ariosto's own feelings on the image or act is more fore-grounded (to use a painter's phrase) than the image or act itself.¹

The two different modes in which the imagination is acted on by the ancient and modern poetry, may be illustrated by the parallel effects caused by the contemplation of the Greek or Roman-Greek architecture, compared with the Gothic. In the Pantheon, the whole is perceived in a perceived harmony with the parts which compose it ; and generally you will remember that where the parts preserve any distinct individuality, there simple beauty, or beauty simply, arises ; but where the parts melt undistinguished into the whole, there majestic beauty, or majesty, is the result. In York Minster, the parts, the grotesques, are in themselves very sharply distinct and separate, and this distinction and separation of the parts is counterbalanced only by the multitude and variety of those parts, by which the attention is bewildered ;—whilst the whole, or that there is a whole produced, is altogether a feeling in which the several thousand distinct impressions lose themselves as in a universal solvent. Hence in a Gothic cathedral, as in a prospect from a mountain's top, there is, indeed, a unity, an awful oneness ;—but it is, because all

¹ This paragraph is a paraphrase of a passage in Schiller's essay, "On Naive and Sentimental Poetry," *Werke* (Säkular-Ausgabe), Stuttgart, 1904-05, xii. 184 ; *Essays* (Bohn translation), 282-84. This striking and complete parallel, which leaves no doubt of Coleridge's indebtedness, was pointed out by A. C. Dunstan in the *Modern Language Review* (1922), xvii. 274-75.

distinction evades the eye. And just such is the distinction between the Antigone of Sophocles and the Hamlet of Shakspeare.¹

The Divina Commedia is a system of moral, political, and theological truths, with arbitrary personal exemplifications, which are not, in my opinion, allegorical. I do not even feel convinced that the punishments in the Inferno are strictly allegorical. I rather take them to have been in Dante's mind *quasi-allegorical*, or conceived in analogy to pure allegory.²

I have said, that a combination of poetry with doctrines, is one of the characteristics of the Christian muse ; but I think Dante has not succeeded in effecting this combination nearly so well as Milton.

This comparative failure of Dante, as also some other peculiarities of his mind, *in malam partem*, must be immediately attributed to the state of North Italy in his time, which is vividly represented in Dante's life ; a state of intense democratical partizanship, in which an exaggerated importance was attached to individuals, and which whilst it afforded a vast field for the intellect, opened also a boundless arena for the passions, and in which envy, jealousy, hatred, and other malignant feelings, could and did assume the form of patriotism, even to the individual's own conscience.

All this common, and, as it were, natural partizanship was aggravated and coloured by the Guelf and Ghibelline factions ; and, in part explanation of Dante's adherence to the latter, you must particularly remark, that the Pope had recently territorialized his authority to a great extent, and that this increase of territorial power in the church, was by no means the same beneficial movement for the citizens of free republics, as the parallel advance in other countries was for those who groaned as vassals under the oppression of the circumjacent baronial castles.³

¹ This paragraph is a development of Schlegel, *Werke* (Böcking), v. 10-12.

² Cf. the attack on allegory on pp. 31-32.

³ " Mr. Coleridge here notes : ' I will, if I can, here make an historical movement, and pay a proper compliment to Mr. Hallam.' "— H. N. C.

By way of preparation to a satisfactory perusal of the *Divina Commedia*, I will now proceed to state what I consider to be Dante's chief excellences as a poet. And I begin with

I. Style—the vividness, logical connexion, strength and energy of which cannot be surpassed. In this I think Dante superior to Milton; and his style is accordingly more imitable than Milton's, and does to this day exercise a greater influence on the literature of his country. You cannot read Dante without feeling a gush of manliness of thought within you. Dante was very sensible of his own excellence in this particular, and speaks of poets as guardians of the vast armory of language, which is the intermediate something between matter and spirit:—

Or se' tu quel Virgilio, e quella fonte,
Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume?
Risposi lui con vergognosa fronte.
O degli altri poeti onore e lume,
Vagliami 'l lungo studio e 'l grande amore,
Che m' han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.
Tu se' lo mio maestro, e 'l mio autore:
Tu se' solo colui, da cu' io tolsi
Lo bello stile, che m' ha fatto onore.

Inf., c. i. v. 79.

“And art thou then that Virgil, that well-spring,
From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued?” I, with front abash'd, replied:

“Glory and light of all the tuneful train!
May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conn'd it o'er. My master, thou, and guide!
Thou he from whom I have alone^a deriv'd
That style, which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me.”

CARY.

Indeed there was a passion and a miracle of words in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, after the long slumber of language in barbarism, which gave an almost romantic character, a virtuous quality and power, to what was read in

^a Read ‘alone I have.’

a book, independently of the thoughts or images contained in it. This feeling is very often perceptible in Dante.

II. The Images in Dante are not only taken from obvious nature, and are all intelligible to all, but are ever conjoined with the universal feeling received from nature, and therefore affect the general feelings of all men. And in this respect, Dante's excellence is very great, and may be contrasted with the idiosyncracies of some meritorious modern poets, who attempt an eruditeness, the result of particular feelings. Consider the simplicity, I may say plainness, of the following simile, and how differently we should in all probability deal with it at the present day :

Quale i fioretti dal notturno gelo
Chinati e chiusi, poi che 'l sol gl' imbianca,
Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo,—
Tal ^b mi fec' io di mia virtute stanca :

Inf., c. 2. v. 127.

As florets, by the frosty air of night
Bent down and clos'd, when day has blanch'd their leaves,
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems,—
So was my fainting vigour new restor'd.

CARY.¹

III. Consider the wonderful profoundness of the whole third canto of the *Inferno* ; and especially of the inscription over Hell gate :

Per me si va, &c.—

which can only be explained by a meditation on the true nature of religion ; that is,—reason *plus* the understanding. I say profoundness rather than sublimity ; for Dante does not so much elevate your thoughts as send them down deeper. In this canto all the images are distinct, and even vividly distinct ; but there is a total impression of infinity ; the wholeness is not in vision or conception, but in an inner feeling of totality, and absolute being.

^b L.R. '*Fal.*'

¹ " Mr. Coleridge here notes : ' Here to speak of Mr. Cary's translation.' "—H. N. C.

IV. In picturesqueness,¹ Dante is beyond all other poets, modern or ancient, and more in the stern style of Pindar, than of any other. Michel Angelo is said to have made a design for every page of the *Divina Commedia*. As super-excellent in this respect, I would note the conclusion of the third canto of the *Inferno* :

Ed ecco verso noi venir per nave
Un vecchio bianco per antico pelo
Gridando : guai a voi anime prave : &c.

Ver. 82. &c.

And lo ! toward us in a bark
Comes on an old man, hoary white with eld,
Crying, " Woe to you wicked spirits ! "

CARY.

Caron dimonio con occhi di bragia
Loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie :
Batte col remo qualunque s' adagia.
Come d' autunno si levan le foglie
L' una appresso dell' altra, infin che 'l ramo
Rende ^a alla terra tutte le sue spoglie ;
Similmente il mal seme d' Adamo,
Gittansi di quel lito ad una ad una
Per cenni, com' augel per suo richiamo.

Ver. 109.^b &c.

—Charon, demoniac form,
With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
Beck'ning, and each that lingers, with his oar
Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves,
One still another following, till the bough

^a Cary's text. Read ' Vede.'

^b L.R. ' 100.'

¹ I have in my possession a single page of lecture notes on Dante purchased in 1930 from Colbeck, Radford, and Co., who obtained it from Mrs. L. E. Watson, grand-daughter of James Gillman. One brief note is perhaps worth preserving :

" Picturesque throughout—the admirable balance of the natural and spiritual. Pathos and loveliness ; but still the *Venus masculus*—stern. The reality such as really [?] to impress the feeling of a book of travels in an unknown country—in a still greater degree and with less *inter-tonality* than in Swift's *Gulliver*, great as this is."

Strews all its honours on the earth beneath ;—
 E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood
 Cast themselves one by one down from the shore
 Each at a beck, as falcon at his call. CARY.

And this passage, which I think admirably picturesque :

Ma poco valse, che l' ale al sospetto
 Non potero avanzar : quegli andò sotto,
 E quei drizzò, volando, suso il petto :
 Non altrimenti l' anitra di botto,
 Quando 'l falcon s' appressa, giù s' attuffa,
 Ed ei ritorna su crucciato e rotto.

Irato Calcabrina della buffa,
 Volando dietro gli tenne, invaghito,
 Che quei campasse, per aver la zuffa :

E come 'l barattier fu disparito,
 Così volse gli artigli al suo compagno,
 E fu con lui sovra 'l fosso ghermito.

Ma l' altro fu bene spavvier grifagno
 Ad artigliar ben lui, e amedue
 Cadder nel mezzo del bollente stagno.

Lo caldo sghermidor subito fue :
 Ma però di levarsi era niente,
 Sì aveano inviscate l' ale sue.

Infer., c. xxii. ver. 127, &c.

But little it avail'd : terror outstripp'd
 His following flight : the other plung'd beneath,
 And he with upward pinion rais'd his breast :
 E'en thus the water-fowl, when she perceives
 The falcon near, dives instant down, while he
 Enrag'd and spent retires. That mockery
 In Calcabrina fury stirr'd, who flew
 After him, with desire of strife inflam'd ;
 And, for the barterer had 'scap'd, so turn'd
 His talons on his comrade. O'er the dyke
 In grapple close they join'd ; but th' other prov'd
 A goshawk, able to rend well his foe ;
 And in the boiling lake both fell. The heat
 Was umpire soon between them, but in vain
 To lift themselves they strove, so fast were glued
 Their pennons. CARY.

V. Very closely connected with this picturesqueness, is the topographic reality of Dante's journey through Hell. You should note and dwell on this as one of his great charms, and which gives a striking peculiarity to his poetic power. He thus takes the thousand delusive forms of a nature worse than chaos, having no reality but from the passions which they excite, and compels them into the service of the permanent. Observe the exceeding truth of these lines :

Noi ricidemmo 'l cerchio all' altra riva,
Sovr' una fonte che bolle, e riversa,
Per un fossato che da lei diriva.

L' acqua era buja molto più che persa :
E noi in compagnia dell' onde bige
Entrammo giù per una via diversa.

Una palude fa, ch' ha nome Stige,
Questo tristo ruscel, quando è disceso
Al piè delle maligne piagge grige.

Ed io che di mirar mi stava inteso,—
Vidi genti fangose in quel pantano
Ignude tutte, e con sembiante offeso.

Questi sì percotean non pur con mano,
Ma con la testa, e col petto, e co' piedi,
Troncandosi co' denti a brano a brano.

Così girammo della lorda pozza
Grand' arco tra la ripa secca e 'l mezzo,
Con gli occhi volti a chi del fango ingozza :
Venimmo appiè d' una torre al dassezzo.

C. vii. ver. 100 and 127.

—We the circle cross'd
To the next steep, arriving at a well,
That boiling pours itself down to a foss
Sluic'd from its source. Far murkier was the wave
Than sablest grain : and we in company
Of th' inky waters, journeying by their side,
Enter'd, though by a different track, beneath.
Into a lake, the Stygian nam'd, expands
The dismal stream, when it hath reach'd the foot
Of the grey wither'd cliffs. Intent I stood

To gaze, and in the marish sunk, descried
 A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks
 Betok'ning rage. They with their hands alone
 Struck not, but with the head, the breast, the feet,
 Cutting each other piecemeal with their fangs.

—Our route

Thus compass'd, we a segment widely stretch'd
 Between the dry embankment and the cove
 Of the loath'd pool, turning meanwhile our eyes
 Downward on those who gulp'd its muddy lees ;
Nor stopp'd, till to a tower's low base we came.

CARY.

VI. For Dante's power,—his absolute mastery over, although rare exhibition of, the pathetic, I can do no more than refer to the passages on Francesca di Rimini (*Infer. C. v. ver. 73 to the end*) and on Ugolino, (*Infer. C. xxxiii. ver. 1. to 75.*) They are so well known, and rightly so admired, that it would be pedantry to analyze their composition ; but you will note that the first is the pathos of passion, the second that of affection ; and yet even in the first, you seem to perceive that the lovers have sacrificed their passion to the cherishing of a deep and rememberable impression.

VII. As to going into the endless subtle beauties of Dante, that is impossible ; but I cannot help citing the first triplet of the 29th canto of the *Inferno* :

La molta gente e le diverse piaghe
 Avean le luci mie sì inebriate,
 Che dello stare a piangere eran vaghe.

So were mine eyes inebriate with the view
 Of the vast multitude, whom various wounds
 Disfigur'd, that they long'd to stay and weep.

CARY.

Nor have I now room for any specific comparison of Dante with Milton. But if I had, I would institute it upon the ground of the last canto of the *Inferno* from the 1st to the 69th line, and from the 106th to the end. And in this comparison I should notice Dante's occasional fault of becoming

grotesque from being too graphic without imagination ; as in his Lucifer compared with Milton's Satan. Indeed he is sometimes horrible rather than terrible,—falling into the *μισητόν* instead of the *δεινόν* of Longinus¹ ; in other words, many of his images excite bodily disgust, and not moral fear. But here, as in other cases, you may perceive that the faults of great authors are generally excellencies carried to an excess.

MILTON

Born in London, 1608.—Died, 1674.²

If we divide the period from the accession of Elizabeth to the Protectorate of Cromwell into two unequal portions, the first ending with the death of James I. the other comprehending the reign of Charles and the brief glories of the Republic, we are forcibly struck with a difference in the character of the illustrious actors, by whom each period is rendered severally memorable. Or rather, the difference in the characters of the great men in each period, leads us to make this division. Eminent as the intellectual powers were that were displayed in both ; yet in the number of great men, in the various sorts of excellence, and not merely in the variety but almost diversity of talents united in the same individual, the age of Charles falls short of its predecessor ; and the stars of the Parliament, keen as their radiance was, in fulness and richness of lustre, yield to the constellation at the court of Elizabeth ;—which can only be paralleled by Greece in her brightest moment, when the titles of the poet, the philosopher, the historian, the statesman and the general not seldom formed a garland round the same head, as in the instances of our Sidneys and Raleighs. But then, on the other hand, there was a vehemence of will, an enthusiasm of principle, a depth and an earnestness of spirit, which the charms of individual fame and personal aggrandisement could not pacify,—an aspiration after reality, permanence, and general good,—

¹ ix. 24. Cf. pp. 82, 84, 88, 306.

² Reprinted from *L.R.*

in short, a moral grandeur in the latter period, with which the the low intrigues, Machiavellic maxims, and selfish and servile ambition of the former, stand in painful contrast.¹

The causes of this it belongs not to the present occasion to detail at length ; but a mere allusion to the quick succession of revolutions in religion, breeding a political indifference in the mass of men to religion itself, the enormous increase of the royal power in consequence of the humiliation of the nobility and the clergy—the transference of the papal authority to the crown,—the unfixed state of Elizabeth's own opinions, whose inclinations were as popish as her interests were protestant—the controversial extravagance and practical imbecility of her successor—will help to explain the former period ; and the persecutions that had given a life and soul-interest to the disputes so imprudently fostered by James,—the ardour of a conscious increase of power in the commons, and the greater austerity of manners and maxims, the natural product and most formidable weapon of religious disputation, not merely in conjunction, but in closest combination, with newly awakened political and republican zeal, these perhaps account for the character of the latter aera.

In the close of the former period, and during the bloom of the latter, the poet Milton was educated and formed ; and he survived the latter, and all the fond hopes and aspirations which had been its life ; and so in evil days, standing as the representative of the combined excellence of both periods, he produced the *Paradise Lost* as by an after-throe of nature. “ There are some persons (observes a divine, a contemporary of Milton's) of whom the grace of God takes early hold, and the good spirit inhabiting them, carries them on in an even constancy through innocence into virtue, their Christianity bearing equal date with their manhood, and reason and religion, like warp and woof, running together, make up one web of a wise and exemplary life. This (he adds) is a most happy case, wherever it happens ; for, besides that there is no sweeter or more lovely thing on earth than the early buds of

¹ Cf. Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 115-16, for another treatment of this subject.

piety, which drew from our Saviour signal affection to the beloved disciple, it is better to have no wound than to experience the most sovereign balsam, which, if it work a cure, yet usually leaves a scar behind." Although it was and is my intention to defer the consideration of Milton's own character to the conclusion of this Lecture, yet I could not prevail on myself to approach the *Paradise Lost* without impressing on your minds the conditions under which such a work was in fact producible at all, the original genius having been assumed as the immediate agent and efficient cause; and these conditions I find in the character of the times and in his own character. The age in which the foundations of his mind were laid, was congenial to it as one golden æra of profound erudition and individual genius;—that in which the superstructure was carried up, was no less favourable to it by a sternness of discipline and a show of self-control, highly flattering to the *imaginative dignity of an heir of fame*, and which won Milton over from the dear-loved delights of academic groves and cathedral aisles to the anti-prelatic party. It acted on him, too, no doubt, and modified his studies by a characteristic controversial spirit, (his presentation of God is tinted with it)—a spirit not less busy indeed in political than in theological and ecclesiastical dispute, but carrying on the former almost always, more or less, in the guise of the latter. And so far as Pope's censure of our poet,—that he makes God the Father a school divine¹—is just, we must attribute it to the character of his age, from which the men of genius, who escaped, escaped by a worse disease, the licentious indifference of a Frenchified court.

Such was the *nidus* or soil, which constituted, in the strict sense of the word, the circumstances of Milton's mind. In his mind itself there were purity and piety absolute; an imagination to which neither the past nor the present were interesting, except as far as they called forth and enlivened the great ideal, in which and for which he lived; a keen love

¹ "And God the Father turns a school divine." *Imitations of Horace*, First Epistle of the Second Book, l. 102.

Cf. *Table-Talk*, September 4, 1833, quoted in this volume, p. 429.

of truth, which, after many weary pursuits, found a harbour in a sublime listening to the still voice in his own spirit, and as keen a love of his country, which, after a disappointment still more depressive, expanded and soared into a love of man as a probationer of immortality. These were, these alone could be, the conditions under which such a work as the *Paradise Lost* could be conceived and accomplished. By a life-long study Milton had known—

What was of use to know,
What best to say could say, to do had done.
His actions to his words agreed, his words
To his large heart gave utterance due, his heart
Contain'd of good, wise, fair, the perfect shape ;¹

and he left the imperishable total, as a bequest to the ages coming, in the *PARADISE LOST*.²

Difficult as I shall find it to turn over these leaves without catching some passage, which would tempt me to stop, I propose to consider, 1st, the general plan and arrangement of the work ;—2ndly, the subject with its difficulties and advantages ;—3rdly, the poet's object, the spirit in the letter, the ἐνθύμιον ἐν μύθῳ, the true school-divinity ; and lastly, the characteristic excellencies of the poem, in what they consist, and by what means they were produced.

1. As to the plan and ordonnance of the Poem.

Compare it with the *Iliad*, many of the books of which might change places without any injury to the thread of the

¹ Coleridge is adapting a passage from *Paradise Regained*, iii. 7-11.

—what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do ;
Thy actions to thy words accord ; thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due ; thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.

² " Here Mr. C. notes : ' Not perhaps here, but towards, or as, the conclusion, to chastise the fashionable notion that poetry is a relaxation or amusement, one of the superfluous toys and luxuries of the intellect ! To contrast the permanence of poems with the transiency and fleeting moral effects of empires, and what are called, great events.' "—H. N. C. For Coleridge's development of this idea, cf. his *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 253-56 ; ii. 69-70, 114.

story. Indeed, I doubt the original existence of the *Iliad* as one poem ; it seems more probable that it was put together about the time of the Pisistratidae. The *Iliad*—and, more or less, all epic poems, the subjects of which are taken from history—have no rounded conclusion ; they remain, after all, but single chapters from the volume of history, although they are ornamental chapters. Consider the exquisite simplicity of the *Paradise Lost*. It and it alone really possesses a beginning, a middle, and an end ; it has the totality of the poem as distinguished from the *ab ovo* birth and parentage, or straight line, of history.

2. As to the subject.

In Homer, the supposed importance of the subject, as the first effort of confederated Greece, is an after-thought of the critics ; and the interest, such as it is, derived from the events themselves, as distinguished from the manner of representing them, is very languid to all but Greeks. It is a Greek poem. The superiority of the *Paradise Lost* is obvious in this respect, that the interest transcends the limits of a nation. But we do not generally dwell on this excellence of the *Paradise Lost*, because it seems attributable to Christianity itself ;—yet in fact the interest is wider than Christendom, and comprehends the Jewish and Mohammedan worlds ;—nay, still further, inasmuch as it represents the origin of evil, and the combat of evil and good, it contains matter of deep interest to all mankind, as forming the basis of all religion, and the true occasion of all philosophy whatsoever.

The FALL of Man is the subject ; Satan is the cause ; man's blissful state the immediate object of his enmity and attack ; man is warned by an angel who gives him an account of all that was requisite to be known, to make the warning at once intelligible and awful ; then the temptation ensues, and the Fall ; then the immediate sensible consequence ; then the consolation, wherein an angel presents a vision of the history of men with the ultimate triumph of the Redeemer. Nothing is touched in this vision but what is of general interest in religion ; anything else would have been improper.

The inferiority of Klopstock's Messiah is inexpressible. I admit the prerogative of poetic feeling, and poetic faith ; but I cannot suspend the judgment even for a moment. A poem may in one sense be a dream, but it must be a waking dream. In Milton you have a religious faith combined with the moral nature ; it is an efflux ; you go along with it. In Klopstock there is a wilfulness ; he makes things so and so. The feigned speeches and events in the Messiah shock us like falsehoods ; but nothing of that sort is felt in the Paradise Lost, in which no particulars, at least very few indeed, are touched which can come into collision or juxtaposition with recorded matter.

But notwithstanding the advantages in Milton's subject, there were concomitant insuperable difficulties, and Milton has exhibited marvellous skill in keeping most of them out of sight. High poetry is the translation of reality into the ideal under the predicament of succession of time only. The poet is an historian, upon condition of moral power being the only force in the universe. The very grandeur of his subject ministered a difficulty to Milton. The statement of a being of high intellect, warring against the supreme Being, seems to contradict the idea of a supreme Being. Milton precludes our feeling this, as much as possible, by keeping the peculiar attributes of divinity less in sight, making them to a certain extent allegorical only. Again, poetry implies the language of excitement ; yet how to reconcile such language with God ? Hence Milton confines the poetic passion in God's speeches to the language of scripture ; and once only allows the *passio vera*, or *quasihumana* to appear, in the passage, where the Father contemplates his own likeness in the Son before the battle :—

Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder ; my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all Heaven's bounds into the utter deep :

There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and Messiah his anointed king.

B. VI. v. 710.

3. As to Milton's object :—

It was to justify the ways of God to man ! The controversial spirit observable in many parts of the poem, especially in God's speeches, is immediately attributable to the great controversy of that age, the origination of evil. The Arminians considered it a mere calamity. The Calvinists took away all human will. Milton asserted the will, but declared for the enslavement of the will out of an act of the will itself. There are three powers in us, which distinguish us from the beasts that perish ;—1, reason ; 2, the power of viewing universal truth ; and 3, the power of contracting universal truth into particulars. Religion is the will in the reason, and love in the will.

The character of Satan is pride and sensual indulgence, finding in self the sole motive of action. It is the character so often seen *in little* on the political stage. It exhibits all the restlessness, temerity, and cunning which have marked the mighty hunters of mankind from Nimrod to Napoleon. The common fascination of men is, that these great men, as they are called, must act from some great motive. Milton has carefully marked in his Satan the intense selfishness, the alcohol of egotism, which would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven. To place this lust of self in opposition to denial of self or duty, and to show what exertions it would make, and what pains endure to accomplish its end, is Milton's particular object in the character of Satan. But around this character he has thrown a singularity of daring, a grandeur of sufferance, and a ruined splendour, which constitute the very height of poetic sublimity.

Lastly, as to the execution :—

The language and versification of the *Paradise Lost* are peculiar in being so much more necessarily correspondent to each than those in any other poem or poet. The connexion of the sentences and the position of the words are exquisitely artificial ; but the position is rather according to the logic of

passion or universal logic, than to the logic of grammar. Milton attempted to make the English language obey the logic of passion as perfectly as the Greek and Latin. Hence the occasional harshness in the construction.

Sublimity is the pre-eminent characteristic of the *Paradise Lost*. It is not an arithmetical sublime ¹ like Klopstock's, whose rule always is to treat what we might think large as contemptibly small. Klopstock mistakes bigness for greatness. There is a greatness arising from images of effort and daring, and also from those of moral endurance ; in Milton both are united. The fallen angels are human passions, invested with a dramatic reality.

The apostrophe to light at the commencement of the third book is particularly beautiful as an intermediate link between Hell and Heaven ; and observe, how the second and third book support the subjective character of the poem. In all modern poetry in Christendom there is an under consciousness of a sinful nature, a fleeting away of external things, the mind or subject greater than the object, the reflective character predominant. In the *Paradise Lost* the sublimest parts are the revelations of Milton's own mind, producing itself and evolving its own greatness ; and this is so truly so, that when that which is merely entertaining for its objective beauty is introduced, it at first seems a discord.

In the description of Paradise itself you have Milton's sunny side as a man ; here his descriptive powers are exercised to the utmost, and he draws deep upon his Italian resources. In the description of Eve, and throughout this part of the poem, the poet is predominant over the theologian. Dress is the symbol of the Fall, but the mark of intellect ; and the metaphysics of dress are, the hiding what is not symbolic and displaying by discrimination what is. The love of Adam and Eve in Paradise is of the highest merit—not phantomatic, and yet removed from every thing degrading. It is the sentiment of one rational being towards another made tender by a specific difference in that which is

¹ Cf. the comment on the 'material sublime' in Schiller, *Table-Talk*, December 29, 1822 (reprinted in the *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 351).

essentially the same in both ; it is a union of opposites, a giving and receiving mutually of the permanent in either, a completion of each in the other.

Milton is not a picturesque, but a musical, poet¹ ; although he has this merit that the object chosen by him for any particular foreground always remains prominent to the end, enriched, but not incumbered, by the opulence of descriptive details furnished by an exhaustless imagination. I wish the *Paradise Lost* were more carefully read and studied than I can see any ground for believing it is, especially those parts which, from the habit of always looking for a story in poetry, are scarcely read at all,—as for example, Adam's vision of future events in the 11th and 12th books. No one can rise from the perusal of this immortal poem without a deep sense of the grandeur and the purity of Milton's soul, or without feeling how susceptible of domestic enjoyments he really was, notwithstanding the discomforts which actually resulted from an apparently unhappy choice in marriage. He was, as every truly great poet has ever been, a good man ; but finding it impossible to realize his own aspirations, either in religion, or politics, or society, he gave up his heart to the living spirit and light within him, and avenged himself on the world by enriching it with this record of his own transcendent ideal.

NOTES ON MILTON. 1807²

(Hayley quotes the following passage³ : —)

"Time serves not now, and, perhaps, I might seem too profuse to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to

¹ This is the distinction applied by Schiller to Klopstock in his essay, "On Naive and Sentimental Poetry." See *Essays* (Bohn translation), p. 303.

² "These notes were written by Mr. Coleridge in a copy of Hayley's *Life of Milton* (4to. 1796), belonging to Mr. Poole. By him they were communicated, and this seems the fittest place for their publication."—H. N. C. Here reprinted from *L.R.* I omit another (political) note on Hayley printed in Coleridge's *Notes Theological, Political, and Miscellaneous*, ed. by Derwent Coleridge, 1853.

³ From Milton's essay, *The Reason of Church Government*, Book II, ch. 1.

herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting ; whether that epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and *the Book of Job a brief, model.*"^a p. 69.

These latter words deserve particular notice. I do not doubt that Milton intended his *Paradise Lost* as an epic of the first class, and that the poetic dialogue of the *Book of Job* was his model for the general scheme of his *Paradise Regained*. Readers would not be disappointed in this latter poem, if they proceeded to a perusal of it with a proper pre-conception of the kind of interest intended to be excited in that admirable work. In its kind it is the most perfect poem extant, though its kind may be inferior in interest—being in its essence didactic—to that other sort, in which instruction is conveyed more effectively, because less directly, in connection with stronger and more pleasurable emotions, and thereby in a closer affinity with action. But might we not as rationally object to an accomplished woman's conversing, however agreeably, because it has happened that we have received a keener pleasure from her singing to the harp ? *Si genus sit probo et sapienti viro haud indignum, et si poema sit in suo genere perfectum, satis est. Quod si hoc auctor idem altioribus numeris et carmini diviniore ipsum per se divinum superaddiderit, mehercule satis est, et plusquam satis.* I cannot, however, but wish that the answer of Jesus to Satan in the 4th book, (v. 285.)—

Think not but that I know these things ; or think
I know them not, not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought, &c.

had breathed the spirit of Hayley's noble quotation rather than the narrow bigotry of Gregory the Great. The passage is, indeed, excellent, and is partially true ; but partial truth is the worst mode of conveying falsehood.

Hayley, p. 75. "The sincerest friends of Milton may here agree with Johnson, who speaks of *his controversial merriment as disgusting*."^a

^a *H. N. C.'s italics.*

The man who reads a work meant for immediate effect on one age with the notions and feelings of another, may be a refined gentleman, but must be a sorry critic. He who possesses imagination enough to live with his forefathers, and, leaving comparative reflection for an after moment, to give himself up during the first perusal to the feelings of a contemporary, if not a partizan, will, I dare aver, rarely find any part of Milton's prose works disgusting.

(Hayley, p. 104. Hayley is speaking of the passage in Milton's Answer to Icon Basilice,¹ in which he accuses Charles of taking his Prayer in captivity from Pamela's prayer in the 3rd book of Sidney's Arcadia. The passage begins,—

“ But this king, not content with that which, although in a thing holy, is no holy theft, to attribute to his own making other men's whole prayers,” &c. Symmons' ed.² 1806, p. 407.)

Assuredly, I regret that Milton should have written this passage ; and yet the adoption of a prayer from a romance on such an occasion does not evince a delicate or deeply sincere mind. We are the creatures of association. There are some excellent moral and even serious lines in Hudibras ; but what if a clergyman should adorn his sermon with a quotation from that poem ! Would the abstract propriety of the verses leave him “ honourably acquitted ? ” The Christian baptism of a line in Virgil is so far from being a parallel, that it is ridiculously inappropriate,—an absurdity as glaring as that of the bigotted Puritans, who objected to some of the noblest and most scriptural prayers ever dictated by wisdom and piety, simply because the Roman Catholics had used them.

Hayley, p. 107. “ The ambition of Milton,” &c.

I do not approve the so frequent use of this word relatively to Milton. Indeed the fondness for ingrafting a good sense on the word “ ambition,” is not a Christian impulse in general.

¹ *Eikonoclastes*, chapter i.

² ii. 407-11.

Hayley, p. 110. "Milton himself seems to have thought it allowable in literary contention to vilify, &c. the character of an opponent; but surely this doctrine is unworthy,"¹ &c.

If ever it were allowable, in this case² it was especially so. But these general observations, without meditation on the particular times and the genius of the times, are most often as unjust as they are always superficial.

(Hayley, p. 133. Hayley is speaking of Milton's panegyric on Cromwell's government:—)

Besides, however Milton might and did regret the immediate necessity, yet what alternative was there? Was it not better that Cromwell should usurp power, to protect religious freedom at least, than that the Presbyterians should usurp it to introduce a religious persecution,—extending the notion of spiritual concerns so far as to leave no freedom even to a man's bedchamber?

(Hayley, p. 250. Hayley's conjectures on the origin of the *Paradise Lost*:³—)

If Milton borrowed a hint from any writer, it was more probably from Strada's *Prolusions*, in which the Fall of the Angels is pointed out as the noblest subject for a Christian poet.⁴ The more dissimilar the detailed images are, the more likely it is that a great genius should catch the general idea.

(Hayl.⁵ p. 294. Extracts from the *Adamo* of Andreini⁶:)

¹ Though given in quotation marks, this is a summary of the passage in question, rather than a quotation.

² Against Salmasius.

³ Hayley considers Voltaire's statement that Milton received the first hint of *Paradise Lost* from seeing Andreini's *Adamo* while in Italy. This suggestion appeared first in Voltaire's English essay on "Epic Poetry," later expanded in French.

⁴ "The reference seems generally to be to the 5th *Prolusion* of the 1st Book. *His arcus ac tela, quibus olim in magno illo Superum tumultu princeps armorum Michael confixit auctorem proditionis; his fulmina humane mentis terror. . . . In nubibus armatas bello legiones instruat, atque inde pro re nata auxiliares ad terram copias evocabo. . . . Hic mihi Caelites, quos esse ferunt elementorum tutelares, prima illa corpora miscebunt.* sect. 4."—H. N. C.

⁵ Appendix, pp. 294-95.

⁶ Hayley prints the Italian and the English translation on opposite pages.

" Lucifero. Che dal mio centro oscuro
 Mi chiama a rimirar cotanta luce ?
 Who from my dark abyss
 Calls me to gaze on this *excess of light* ? "

The words in italics are an unfair translation. They may suggest that Milton really had read and did imitate this drama. The original is 'in so great light.' Indeed the whole version is affectedly and inaccurately Miltonic.

Ib. v. 11. Che di fango opre festi—
 Forming thy works of *dust*
 (no, dirt ¹—)

Ib. v. 17. Tessa pur stella a stella
 V' aggiungo e luna, e sole.—
 Let him unite above
 Star upon star, moon, sun.

Let him weave star to star,
 Then join both moon and sun ¹ !

Ib. v. 21. Ch' al fin con biasmo e scorno
 Vana l' opra sara, vano ^a il sudore !
 Since in the end derision ^b
 Shall prove his works and all his efforts vain.

Since finally with censure and disdain
 Vain shall the work be, and his toil be vain !

1796 ²

The reader of Milton must be always on his duty : he is surrounded with sense ; it rises in every line ; every word is to the purpose. There are no lazy intervals : all has been

^a Hayley (incorrectly), 'vana.'

^b L.R., 'division.'

¹ S. T. C.

² "From a commonplace book of Mr. C.'s, communicated by Mr. J. M. Gutch."—H. N. C. Now in the British Museum, *Add. MS.* 27, 901. Reproduced roughly in Herrig's *Archiv*, xcvi (1896), 333-72. Discussed in Professor Lowes's book, *The Road to Xanadu*, *passim*. The paragraph above is from p. 79 of the note-book, from which I have corrected the version in L.R. H. N. C.'s date has no authority, but is right, within a year or so, at least.

considered, and demands and merits observation. If this be called obscurity, let it be remembered 'tis ^a such a one ^b as is complaisant ^c to the reader: not that vicious obscurity, which proceeds from a muddled head.

MILTON'S MINOR POEMS ¹

Of criticism ² we may perhaps say, that those divine poets, Homer, Eschylus, and the two compeers, Dante, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, who deserve to have Critics, κριταί, are placed above criticism in the vulgar sense, and move in the sphere of religion, while those who are not such scarcely deserve criticism in any sense. But speaking generally, it is far, far better to distinguish poetry into different classes; and, instead of fault-finding, to say this belongs to such or such a class—thus noting inferiority in the *sort* rather than censure on the particular poem or poet. We may *outgrow* certain *sorts* of poetry (Young's *Night-thoughts*, for instance) without arraigning their excellence *proprio genere*. In short, the wise is the genial; and the genial judgment is to distinguish accurately the character and characteristics of each poem, praising them according to their force and vivacity in their own kind—and to reserve reprehension for such as have no *character*—tho' the wisest reprehension would be not to speak of them at all.

^a L.R., 'that it is.'

^b L.R., 'such an obscurity.'

^c L.R., 'a compliment.'

¹ These marginalia are taken from a copy of Milton's *Poems Upon Several Occasions*, London, 1791 (ed. by Thomas Warton). According to the inscriptions on its fly-leaves, it was first presented to Coleridge by John Wat-son, October 17, 1823. It eventually passed into the possession of John Drinkwater (1921) and then (1927) of the Harvard College Library, in which it has the catalogue number, 19478.635*. Mr. Drinkwater published the marginalia in *The London Mercury*, September 1926, pp. 491-505, and republished them in *A Book for Bookmen* (London, 1926), pp. 63-91. The present text is independent, taken directly from the marginalia, and slightly varies from Mr. Drinkwater's version. In addition, I have, as usual, normalized punctuation, capitalization, etc., according to the preliminary statement in the Preface of this text.

² Fly-leaves.

Preface

Most shamefully incorrect. The *errata* in the Latin quotations are so numerous and so whimsical as to puzzle the ingenuity of the best Latinist. I suspect that this is one of old Lackington's pirate editions. The paper seems too bad for such respectable publishers as the Robinsons, who did not deal in this *charta cactilis*.¹

[Warton, p. iii :

After the publication of the PARADISE LOST, *whose* ² acknowledged merit and increasing celebrity . . .]

Can Tom Warton have been guilty of this offence against prose English ? " Whose " instead of " of which."

[Warton, p. iv :

It was late in the present century, before they [Milton's early poems] attained their just measure of esteem and popularity. Wit and rhyme, sentiment and satire, polished numbers, sparkling couplets, and pointed periods, having so long kept undisturbed possession in our poetry, would not easily give way to fiction and fancy, to picturesque description, and romantic imagery.]

It is hard to say which of the two kinds of metrical composition are here most unfaithfully characterised, that which Warton opposes to the Miltonic, or the Miltonic asserted to have been eclipsed by the former. But a marginal note does not give room enough to explain what I mean.³

[P. 1. *Lycidas*, l. 1.

Yet once more, O ye laurels.

Warton's note : The best poets imperceptibly adopt phrases and formularies from the writings of their contemporaries or immediate predecessors. An Elegy on the death

¹ Unpleasant paper. Coleridge, '*charta cacatilis*.'

² Coleridge's italics.

³ After this note Drinkwater prints (from p. xx) some proof-reading corrections by Coleridge on Cowley's hymn *In Lucem*, which I degrade to the notes : for '*removit*,' Coleridge reads '*renovat*' (properly, '*revomit* '); for '*lonitur*,' '*leniter*.'

of the celebrated Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sydney's sister, begins thus :

Yet once againe, my Musc.]

This, no doubt, is true ; but the application to particular instances is exceedingly suspicious. Why, in Heaven's name ! might not " once more " have as well occurred to Milton as to Sydney ? On similar subjects or occasions some similar thoughts *must* occur to different persons, especially if men of resembling genius, quite independent of each other. The proof of this, if proof were needed, may be found in the works of contemporaries of different countries in books published at the very *same time*, where neither *could* have seen the work of the other—perhaps ignorant of the language. I gave my lectures on Shakespeare two years before Schlegel *began* his at Vienna, and I was myself startled at the close, even verbal, parallelisms.¹

S. T. Coleridge.

[Pp. 1-2. *Lycidas*, ll. 2-5.

Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude ;
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year :

Warton's note : Here is an inaccuracy of the poet. The *Mellowing year* could not affect the leaves of the laurel, the myrtle and the ivy ; which last is characterised before as *never sere*.]

If this is not finding fault for fault-finding sake, Maister Tumnas ! I do not know what is. The young and diffident poet tells us, that the duty to his friend's memory compels him to produce a poem before his poetic genius had attained its full development, or had received the due culture and nourishment from learning and study. The faculties appertaining to poetic genius he symbolizes beautifully and appropriately by the laurel, the myrtle, and the ivy—all three

¹ Cf. my edition of Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. xxx-xxxii, 18-19 ; ii. 235-38, 306, etc.

berry-bearing plants : and these berries express here the *actual* state, degree, and quality of his poetic powers, as the plants themselves express the potential. The leaves of the ivy are "never sere," both because this is the general character of ivy and of verse, and by a natural and graceful prolepsis in reference to his own future productions. Now if Warton had *thought* instead of criticized, he must have seen that it was the berries which were to be plucked, but that in consequence of their unripeness and the toughness of the pedicles he was in danger of *shattering* the leaves in the attempt. It was the *berries*, I repeat, that the more advanced season was to have *mellowed* ; and who indeed ever dreamt of *mellowing* a leaf ? ! The autumn may be said to mellow the *tints* of the foliage ; but the word is never applied to the leaves themselves.

S. T. C.

[P. 3. *Lycidas*, ll. 10-11.

He knew ^a

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

Warton's note : The lofty rhyme is " the lofty verse," . . . I cannot however admit bishop Pearce's reasoning, who says, " Milton appears to have meant a different thing by RHIME here from RIME in his Preface, where it is six times mentioned, and always spelled without an *h*: whereas in all the Editions, RHIME in this place of the poem was spelled with an *h*. Milton probably meant a difference in the thing, by making so constant a difference in the spelling ; and intended we should here understand by RHIME not the *jingling sound of like Endings, but Verse in general.*" REVIEW OF THE TEXT OF PARADISE LOST, Lond. 1733. p. 5.]

I am still inclined to think Bishop Pearce in the right. It is the tendency of all languages to avail them of the opportunities given by accidental differences of pronunciation and spelling to make a word multiply on itself : *ex. gr.*, propriety, property ; Mister and Master. Besides, we can prove that this was Milton's plan. In the first edition of the *Paradise Lost* in twelve books, called the second edition, *hee*, *shee*, are

^a ' He well knew ' (*ms. and Milton's corr. in 1638 copy at Cambridge*).

systematically thus distinguished from *he* and *she* ; and *her*, *their* from *hir*, *thir*—when they are to convey a distinct image to the mind, and are not merely grammatical adjuncts, such as would be *understood* in Latin.

[Pp. 4-5. *Lycidas*, ll. 15, 18.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :

Warton's note : The epithet COY is at present restrained to Person. Antiently, it was more generally combined. Thus a shepherd in Drayton's Pastorals—

Shepherd, these things are ^a all too coy for me,
Whose youth is spent in jollity and mirth.

That is, " This sort of knowledge is too *hard*, too difficult for me, etc." ECLOGUES, vii. vol. iv. p. 1418. edit., Oldys, 8vo. Lond. 1753.]

Why, Warton ! dear Tom Warton ! wake up, my good fellow ! You are snoring. Even in Drayton's " Pastoral " the " coy " is poorly explained into " hard ; " but here it is evidently *personal*—excuse showing coyness in the Sisters. But this is nothing to the want of tact, taste, and ear—yea, of eye and sagacious nostril—evidenced in the preference given to the edit [ion of] 1638. The paragraph ^b begins anew with "Together," etc. After "shroud" there should be a colon only.¹

[P. 5. *Lycidas*, ll. 23-27.

For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield . . .

Warton's note : Here [' Together both ' etc.] a new paragraph begins in the edition of 1645, and in all that followed.

^a Read ' been.'

^b Coleridge, ' § ph.'

¹ The point made here is continued in the next note, which comes from the fly-leaves, not p. 5, though Coleridge indicates its reference.

But in the edition of 1638, the whole context is thus pointed and arranged.^{1]}

It is astonishing to me that Warton should not have felt that the couplet

For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill,

is manifestly the basis or pedestal of the stanza or scheme of verse, commencing with "Begin then, Sisters," and that it is divided from the eighth line of the scheme² by a colon; *i.e.*, a full stop intended but with the *cadence* revoked, as it were, by a sudden recollection of some appertaining matter, confirming, enforcing, or completing the preceding thought. Then follows a pause, during which the thought last started and expressed generally, unfolds itself to the poet's mind, and he begins anew with the proof and exposition of it by the particulars. Another, and for a poet's ear convincing, proof that the couplet belongs to the third³ stanza is that the eighth² line, like the first,⁴ is *rhymeless*, and was left so, because the concurring rhymes of the concluding distich were foreseen as the compensations. *Mem.* This applicable to sonnets; viz., under what circumstances the sonnet should be 8+6, 12+2 or 14.

[P. 8. *Lycidas*, ll. 37-44.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn:

¹ Warton quotes the edition of 1638, arranged as to paragraph indentation as above, but with a comma after 'flock' and a semi-colon after 'rill.'

² "And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud." l. 22.

³ Read 'second.' The preceding note, and Coleridge's disagreement with Warton in this note, make it clear that he wishes to follow the edition of 1645 and begin a new metrical paragraph (the third) with 'Together both,' thus throwing the couplet "For we . . . rill" into the second paragraph.

⁴ "Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well." l. 15.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.]

There is a delicate beauty of sound produced by the floating or oscillation of assonance and consonance in the rhymes *gone, return, caves, o'ergrown, mourn, green, seen, lays*. Substitute *flown* for *gone* in the first line : and if you have a poet's ear, you will feel what you have lost and understand what I mean. I am bound, however, to confess that in the five last lines¹ of this stanza I find more of the fondness of a classical scholar for his favourite classics than of the self-subsistency of a poet destined to be himself a classic—more of the copyist of Theocritus and *his* copyist, Virgil, than of the free imitator, who seizes with a strong hand whatever he wants or wishes for his own purpose and justifies the seizure by the improvement of the material or the superiority of the purpose to which it is applied.

[Pp. 11-13. *Lycidas*, ll. 56-57. Warton's text.

Ay me ! I fondly dream !
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done ?

Warton's note : So these lines stand in editions 1638, 1645, and 1673, the two last of which were printed under Milton's eye.² Doctor Newton thus exhibits the passage :

Ay me ! I fondly dream
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done ?

and adds this note.

" We have here followed the pointing of Milton's manuscript in preference to all the editions : and the meaning

¹ These five lines, as Drinkwater points out, are presumably the five lines (ll. 45-49) which immediately follow the passage quoted above. They conclude the metrical paragraph or 'stanza,' as Coleridge calls it. They have, however, no signs of the influence of Virgil or Theocritus, though two reminiscences of Shakespeare have been noticed. The *next* six lines, however, ll. 50-55, are the direct imitation of Theocritus, *Idyll*, i. 66-69, and Virgil, *Ecl.*, x. 9-12. Though without giving a reference, Warton points out the imitation as obvious. There need be, I think, no question of Coleridge's intention.

² An unfortunate phrase, since Milton was blind when the edition of 1673 was printed.

plainly is, I fondly *dream of your having been there*, for what would that have signified ? ” But surely the words, *I fondly dream had ye been there*, will not bear this construction. The reading which I have adopted, to say nothing of its authority, has an abruptness which heightens the present sentiment, and more strongly marks the distraction of the speaker’s mind. “ Ah me ! I am fondly dreaming ! I will suppose you had been there—but *why should I suppose it*, for what would that have availed ? ” The context is broken and confused, and contains a sudden ellipse which I have supplied with the words in Italics.]

Had this been Milton’s intention, he would have written *but*, as Warton has done ¹; and not *for*. Newton’s is clearly the true reading.

[P. 13. *Lycidas*, l. 63.

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.

Warton’s note : In calling Hebrus SWIFT, Milton . . . appears to have followed a verse in the Eneid, i. 321. . . . But Milton was misled. . . . Even Servius . . . blames his author [Virgil] for attributing this epithet to Hebrus. . . .]

“ Smooth ” would have suited Milton’s purpose even better than “ swift,” even tho’ the latter had not been inappropriate, as poetically contrasting with the vehemence and turbulence of the preceding lines. Possibly, Milton was at this period of his life too predominantly a poet to have read Servius. *Mem.* The Virgilian line might not unhappily be applied to the Hon. Mr. B. ****, who has made a more hasty “ Cut and run ” than his *past* friend, H—r— *Volucrumque fugâ praevertitur Hebrum, i.e.* ;

Prick’t from behind by fear, his legs his bail,
Outruns swift HEBER following at his Tail.

[P. 44. *L’Allegro*, ll. 23–24.

Fill’d her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

¹ Not in his text, but in the ellipse supplied (in italics) in his note.

Warton's note : Mr. Bowle is of opinion, that this passage is formed from GOWER'S SONG in the Play of PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE. A. i. s. i.]

Perhaps no more convincing proof can be given that the power of poetry is from a *genius*, *i.e.*, not included in the faculties of the human mind common to all men, than these so frequent "opinions," that this and that passage was formed from, or borrowed, or stolen, etc., from this or that other passage, found in some other poet or poem, three or three hundred years elder. In the name of common sense, if Gower¹ could write the lines without having seen Milton, why not Milton have done so tho' Gower had never existed ? That Mr. Bowle or Bishop Newton, or Mr. Cory, etc., should be unable to imagine the origination of a fine thought, is no way strange ; but that *Warton* should fall into the same dull cant ! !

[P. 64. *L'Allegro*, ll. 133-34.

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

Hurd, quoted by Warburton : Milton shews his judgement here, in celebrating Shakespeare's *Comedies*, rather than his *Tragedies*. For models of the latter, he refers us rightly, in his *PENSEROSO*, to the Grecian scene, V. 97. H.]

H. thou Right Reverend Aspirate ! what had'st thou to do with sweetest Shakespeare ? Was it not enough to *merder*² the Prophets ? But to be serious—if by tragedies Hurd means "song of the goat," and if there were any pagans that had to make such, they would have to look to the ancient Greeks for models. But what Shakespeare proposed to realise was an imitation of human actions in connection with sentiments, passions, characters, incidents, and events, for the purpose of pleasurable emotions ; so that whether this

¹ Coleridge has misread Warton and should have said 'Shakespeare.' The Gower mentioned by Bowle and Warton is the character who speaks the prologue in Shakespeare's play.

² "No one can have heard quarrels among the vulgar but must have noticed the close connection of punning with angry contempt." Coleridge, *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 38.

be shewn by tears of laughter or tears of tenderness, they shall still be tears of delight, and united with intellectual complacency. Call such a work a drama : and then I will tell the whole herd of Hurdite critics, that the dramas of Shakespeare, whether the lighter or the loftier emotions preponderate, are all, the one no less than the other, MODELS, with which it would be cruel and most unjust to the *manes* either of Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, or of Aristophanes, to compare the *tragedies* of the former or the comedies of the latter. Shakespeare produced dramatic poems, not tragedies nor comedies. . . If the Greek tragedies, or as H. affectedly expresses it, " the Greek scene " be a model for anything modern, it must be for the opera houses. S. T. C.

[P. 76. *Il Penseroso*, ll. 1-60.]

The first sixty lines are (with unfeigned diffidence I add) in my humble judgement not only inferior to the *Allegro*, but such as many a second-rate poet, a pygmy compared with Milton, might have written.

[Pp. 88-89. *Il Penseroso*, ll. 146-150.

Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.

Warton's note : I do not exactly understand the whole of the context. Is the Dream to wave at Sleep's wings ? Doctor Newton will have *wave* to be a verb neuter : and very justly, as the passage now stands. But let us strike out *at*, and make *wave* active.

—Let some strange mysterious dream
Wave his wings, in airy stream, &c.

" Let some fantastic DREAM put the wings of SLEEP in motion, which shall be *displayed*, or expanded, in an *airy* or soft *stream* of visionary imagery, gently falling or settling on my eye-lids." Or, *his* may refer to DREAM, and not to SLEEP,

with much the same sense. In the mean time, supposing *lively* adverbial, as was now common, *displayed* will connect with *pourtraiture*, that is "pourtraiture lively displayed," with this sense, "Wave his wings, in an airy stream of rich pictures so *strongly displayed* in vision as to resemble real *Life*." Or, if *lively* remain as an adjective, much in the same sense, *displayed* will signify *displaying* itself. On the whole, we must not here seek for precise meanings of parts, but acquiesce in a general idea resulting from the whole, which I think is sufficiently seen.]

A winged Dream upon a winged Sleep on the Poet's eyelids! More sacks on the Mill! Warton must have written these notes in a careless hurry.

Explain the four lines as you will, and tinker them how you can, they will remain a confused and awkwardly arranged period. But the *construing* I take to be this—and at his wings (*dewy-feather'd*) softly laid on my eyelids let some st[range] mys[terious] dream flow wavingly in aery stream of lively portraiture—*display'd* being a rhyme to "laid," and therefore not *quite* superfluous. S. T. C.

P.S.—If any conjectural reading were admissible, I should prefer

Weave on his wings its aery scheme (or theme)
In lively, etc.

[P. 93. Hurd, quoted by Warton :

Of these two exquisite little poems [*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*], I think it clear that this last is the most taking ; which is owing to the subject. The mind delights most in these solemn images, and a genius delights most to paint them.]

I feel the direct opposite, almost painfully. But I suspect that this contrariety would go thro' all my decisions in reference to Bishop Hurd's.

[P. 152. *Comus*, l. 108.

And Advice with scrupulous head.

Warburton, quoted by Warton : The manuscript reading, *And quick Law*, is the best. It is not the essential attribute of *Advice* to be *Scrupulous* : but it is of *Quick Law*, or *Watchful Law*, to be so.]

Bless me ! Who would have expected a remark so tasteless or so shallow a reason from Warton ? ¹ It is not the essential character of advice, but it is the very character by which the god of riot and wassail would ridicule him. And then the sound and rhythm. *Quick* law and the confusion of executive (quick) with judicial law (scrupulous). In short, the wonder is that it should be found in the MS. as having occurred to Milton.

[P. 155. *Comus*, l. 140.

From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.

Warton's note : We have LOOP-HOLES of the Indian fig-tree PARAD. L. B. ix. 1110. . . . Milton was a student in botany. He took his description of this multifarious tree from the account of it in Gerard's HERBALL, Lib. iii. c. 135. p. 1513. edit. 1633.²]

If I wished to display the charm and *effect* of metre and the *art* of poetry, independent of the thoughts and images—the superiority, in short, of *poematic* over *prose* composition, the poetry or no-poetry being the same in both, I question whether a more apt and convincing instance could be found, than in these exquisite lines of Milton's compared with the passage in Gerard ^a of which they are the organised version. Shakespeare's Cleopatra on the Cydnus, compared with the original in North's Plutarch, is another almost equally striking example. S. T. C. 22nd Octr. 1823. Ramsgate.

[P. 168. *Comus*, ll. 238-39.

O, if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave.

^a Coleridge, 'Gerald.'

¹ It comes from Warburton, not Warton. Coleridge has misinterpreted the initial 'W,' which Warton attached to Warburton's notes, not to his own.

² Warton quotes Gerard at length.

Warton's note : Here is a seeming inaccuracy for the sake of the rhyme. But the sense being hypothetical and contingent, we will suppose an elleipsis of *shouldest* before *have*.]

Could Warton have been so ignorant of English grammar ? His brother ¹ would have flogged a Winchester lad for an equivalent ignorance in a Latin subjunctive.

[P. 188. *Comus*, l. 380.

Were all to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

Warton's note : ALL-TO, or AL-TO, is, *Intirely*.]

Even this is not the exact meaning of *to*—or *all-to*—which answers to the German *Zer*, as our *for* in forlorn to *ver*, pronounced *fer*.

[Pp. 241-42. *Comus*, ll. 892-95.

My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agat, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue; and emrald green,
That in the channel strays.]

L. 895, the word "strays" *needed* a note—and therefore it is the only part of the sentence left unnoticed. First of all, turquoises and emeralds are not much addicted to *straying* anywhere ; and the last place I should look for them, would be in channels ; and secondly, the verb is in the singular number and belongs to *sheen*, *i.e.*, lustre, shininess, as its nominative case. It may therefore bear a question whether Milton did mean the wandering flitting tints and hues of the water, in my opinion a more poetical as well as much more appropriate imagery. He particularizes one precious stone, the agate, which often occurs in brooks and rivulets, and leaves the *substance* of the other *ornaments* as he had of the chariot itself undetermined, and describes them by the effect on the eye : thickset with agate and that transparent, or humid, shine of (turquoise-like) blue, and (emeraldine) green that strays in the channel. For it is in the water immediately above the pebbly bed of the brook that one seems to see these lovely glancing water-tints.

¹ Joseph Warton, headmaster of Winchester.

N.B.—This note ¹ in the best style of Warburtonian perverted ingenuity.

[P. 250. *Comus*, ll. 946-955.

And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside
All the swains that near abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort ;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer.]

With all prostration of reverence at the feet of even the juvenile ^a Milton, I must yet lift up my head enough to pillow my chin on the rose of his shoe, and ask him in a timid whisper whether rhymes and finger-metre do not render poor flat prose ludicrous, rather than tend to elevate it, or even to hide its nakedness.

[P. 272. *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, l. 116.

With unexpressive notes . . .]

It is strange that *Milton* should have held it allowable to substitute the active aorist *ive* for the passive adjective *ible*. It was too high a compliment even to Shakespeare. What should we think of "undescriptive" for "indescribable?" Surely, no authority can justify such a solecism.

[P. 274. *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, Stanza xv.

Yea Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow ; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering :
And heav'n, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gate of her high palace hall.]

^a Coleridge, 'Juvenal'!

¹ That is, Coleridge's own, not any note in Warton or Warburton.

XV. A glorious subject for the ceiling of a princely banquet-room, in the style of Parmeggiano or Allston. S. T. C.

Stanza XXIII, I think I have seen—possibly, by Fuseli.
[P. 281. *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*,
ll. 229-231.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave. . . .

Warton's note : The words *pillows* and *chin*, throw an air of burlesque and familiarity over a comparison most exquisitely conceived and adapted.]

I have tried in vain to imagine in what other way the image could be given. I rather think that it is one of the hardi-nesses permitted to a great poet. Dante would have written it : *tho' it is most in the spirit of Donne*.

[P. 286. *The Passion*. Milton's note.

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.]

I feel grateful to Milton that instead of preserving only the VIth and the first five lines of the VIIIth stanza, he has given us the whole eight. The true solution of 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 7th stanzas is, that Milton had not yet *untaught* himself the looking up to inferior minds which he had been taught to consider as models. He did not yet dare to know how great he was.

[P. 307. *At a Vacation Exercise*, ll. 3-4.

And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant-lips.]

"Slide" seems to me not quite the right word. Perhaps "stumble" or "struggle" would be better? Omitting "my :"

Half unpronounced, stumbles thro' infant lips.

[P. 307. *At a Vacation Exercise*, ll. 5-6.

Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before :]

Well might he speak late who spoke to such purpose !

[P. 312. *At a Vacation Exercise*, l. 60.

The faery ladies danc'd upon the hearth. . . .

Warton's note : It may be remarked, that they both [fairies and Aristotle's ten categories] were in fashion, and both exploded, at the same time.]

Exploded ? The Categories ? Aristotle's *Table* of the Categories was corrected and improved, but even this not till long after the date of this Exercise.

[P. 314. *At a Vacation Exercise*, l. 83. Warton's note.

Substantia substantiae nova contrariatur, is a school-maxim.]

It is curious that on this purely logical conception, or rather *form* of conceiving, Spinoza re-codified the pantheism of the old Greek philosophy. S. T. C.

[Pp. 318-19. *On the University Carrier*. (Two poems.)

Hurd, quoted by Warton : I wonder Milton should suffer these two things on Hobson to appear in his edition of 1645. He, who at the age of nineteen, had so just a contempt for,

Those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight,
Which take our new fantastics with delight.¹]

It is truly edifying to observe what value and importance certain critics attach to a farthing's worth of paper. One *wonders*—another *regrets*—just as if the two poor copies of verses had been a dry-rot, threatening the whole life and beauty of the *Comus*, *Lycidas*, and other work in their vicinity ! I confess that I have read these Hobsons twenty times, and always with amusement, without the least injury to the higher and very different delight afforded by Milton's *poetry*.—These are the Junior Soph's very learned jocularities. S. T. C.

And why should not Milton as well as other Cantabs like

¹ *At a Vacation Exercise*, ll. 19-20.

to chuckle over his old college jokes and crack them anew ?¹

[P. 340. Sonnet to Mr. H. Lawes.]

It is rather singular that the compliment to a musician by the most musical of all poets and who loved the man as well as his art, should be the least musical of all the sonnets— notwithstanding the sweetness of the three last lines. S. T. C.

[P. 376. Translation of Psalm VII. Warton's note.

This is a very pleasing Stanza, and which I do not elsewhere recollect.]

Q[uer]y ? A B A B B A. A more pleasing stanza might I think be constructed for a *shorter* poem by extending it to eight lines, A B A B B A B A ; ire, rage, fire, cage, page, sire, wage, lyre.

[P. 378. Translation of Psalm VIII, ll. 1-8.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence t' oppose.]

A truly majestic composition. Milton pronounced *Jē hō vāh*, as an amphimacer. S. T. C.

Milton's ear taught him that accent even with emphasis, provided the latter be slight, quickens the sound. I doubt not that Milton meant there should be no elision of the *e* final of the definite article, but intended *thē ěnēmŷ* for a dactylic or tetrabrachisochronous only to an emphasized iambic. I find it easy to read the line so as to give it a good and striking metrical effect, by at once rapidly and yet emphatically pronouncing " the ěnemy " with a smart stroke on the " en."

S. T. Coleridge.

[P. 379. Translation of Psalm VIII, ll. 17-18.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet. . . .]

¹ Again I degrade to a note two proof-reading corrections printed by Drinkwater from p. 330 of the annotated volume : ' amor ' for ' ampor ' (a typographical error) ; ' meraviglia ' for ' maraviglia.' Coleridge is in error in the second. The reference is to the Italian sonnet to Diodati, ' Diodati, e te 'l diro, etc."

The two first lines of the fifth ¹ stanza are more difficult. Yet even here there needs only an educated ear. In the first line the two last feet properly read are almost spondees instead of iambs: the others, a trochee and a choriambic. Now count the four last syllables as equal to six breves, and you have the same number of times as in pure iambs, the spondaic character of the two last feet compensating for the quickened utterance of the three former.

[Pp. 385-86. Translation of Psalm LXXXII.

With a few alterations this Psalm might be adopted in a new church version, or at least a revision of Sternhold.

[P. 386. Translation of Psalm LXXXII, l. 24.

As other princes *die*.]

“Other?” Ought not the word to have been in italics? This is the only passage or verse in the Old Testament in which I can imagine any allusion to the fall of the Spirits, the Thrones, or Potentates. *Ἰδέαι ἡ Ἀριθμοί*. Our Lord plainly interpreted the verse in this sense.

[P. 421. *Eleg. I. ad Carolum Diodatum*, l. 12.

Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

Warton interprets the line (with Milton's later reference to his ‘exitium’) as evidence “that Milton was sentenced to undergo a temporary removal or rustication from Cambridge.”]

I cannot agree with Warton.² It seems to me far more probable that Diodati ^a in a pedantic fit had called Milton's vacation an exile from the Muses—and that Milton tacitly, or rather implicitly, reproves his friend's pedantry. But how Warton could have so utterly mistaken the sense of the eleventh and twelfth lines is astonishing.

^a Coleridge, ‘*Deodati*.’

¹ The translation is printed in quatrains in Warton's edition.

² For a full discussion of this, see Masson, *Life of Milton* (1881), i. 159-66, and his edition of the *Poetical Works* (1874), ii. 327-28; iii. 486. Cowper, Todd, Keightley, Masson, etc., agree with Warton, not Coleridge.

[P. 429. *Eleg. I. ad Carolum Diodatum*, l. 70.

Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.]

Remarkable, that a man of so fine an ear as Milton, should have endured a short syllable before *st*—*theatra stolis*.¹

NOTES IN ANDERSON'S *BRITISH POETS* ²

[Life of Milton. The sale of *Paradise Lost* to the publisher.

He sold the copy to Samuel Simmons for Five Pounds in hand, Five Pounds more when 1300 should be sold, and the same sum on the publication of the second and third Editions, for each edition. Of this agreement Milton received in all Fifteen Pounds; and his widow afterwards sold her claims for Eight.]

In the nature of things this is impossible. Say rather it is contradictory, as illustrating what it is meant to illustrate, the paltry payment for the *Paradise Lost*. I do not doubt the fact; that is too well established! but I as little doubt that these five pounds were means to transfer the property legally, and I could venture to determine that they were devoted by Milton to charitable purposes: a man might incautiously sell any copyright for £5; but would any man in his senses who wished to sell it, have bargained that after 1300 copies, he should have £5 more? If the sum was greater than now, was not likewise paper, printing, etc., cheaper in the same proportion? I do not know the price at which the first edition of *Paradise Lost* was sold—say only five shillings—yet $1300 \times 5 = 6500s. = £325$. Say that the expenses of publication, paper, printing, etc., cost an £100 (in all probability not above £50) still the net profit would be £225; and this a man with his eyes open (for he states the number of the edition, 1300) *sells* for £10. Nay, and nothing more was demanded, even tho' by the sale of the

¹ Again I degrade to the notes an incorrect conjecture printed by Drinkwater from p. 533. In the poem *Ad Salsillum (Sylvarum Liber)*, l. 6, Coleridge strangely proposes to read 'hanc' for 'haec.'

² From the Kensington set described in the Preface to this volume.

first edition the success of the poem must have been then proved ! and this too by Milton, who remained *the admired* of all parties, and the revered of a very numerous one, and with whose name "all Europe rung from side to side." Even so, I doubt not that it was Milton's injunction to his widow to pursue the same course and not degrade the divine Muse by merchandize. S. T. C.

[*Paradise Lost*, V. 469-70.

O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return, etc.]

There is nothing wanting to render this a perfect enunciation of the only true system of physics but to declare the "one first matter all" to be a one act or power consisting in two forces or opposite tendencies, φύσις διπλοειδής, *potentialiter sensitiva*, and all that follows, the same in different potencies. For matter can neither be *ground* or distilled into spirit. The spirit is an island harbourless, and every way inaccessible. All its contents are its products, all its denizens indigenious. Ergo, as matter could exist only for the spirit, and is for the spirit, it cannot exist. Matter as a *principle* does not exist at all ; but as a mode of spirit, and derivatively, it may and does exist : it being indeed the intelligential act in its first potency.

The most doubtful position in Milton's ascending series is the derivation of Reason from the Understanding—without a medium.¹ S. T. C.

[*Paradise Regained*, IV. 563-81. The comparison of the victory of Christ over Satan with that of Heracles over Antaeus.]

O that these eighteen lines had been omitted. Here, as in one other instance in the *Paradise Lost*, power and fertility injure strength and majesty.

[Milton's Introduction to *Samson Agonistes*.

Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this Work never was intended) is here omitted.

¹ V. 486-87.

Fancy and understanding ; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act.]

The submission of Milton's mind to the ancients indiscriminately (spite of the declaration, in *Paradise Regained*, B. iv,¹ in this vol., p. 121) is here curiously exemplified.

The play has *no* acts : for Aristotle prescribes none, and the Greek tragedies knew of no such divisions—but yet it is not extended beyond the fifth act, for a line of Horace ² (a mere *ipse dixit* without one reason assigned, and therefore probably founded on some accident of the Roman stage) enjoins the *non quinto productior actu*. Into such contradictions could overweening reverence of Greek and Latin authorities seduce the greatest and most judicious of men ! And from the same cause must we explain the stern censure on the heterogeneous (comic stuff with tragic gravity) as applied to Shakespeare. Milton had not reflected that poetry is capable of subsisting under two different modes, the statuesque—as Sophocles—and the picturesque—as Shakespeare—the former producing a whole by the separation of different, the latter by the balance, counteraction, inter-modifications, and final harmony of different.³ Of this latter Shakespeare is the only instance. In all other writers tragi-comedy merits all that Milton has here affirmed concerning it. S. T. C.

[Milton's Latin poem, "De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles Intellexit."]

This is not, as has been supposed, a ridicule of Plato ; but of the gross Aristotelian misinterpretation of the Platonic Idea, or Homo *Archetypus*.

¹ Evidently Christ's reply to Satan, disparaging the merely human wisdom of Greece. Cf. the reference to the same passage in the remark on Daniel's poem, "To the Lady Lucy," p. 239.

² *Ars Poetica*, 189.

³ Cf. Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 176, 222 ; ii. 262. This is one of Coleridge's favourite borrowings from A. W. von Schlegel's first lecture of the series on dramatic art and literature.

LECTURE XI¹

The rather miscellaneous subjects announced for this lecture were the *Arabian Nights* ; the *romantic* use of the supernatural in poetry and in non-poetical works of fiction ; and the use of such books in early education. H. N. Coleridge extends even this large program with notes on the Samothracian mysteries, De Foe marginalia, and the general education of children. I feel no scruple in printing the marginalia on De Foe at a later point, but the other materials may have been included by Coleridge in his actual lectures and H. N. C. tells us that they were "Partly from Mr. Green's note." We are sadly cheated in hearing nothing of "the *romantic* use of the supernatural in poetry."

ASIATIC AND GREEK MYTHOLOGIES

A CONFOUNDING of God with Nature, and an incapacity of finding unity in the manifold and infinity in the individual,—these are the origin of polytheism. The most perfect instance of this kind of theism is that of early Greece ; other nations seem to have either transcended, or come short of, the old Hellenic standard,—a mythology in itself fundamentally allegorical, and typical of the powers and functions of nature, but subsequently mixed up with a deification of great men and hero-worship,—so that finally the original idea became inextricably combined with the form and attributes of some legendary individual. In Asia, probably from the greater unity of the government and the still surviving influence of patriarchal tradition, the idea of the unity of God, in a distorted reflection of the Mosaic scheme, was much more generally preserved ; and accordingly all other super or ultra-human beings could only be represented as ministers of, or rebels against, his will. The Asiatic genii and fairies are, therefore, always endowed with moral qualities, and

¹ Reprinted from *L.R.*, with omissions, as indicated.

distinguishable as malignant or benevolent to man. It is this uniform attribution of fixed moral qualities to the supernatural agents of eastern mythology that particularly separates them from the divinities of old Greece.

Yet it is not altogether improbable that in the Samothracian or Cabeiric mysteries the link between the Asiatic and Greek popular schemes of mythology lay concealed. Of these mysteries there are conflicting accounts, and, perhaps, there were variations of doctrine in the lapse of ages and intercourse with other systems. But, upon a review of all that is left to us on this subject in the writings of the ancients, we may, I think, make out thus much of an interesting fact,—that *Cabiri*, impliedly at least, meant *socii*, *complices*, having a hypostatic or fundamental union with, or relation to, each other; that these mysterious divinities were, ultimately at least, divided into a higher and lower triad; that the lower triad, *primi quia infimi*, consisted of the old Titanic deities or powers of nature, under the obscure names of *Axieros*, *Axiokersos*, and *Axiokersa*, representing symbolically different modifications of animal desire or material action, such as hunger, thirst, and fire, without consciousness; that the higher triad, *ultimi quia superiores*, consisted of Jupiter, (Pallas, or Apollo, or Bacchus, or Mercury, mystically called *Cadmilos*) and Venus, representing, as before, the *νοῦς* or reason, the *λόγος* or word or communicative power, and the *ἔρως* or love;—that the *Cadmilos* or Mercury, the manifested, communicated, or sent, appeared not only in his proper person as second of the higher triad, but also as a mediator between the higher and lower triad, and so there were seven divinities; and, indeed, according to some authorities, it might seem that the *Cadmilos* acted once as a mediator of the higher, and once of the lower, triad, and that so there were eight Cabeiric divinities. The lower or Titanic powers being subdued, chaos ceased, and creation began in the reign of the divinities of mind and love; but the chaotic gods still existed in the abyss, and the notion of evoking them was the origin, the idea, of the Greek necromancy.

These mysteries, like all the others, were certainly in

connection with either the Phœnician or Egyptian systems, perhaps with both. Hence the old Cabeiric powers were soon made to answer to the corresponding popular divinities ; and the lower triad was called by the uninitiated, Ceres, Vulcan or Pluto, and Proserpine, and the *Cadmilos* became Mercury. It is not without ground that I direct your attention, under these circumstances, to the probable derivation of some portion of this most remarkable system from patriarchal tradition, and to the connection of the Cabeiri with the Kabbala.

The Samothracian mysteries continued in celebrity till some time after the commencement of the Christian era.¹ But they gradually sank with the rest of the ancient system of mythology, to which, in fact, they did not properly belong. The peculiar doctrines, however, were preserved in the memories of the initiated, and handed down by individuals. No doubt they were propagated in Europe, and it is not improbable that Paracelsus received many of his opinions from such persons, and I think a connection may be traced between him and Jacob Behmen.

The Asiatic supernatural beings are all produced by imagining an excessive magnitude, or an excessive smallness combined with great power ; and the broken associations, which must have given rise to such conceptions, are the sources of the interest which they inspire, as exhibiting, through the working of the imagination, the idea of power in the will. This is delightfully exemplified in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and indeed, more or less, in other works of the same kind. In all these there is the same activity of mind as in dreaming, that is—an exertion of the fancy in the combination and recombination of familiar objects so as to produce novel and wonderful imagery. To this must be added that these tales cause no deep feeling of a moral kind—whether of religion or love ; but an impulse of motion is communicated to the mind without excitement,

¹ “ In the reign of Tiberius, A.D. 18, Germanicus attempted to visit Samothrace ;—*illum in regressu sacra Samothracum visere nitentem obvii aquilones depulere*. Tacit. Ann. II. c. 54.”—H. N. C.

and this is the reason of their being so generally read and admired.

I think it not unlikely that the Milesian Tales contained the germs of many of those now in the Arabian Nights ; indeed it is scarcely possible to doubt that the Greek empire must have left deep impression on the Persian intellect. So also many of the Roman Catholic legends are taken from Apuleius. In that exquisite story of Cupid and Psyche, the allegory is of no injury to the dramatic vividness of the tale. It is evidently a philosophic attempt to parry Christianity with a *quasi*-Platonic account of the fall and redemption of the soul.

The charm of De Foe's works, especially of Robinson Crusoe, is founded on the same principle. It always interests, never agitates. Crusoe himself is merely a representative of humanity in general ; neither his intellectual nor his moral qualities set him above the middle degree of mankind ; his only prominent characteristic is the spirit of enterprise and wandering, which is, nevertheless, a very common disposition. You will observe that all that is wonderful in this tale is the result of external circumstances—of things which fortune brings to Crusoe's hand.¹

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

In the education of children, love is first to be instilled, and out of love obedience is to be educed. Then impulse and power should be given to the intellect, and the ends of a moral being be exhibited. For this object thus much is effected by works of imagination ;—that they carry the mind out of self, and show the possible of the good and the great in the human character. The height, whatever it may be, of the imaginative standard will do no harm ; we are commanded to imitate one who is inimitable. We should address ourselves to those faculties in a child's mind, which are first awakened by nature, and consequently first admit of culti-

¹ Followed in *L.R.* by marginalia on *Robinson Crusoe*. Cf. pp. 292-300 in the present text.

vation, that is to say, the memory and the imagination. The comparing power, the judgment, is not at that age active, and ought not to be forcibly excited, as is too frequently and mistakenly done in the modern systems of education, which can only lead to selfish views, debtor and creditor principles of virtue, and an inflated sense of merit. In the imagination of man exist the seeds of all moral and scientific improvement ; chemistry was first alchemy, and out of astrology sprang astronomy. In the childhood of those sciences the imagination opened a way, and furnished materials, on which the ratiocinative powers in a maturer state operated with success. The imagination is the distinguishing characteristic of man as a progressive being ; and I repeat that it ought to be carefully guided and strengthened as the indispensable means and instrument of continued amelioration and refinement.¹ Men of genius and goodness are generally restless in their minds in the present, and this, because they are by a law of their nature unremittingly regarding themselves in the future, and contemplating the possible of moral and intellectual advance towards perfection. Thus we live by hope and faith ; thus we are for the most part able to realize what we will, and thus we accomplish the end of our being. The contemplation of futurity inspires humility of soul in our judgment of the present.

I think the memory of children cannot, in reason, be too much stored with the objects and facts of natural history. God opens the images of nature, like the leaves of a book, before the eyes of his creature, Man—and teaches him all that is grand and beautiful in the foaming cataract, the glassy lake, and the floating mist.

The common modern novel, in which there is no imagination, but a miserable struggle to excite and gratify mere curiosity, ought, in my judgment, to be wholly forbidden to children. Novel-reading of this sort is especially injurious to the growth of the imagination, the judgment, and the morals, especially to the latter, because it excites mere

¹ The education of the imagination in children was a theme of other lectures of Coleridge. Cf. the *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 13, 109-10, 293.

feelings without at the same time ministering an impulse to action. Women are good novelists, but indifferent poets ; and this because they rarely or never thoroughly distinguish between fact and fiction. In the jumble of the two lies the secret of the modern novel, which is the *medium aliquid* between them, having just so much of fiction as to obscure the fact, and so much of fact as to render the fiction insipid. The perusal of a fashionable lady's novel is to me very much like looking at the scenery and decorations of a theatre by broad daylight. The source of the common fondness for novels of this sort rests in that dislike of vacancy and that love of sloth, which are inherent in the human mind ; they afford excitement without producing reaction.¹ By reaction I mean an activity of the intellectual faculties, which shows itself in consequent reasoning and observation, and originates action and conduct according to a principle. Thus, the act of thinking presents two sides for contemplation,—that of external causality, in which the train of thought may be considered as the result of outward impressions, of accidental combinations, of fancy, or the associations of the memory,—and on the other hand, that of internal causality, or of the energy of the will on the mind itself. Thought, therefore, might thus be regarded as passive or active ; and the same faculties may in a popular sense be expressed as perception or observation, fancy or imagination, memory or recollection.

¹ This is another favourite theme. Cf. the *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 247 ; ii. 57 ; and *Biographia Literaria* (Oxford), i. 34, note (Chap. III).

LECTURE XII

DREAMS AND APPARITIONS

... I¹ HAVE thought it a mistake, tho' a very general one, that in ordinary dreams we judge the objects to be real. The fact is that we simply do not determine that they are ^a unreal; and the sensations, which they seem to occasion, are in truth the causes and occasions of the images—of which there are two obvious proofs: first, that the strangest and most sudden transformations do not produce any sensation of surprise; and the second, that [in dreaming of] the most dreadful images, which during the dream were ^b accompanied with agonies of terror, we merely wake or even turn round on the other side, and off fly ^c both image and agony, which would be impossible if the sensations were produced by the images. This has always appeared to me absolute demonstration of the true nature of ghosts and apparitions, such of the tribe as were not pure lies. Fifty years ago, and to this day in the

^a MS., 'it is.'

^b MS., 'was.'

^c MS., 'flies.'

¹ This fragment (Add. MS., 34, 225, f. 54 verso) is the conclusion of a cancelled first draft of a lecture on stage illusion. The omitted introduction corresponds fairly closely with the final draft, up to the first two sentences of the second paragraph. For this final draft, see Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 199-203. The watermark is 1805. Those who may be curious regarding the editorial principles of *Literary Remains* should compare the section in the *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 199-207 (*Dramatic Illusion*) and the MS. printed above in the present work, with *Literary Remains*, i. 201-08 (Lecture XII, 1818) and ii. 36-39 ("Progress of the Drama"). The paragraph printed above in the present text is H. N. C.'s second in *L.R.* (i. 202). His first is similar to the introductory material which I have omitted from this cancelled first draft, but is actually taken from the end of the second draft, referred to in the second sentence of this note. The second draft was then printed (*L.R.*, ii. 36-39) without its own conclusion, but with an addition from another fragment printed in the *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 204. I shall explain the later deviations of my text from *L.R.* in the notes which follow.

runder parts of Great Britain and Ireland, in almost every kitchen, and in many parlours, you might meet persons who would assure you in the most solemn manner, so that you could not doubt of their *veracity* at least, that they had seen an apparition of such and such a person—in many cases, that the apparition had spoken to them ; and they describe themselves as in an agony of terror. “ But how were you in health the hour after ? ”—“ Oh, there was nothing the matter with my health.” Now take the other class of facts, in which real ghosts have appeared. I mean tricks and dressed up figures for the purpose of passing for an apparition. In every instance I have known or heard of (and I have collected very many) the consequence has been either sudden death, or fits, or idiocy, or mania, or a brain fever. Whence comes the difference ? Evidently from this—that in the one case the whole of the nervous system has been by slight internal causes, gradually and all together, brought into a certain state, the sensation of which is extravagantly exaggerated during sleep, and of which the images are the mere effects and exponents, as the motions of the weathercock are of the wind ; while in the other case, the image, rushing thro’ the senses upon a nervous system wholly unprepared, actually causes the sensation, which is sometimes powerful enough to produce a total check, and almost always lesion or inflammation. Who has not witnessed the difference in shock when we have leaped down half a dozen steps intentionally, and that of having missed a single stair ? How comparatively severe the latter is ! To ¹ return to dreams, however, I not only believe, from the reasons given, but have more than once actually experienced, that the most fearful forms, when produced simply by association, instead of causing pain, produce no other effect than the same would do if they had passed thro’ my mind as thoughts, while I was composing a fairy tale. The whole depends on the wise and gracious law

¹ From this point H. N. C. makes a new paragraph, which he prints after several paragraphs of interpolated material from a source or sources which I do not know. I reprint this long interpolation immediately after the conclusion of this MS.

in our nature that the actual bodily sensations called forth according to the law of association by thoughts and images of the mind, never greatly transcend the limits of pleasurable feeling in a tolerably healthy frame, unless where an act of judgment supervenes and interprets them as purporting instant danger to ourselves, as for instance in the case of the King in *Hamlet*.^a

The ¹ fact really is, as to apparitions, that the terror produces the image instead of the contrary ;² for *in omnem actum perceptionis influit imaginatio*, as says Wolfe.³

O, strange is the self-power of the imagination—when painful sensations have made it their interpreter, or returning gladness or convalescence has made its chilled and evanished figures and landscape bud, blossom, and live in scarlet, green, and snowy white (like the fire-screen inscribed with the nitrate and muriate of cobalt,)—strange is the power to represent the events and circumstances, even to the anguish or the triumph of the *quasi*-credent soul, while the necessary conditions, the only possible causes of such contingencies, are known to be in fact quite hopeless ;—yea, when the pure mind would recoil from the eve-lengthened shadow of an approaching hope, as from a crime ;—and yet the effect shall have place, and substance, and living energy, and, on a blue islet of ether, in a whole sky of blackest clouddage, shine like a firstling of creation !

To return, however, to apparitions, and by way of an

^a MS., 'when present at the play.' Deleted.

¹ The remaining notes on apparitions are reprinted from *L.R.*, where H. N. C. interpolates them in the MS. just printed above.

² Cf. *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. xxix (and *Letters*, ii. 683-84) for Coleridge's remark that he had made this observation himself before finding it in Richter (*Vorschule der Aesthetik*, section 5).

³ Quoted also in *The Friend*, Essay iii of the First Landing-Place. *Works* (Shedd ed.), ii. 136. The reference is given by Professor John L. Lowes (quoting Miss Alice D. Snyder) to Christian von Wolff's *Psychologia Rationalis* (1734), p. 20, ¶ 24 : 'imaginatio quoque in actum apperceptionis influit.' Cf. Lowes, *The Road to Xanadu*, 1930 enlarged edition, p. 6041.

amusing illustration of the nature and value of even contemporary testimony upon such subjects, I will present you with a passage, literally translated by my friend, Mr. Southey, from the well-known work of Bernal Dias,¹ one of the companions of Cortes, in the conquest of Mexico :

Here it is that Gomara says, that Francisco de Morla rode forward on a dappled grey horse, before Cortes and the cavalry came up, and that the apostle St. Iago, or St. Peter, was there. I must say that all our works and victories are by the hand of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that in this battle there were for each of us so many Indians, that they could have covered us with handfuls of earth, if it had not been that the great mercy of God helped us in every thing. And it may be that he of whom Gomara speaks, was the glorious Santiago or San Pedro, and I, as a sinner, was not worthy to see him ; but he whom I saw there and knew, was Francisco de Morla on a chestnut horse, who came up with Cortes. And it seems to me that now while I am writing this, the whole war is represented before these sinful eyes, just in the manner as we then went through it. And though I, as an unworthy sinner, might not deserve to see either of these glorious apostles, there were in our company above four hundred soldiers, and Cortes, and many other knights ; and it would have been talked of and testified, and they would have made a church, when they peopled the town, which would have been called Santiago de la Vittoria, or San Pedro de la Vittoria, as it is now called, Santa Maria de la Vittoria. And if it was, as Gomara says, bad Christians must we have been, when our Lord God sent us his holy apostles, not to acknowledge his great mercy, and venerate his church daily. And would to God, it had been, as the Chronicler says ! —but till I read his Chronicle, I never heard such a thing from any of the conquerors who were there.

Now, what if the odd accident of such a man as Bernal Dias' writing a history had not taken place ! Gomara's account, the account of a contemporary, which yet must have been read by scores who were present, would have remained

¹ Bernal Diaz del Castillo, *Historia Verdadera de la Conquista de la Nueva Espana* (1632). Keatinge's translation (1800) has been recently reprinted and the incident mentioned may be conveniently found there : *True History of the Conquest of Mexico* (New York, 1927), i. 74-75.

uncontradicted. I remember the story of a man, whom the devil met and talked with, but left at a particular lane ;—the man followed him with his eyes, and when the devil got to the turning or bend of the lane, he vanished ! The devil was upon this occasion drest in a blue coat, plush waistcoat, leather breeches and boots, and talked and looked just like a common man, except as to a particular lock of hair which he had. “ And how do you know then that it was the devil ? ” —“ How do I know,” replied the fellow,—“ why, if it had not been the devil, being drest as he was, and looking as he did, why should I have been sore stricken with fright, when I first saw him ? and why should I be in such a tremble all the while he talked ? And, moreover, he had a particular sort of a kind of a lock, and when I groaned and said, upon every question he asked me, Lord have mercy upon me ! or, Christ have mercy upon me ! it was plain enough that he did not like it, and so he left me ! ”—The man was quite sober when he related this story ; but as it happened to him on his return from market, it is probable that he was then muddled. As for myself, I was actually seen in Newgate in the winter of 1798 ;—the person who saw me there, said he had asked my name of Mr. A. B. a known acquaintance of mine, who told him that it was young Coleridge, who had married the eldest Miss ——. “ Will you go to Newgate, Sir ? ” said my friend ; “ for I assure you that Mr. C. is now in Germany.” “ Very willingly,” replied the other, and away they went to Newgate, and sent for A. B. “ Coleridge,” cried he, “ in Newgate ! God forbid ! ” I said, “ young Col—— who married the eldest Miss ——.” The names were something similar. And yet this person had himself really seen me at one of my lectures.

I remember, upon the occasion of my inhaling the nitrous oxide at the Royal Institution, about five minutes afterwards, a gentleman came from the other side of the theatre and said to me,—“ Was it not ravishingly delightful, Sir ? ”—“ It was highly pleasurable, no doubt.”—“ Was it not very like sweet music ? ”—“ I cannot say I perceived any analogy to it.”—“ Did you not say it was very like Mrs. Billington

singing by your car ?"—“ No, Sir, I said that while I was breathing the gas, there was a singing in my ears.”¹

THE ALCHEMISTS²

There have been very strange and incredible stories told of and by the alchemists. Perhaps in some of them there may have been a specific form of mania, originating in the constant intension of the mind on an imaginary end, associated with an immense variety of means, all of them substances not familiar to men in general, and in forms strange and unlike to those of ordinary nature. Sometimes, it seems as if the alchemists wrote like the Pythagoreans on music, imagining a metaphysical and inaudible music as the basis of the audible. It is clear that by sulphur they meant the solar rays or light, and by mercury the principle of ponderability, so that their theory was the same with that of the Heraclitic physics, or the modern German *Naturphilosophie*, which deduces all things from light and gravitation, each being bipolar ; gravitation=north and south, or attraction and repulsion ; light=east and west, or contraction and dilation ; and gold being the tetrad, or interpenetration of both, as water was the dyad of light, and iron the dyad of gravitation.

It is, probably, unjust to accuse the alchemists generally of dabbling with attempts at magic in the common sense of the term. The supposed exercise of magical power always involved some moral guilt, directly or indirectly, as in stealing a piece of meat to lay on warts, touching humours with the hand of an executed person, &c. Rites of this sort and other practices of sorcery have always been regarded with trembling abhorrence by all nations, even the most ignorant, as by the Africans, the Hudson's Bay people and others. The alchemists were, no doubt, often considered as dealers in art magic, and many of them were not unwilling that such a belief should be prevalent ; and the more earnest

¹ Here H. N. C. went on with the last two sentences (printed as one) of the MS. printed above, pp. 197-99.

² “ From Mr. Green's note.”—H. N. C. Here reprinted from *L.R.*

among them evidently looked at their association of substances, fumigations, and other chemical operations as merely ceremonial, and seem, therefore, to have had a deeper meaning, that of evoking a latent power. It would be profitable to make a collection of all the cases of cures by magical charms and incantations ; much useful information might, probably, be derived from it ; for it is to be observed that such rites are the form in which medical knowledge would be preserved amongst a barbarous and ignorant people.¹

¹ H. N. C. added here three marginal notes which I omit as having nothing to do with the lectures of 1818, and still less with literary criticism ; namely, notes on " Mr. Hillhouse's *Hadad*," on " Select Discourses by John Smith of Queen's College, Cambridge, 1660," and on " The Life of Henry, Earl of Morland."

LECTURE XIII

POESY OR ART

*Tuesday, 10 March, 1818*¹

The text of this lecture comes from Coleridge's note-book No. 22, pp. 92-105, which is now in the possession of Lord Coleridge. The corresponding lecture, "On Poesy or Art," as published in *Literary Remains*, is nearly twice as long, and probably represents Coleridge's own later version, with some alterations by H. N. Coleridge. The text printed below is evidently intended to be continuous, even if the form of the manuscript did not forbid the hypothesis of lost pages. And the passages interpolated in *L.R.* seem too long and too characteristic of Coleridge to be attributed to his nephew's free editing. For these reasons I print the text from the note-books as a first draft and indicate in the notes the points of later expansion. The interpolations are too long to be quoted, but they may easily be found by consulting *Literary Remains*, or *Biographia Literaria*. In the Oxford edition of the latter the text of *L.R.* has been reprinted with full notes and need not, therefore, be re-edited in this volume. In some cases the rough and confused notes of the present text are illuminated by this fuller version; but even that text forces one at times back to the original lecture of Schelling on which it was based.

The central ideas and frequently the very words of the lecture are derived from Schelling's oration, "On the Relation of the Formative Arts to Nature." This was first pointed out by Professor James F. Ferrier in his article on the "Plagiarisms of Coleridge," in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, XLVII (March 1840), 287-99. As a result of Ferrier's charges, Sara Coleridge added careful and accurate indications of Coleridge's borrowings when she edited the lecture for republication in Coleridge's *Lectures upon Shakespeare and Other Dramatists* (1849). The present editor has almost nothing to add to Sara Coleridge's notes on these parallel passages except the observation that the lecture,

¹ Coleridge's dating.

"On Poesy or Art," must, as a posthumous publication, be judged leniently. Coleridge is not to be blamed seriously for failing to indicate his sources in an oral lecture, and he had nothing to do with the later publication of the lecture as an original work of his own.

MAN communicates by articulation of sounds, and paramountly by the memory in the ear ; nature by the impressions of surfaces and bounds on the eye, and thro' the eye gives significance and appropriation, and thus the conditions of memory (or the capability of being remembered) to sounds, smells, etc. Now *Art* (I use the word collectively for music, painting, statuary, and architecture) is the mediatrix, the reconciliator of Man and Nature.¹ The primary art is *writing*,—primary if we regard the purpose, abstracted from the different modes of realizing it—the *steps*, of which the instances are still presented to us in the lower degrees of civilization—gesticulation and rosaries or wampum, in the lowest—picture language—hieroglyphics—and finally, alphabetic. These all alike consist in the *translation*, as it were, of Man into Nature,—the use of the visible in place of the audible. The (so called) music of savage tribes as little deserves the name of art to the understanding, as the ear warrants it for music. Its lowest step is a mere expression of passion by the sounds which the passion itself necessitates—its highest, a voluntary reproduction of these sounds, in the absence of the occasioning causes, so as to give the pleasure of *contrast*—*ex. gr.*, the various outcries of battle in the song of triumph and security.

Poetry, likewise, is purely *human*—all its materials are *from* the mind, and all the products are *for* the mind. It is the apotheosis of the former state—*viz.*, order and passion. *N.B.* How by excitement of the associative power passion itself imitates order, and the *order* resulting produces a

¹ Schelling, *Werke* (ed. K. F. A. Schelling, Stuttgart und Augsburg, 1856-61), Erste Abtheilung, vii. 292 : "Formative art, therefore, evidently stands as an active bond between the soul and nature, and can only be grasped in the vital medium between both." Cf. also vii. 300.

The text of *L.R.* interpolates at this point another sentence developing the idea here expressed.

pleasurable *passion* (whence metre) and thus elevates the mind by making its feelings the objects of its reflection and how, recalling the lights and sounds that had accompanied the occasions of the original passion, it impregnates them with an interest not their own by means of the passions, and yet tempers the passion by the calming power which all distinct images exert on the human soul. (This *illustrated*.)

In this way poetry is the preparation for art : inasmuch as it avails itself of the forms of Nature to recall, to express, and to modify the thoughts and feelings of the mind—still however thro' the medium of *articulated speech*, which is so peculiarly human that in all languages it is the ordinary phrase by which Man and Nature are contradistinguished—it is the original force of the word *brute*, and even now *mute* and *dumb* do not convey the absence of sound, but the absence of articulate sounds.

As soon as the human mind is intelligibly addressed by any outward medium, exclusive of articulated speech, so soon does *Art* commence. But please to observe that I have laid stress on the words, *human mind*—excluding thereby all results common to man and all sentient creatures, and consequently confining it to the effect produced by the congruity of the animal impression with the reflective powers of the mind, so that not the thing presented, but that which is represented by the thing, is the source of the pleasure. In this sense Nature itself is to a religious observer the art of God—and for the same cause art itself might be defined as of a middle nature between a thought and a thing, or, as before, the union and reconciliation of that which is Nature with that which is exclusively human.¹ Exemplify this by a good portrait, which becomes more and more like in proportion to its excellence as a work of art—while a real *copy*, a facsimile, ends in shocking us.²

¹ Cf. p. 205, n. 1, above.

² In the text of *L.R.*, another interpolation of two sentences occurs at this point, and the concluding sentence of the paragraph as given above disappears, though the idea is fully expressed in later interpolations. For Coleridge's obligation to Schelling, see p. 205, n. 1, above.

Taking therefore *mute* as opposed not to sound but to articulate speech, the oldest definition of painting is in fact the *true* and the best definition of the fine arts in general—*muta poesis*—*mute* poesy—and of course, *poesy*¹ (and as all languages perfect themselves by a gradual process of de-synonymizing words originally equivalent, as *propriety*, *property*—*I, me*—*Mister, Master*, etc., I have cherished the wish, to use the word poesy, as the generic or common term, distinguishing that species of poesy, which is not *muta poesis*, by its usual name, poetry) while of all the other species, which collectively form the fine arts, there would remain this as the common definition—that they all, like poetry, are to express intellectual purposes, thoughts, conceptions, sentiments, that have their origin in the human mind, but not, as poetry, by means of articulate speech, but as Nature, or the divine art, does, by form, color, magnitude, sound, and proportion, silently or musically.²

Well—it may be said—but who has ever thought otherwise? We all know that art is the imitress of Nature. And doubtless, the truths I hope to convey would be barren truisms, if all men meant the same by the words, *imitate* and *nature*.³ But it would be flattering mankind at large to presume that this is the fact. First, *imitate*. The impression on the wax is not an imitation but a *copy* of the seal; the seal itself is an imitation. But farther—in order to form a philosophic conception, we must seek for the *kind*—as the heat in ice—invisible light, etc.; but for practical purposes,

¹ Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 292. "For formative art is called according to the oldest expression, a dumb poetry."

² Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 292. "The author of this definition [of formative art as 'dumb poetry'] doubtless meant that formative art should likewise express those spiritual thoughts, conceptions which originate in the soul, but not through speech, but as silent nature, through form, through sensuous works independent of herself."

³ Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 293. "But has not science always recognized this relationship? Has not even every theory of modern times set out from the express principle that art should be the imitress of Nature? It has indeed: but how could this broad general principle help the artist amid the many various conceptions of Nature, when there are almost as many interpretations as individual modes of life?"

we must have reference to the degree. It is sufficient that philosophically we understand that in all imitation two elements must exist, and not only exist but must be perceived as existent.

[These two are] likeness and unlikeness, or sameness and difference; all imitation in the fine arts is the union of disparate things. Wax images—statues—bronze—pictures: the artist may take his point where he likes, provided that the effect desired is produced—namely, that there should be a likeness in difference and a union of the two.¹ *Tragic Dance.*

So Nature,² i.e., *Natura naturata*. And hence the natural question, "What, [imitate] all and everything?"—No, but the Beautiful?³ The definition is at once undermined. If the artist painfully *copies* Nature, what an idle rivalry! If he proceeds from a form that answers to the notion of beauty, namely, the many seen as one, what an emptiness, an unreality, as in Cypriani! The *essence* must be mastered—the

¹ Here the note-book text omits half a page interpolated in *L.R.* to develop the distinction between a literal copy of nature and the 'imitation' which is considered worthy of art. Cf. this interpolation and the paragraph in the present text with Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 302. "Why is it that imitations of reality so-called, when carried to the point of deception, seem to every mind in the least degree cultivated in the highest degree untrue, even give the impression of spectres, while a work in which the idea is dominant, seizes us with the full power of truth, transports us for the first time into the genuine world of reality? Why is this, if not from the more or less dim feeling which says to us that only the idea lives in things, that all else is unsubstantial and empty shadow?"

² *MS.*, 'So Nature 346.' This is a page-reference to Coleridge's own copy of *Philosophische Schriften*, Landshut, 1809, a collection which included Schelling's oration, "On the Relation of the Formative Arts to Nature." The page mentioned defines the nature of the artist's imitation not "as a dead aggregate of an undetermined crowd of objects," but as "the holy, eternally creative elemental power of the world, which generates all things out of itself and brings them forth productive." See *Werke*, vii. 293.

³ Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 294. "And should then the disciple of Nature imitate in her everything without distinction, and every part of everything? Only beautiful objects, and even of those only the beautiful and perfect should he reproduce."

At this point the text of *L.R.* omits the next sentence and interpolates a half-page defining inorganic beauty as 'the unity of the manifold,' organic beauty as 'the union of the shapely with the vital.'

natura naturans, and this presupposes a *bond* between *Nature* in this higher sense and the soul of man.¹

Sir Joshua Reynolds.² Far be it from me to intend a censure. Sacred be his memory as that of a benefactor of the race in that which is its highest destination, etc.

The wisdom in Nature [is] distinguished from [that in] man by the coinstaneity of the plan and the execution, the thought and the production. In Nature there is no reflex act but the same powers without reflection, and consequently without morality.³ (Hence *Man* [is] the *head* of the visible creation—*Genesis*.) Every step antecedent to full consciousness [is] found in Nature. So to place them as for some one effect, totalized and fitted to the limits of a human mind, as to elicit and as it were superinduce *into* the forms the reflection to which they approximate—this is the mystery of genius in the fine arts.⁴ Dare I say that the genius must act on the feeling, that body is but a striving to become mind—that it is *mind*, in its essence. As in every work of art the conscious is so impressed on the unconscious as to appear *in* it (*ex. gr.*, letters on a tomb compared with figures constitut-

¹ Cf. p. 205, n. 1.—*Natura naturans* and *natura naturata* (nature active and passive) are more or less distinguished in Coleridge's text. According to the *Ethics* of Spinoza (I, xxix, note) they represent God, in so far as he is considered as a free cause (*natura naturans*) and God, as the inevitable consequence of his own essential being, as self-caused (*natura naturata*).

² MS., 'Sir Joshua Reynolds 350.' This is not, as it seems, a page-reference to the writings of Reynolds himself, but again a reference to *Philosophische Schriften*. Where Schelling apologized for his difference of opinion with Winckelmann, Coleridge substituted the name of Reynolds, freely translating the beginning of the passage which he intended to use. Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 296. "Far be it from us to intend here a censure on the spirit of the accomplished man whose immortal learning and revelation of the beautiful became more the occasion than the active cause of this direction of art. Sacred be his memory as that of all universal benefactors." This passage of Coleridge's lecture does not appear in *L.R.*

³ Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 299. "The science by which Nature works is certainly unlike human science, which is combined with self-conscious reflection: in Nature the conception is not distinguished from the act, the design from the execution."

⁴ These two sentences are both expanded in the text of *L.R.*

ing a tomb), so is the man of genius the link that combines the two. But for that reason, he must partake of both. Hence, there is in genius itself an unconscious activity; nay, that is *the* genius in the man of genius.¹

This the true exposition of the rule that the artist must first *eloin* himself from Nature in order to return to her with full effect.² Why this? Because if he began by mere painful copying, he would produce masks only, not forms breathing life.³ He must out of his own mind create forms according to the severe laws of the intellect in order to produce in himself that co-ordination of freedom and law, that involution of the obedience in the prescript and of the prescript in the impulse to obey, which assimilates him to Nature and enables him to understand her. He absents himself from her only in his own spirit, which has the same ground with Nature, to learn her unspoken language, in its main radicals, before he approximates to her endless compositions of those radicals. Not to acquire cold notions, lifeless technical rules, but living and life-producing Ideas, which contain their own evidence and in that evidence the certainty that they are essentially one with the germinal causes in Nature, his consciousness being the focus and mirror of both—for this does he for a time abandon the external *real* in order to return to

¹ Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 300. "It has long been perceived that not everything in art is performed with consciousness, that with the conscious activity an unconscious power must be united," etc., etc. For another development of Schelling's insistent emphasis upon the divinity of the unconscious element in genius, see the *Transcendental Idealism*, Part VI.

² Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 301. "Art, to be such, must in the first instance depart from Nature and only return to her in the last fulfilment. . . . He [the artist] must absent himself from the product or created thing, but only in order to raise himself to the level of the creative power and to comprehend this spiritually."

It is in passages like this that one sees the source of Coleridge's greatest weakness as a critic. Fortunately this mysticism influenced his theory of criticism more than his practice.

³ Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 301. "If he [the artist] seeks, however, to subordinate himself consciously and entirely to the actual, and to reproduce with slavish fidelity that which exists, he would indeed produce masks, not works of art." This sentence immediately precedes that in the last note.

it with a full sympathy with its internal and actual. Of all we see, hear, or touch, the substance is and must be in ourselves—and therefore there is no alternative *in reason* between the dreary (and thank heaven ! almost impossible) belief that everything around us is but a phantom, or that the life which is in us is in them likewise, and that to know is to *resemble*.

When we speak of objects out of ourselves even as within ourselves, to learn is, according to Plato, only to *recollect*. The only effective answer to which (that I have been fortunate enough to meet with) is that which Mr. Pope has consecrated for future use in the line,

And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley with a *grin*.¹

That ^a within the thing, active thro' forms and figures as by symbols discoursing—*Natur-Geist*—must the Artist imitate, as we unconsciously imitate those we love. So only can he produce any work truly *natural*, in the object, and truly *human* in the effect. The Idea that puts the forms together can not be itself form. It is above form, is its essence, the universal in the individual, individuality itself—the glance and the exponent of the indwelling power.²

Each thing that lives has its moment of *self-exposition*, and each period of *each* thing, if we remove the disturbing forces of accident—and this is the business of ideal art. [So it is in] childhood—youth—age—man—woman. And each thing that appears not to live has its possible position and relation to life ;³ and so it is in Nature. Where she cannot *be*, she prophesies—in the . . . [?]

^a MS., 'To that.'

¹ Cf. *B.L.* (Oxford), i. 93 ; ii. 259. The editor, Mr. Shawcross, gives the reference, not to Pope, but to John Brown's "Essay on Satire, occasioned by the death of Mr. Pope" (Pub. in vol. ii of Warburton's *Pope*), pt. ii, l. 224.

² Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 301. "It [the essential beauty of the whole] is above form, is essential being, the universal, is the look and expression of the indwelling spirit of nature."

³ Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 302-03. "When it [art] arrests the swift course of human years, when it unites the vigor of full-grown manhood with the soft charm of early youth, or presents a mother of grown sons

Difference ¹ of form as proceeding and shape as superinduced. The latter [is] either the death or the imprisonment of the thing; the former its self-witnessing and self-effected sphere of agency.²

Art would or should be the abridgement of Nature. Now the fullness of Nature is without character as water is purest when without taste, smell, or color—but this is the highest, the apex, not the whole.³ Art is to give the whole *ad hominem*; hence each step of Nature has its ideal, and hence too the possibility of a climax up to the perfect form, of harmonized chaos.

To the idea of life victory or strife is necessary, as virtue [exists] not in the absence of vicious impulses but in the overcoming of them.⁴ So beauty [exists] not in the absence of the . . . [?], but on the contrary, it is heightened by the sight

and daughters in the perfect condition of powerful beauty, what does it do other than remove that which is non-essential—Time? If, according to the remark of a distinguished connoisseur, each growth of nature has only a moment of true perfect beauty, we may say, then, that it has only a moment of full existence. In this moment it is what it is in all eternity: all else is merely becoming or ceasing to be. Art, when it represents it in that moment, lifts it out of time, makes it appear in its pure essence, in the eternity of its life."

After this passage the text of *L.R.* interpolates a short but brilliant discussion of the elements of likeness and unlikeness in a good portrait. The idea is imperfectly represented in the present text also. Cf. above, p. 206, n. 2.

¹ Before this paragraph the text of *L.R.* interpolates about two and a half printed pages dealing with painting, sculpture and the antique, architecture, music, the union of sameness and variety in art.

² Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 303. "After all the positive and essential is abstracted from form, it cannot but seem restrictive and even hostile to the essence. . . . Indeed form would necessarily restrict the essence, if it had an independent existence. But if it exists with and through the essence, how can that feel restricted by that which it itself creates? Indeed it might suffer from a form pressed upon it from without, but never from that which flows out of itself. . . ."

³ Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 306. "Winkelmann compares beauty to water which . . . is considered purest when it has least taste. It is true that the highest beauty is characterless." Cf. Winkelmann's *Geschichte der Kunst des Altertums*, Buch IV, Kap. ii, *Winkelmann's Sämtliche Werke* (ed. Eiselein, Donauöschingen, 1825), iv. 61.

⁴ Schelling, *Werke*, vii. 310. "For virtue consists not in the absence of the passions, but in the power of the soul over them."

of what is conquered. This [may be] *in* the figure, or *out* [to obtain its effect] by contrast.

N.B. The seeming identity of body and mind in infants, and thence the loveliness of the former. The commencing separation in boyhood, the struggle of equilibrium in youth ; from thence onward the body [is] first indifferent, then demanding the translucency of the mind not to be worse than indifferent ; and finally, all that presents the body as body [is] almost of a[n] excremental ^a nature.

^a *MS.*, ' *recremental* ($\epsilon\epsilon$). '

LECTURE XIV

ON STYLE

[I. *From "Literary Remains"*]

I HAVE, I believe, formerly observed with regard to the character of the governments of the East, that their tendency was despotic, that is, towards unity ; whilst that of the Greek governments, on the other hand, leaned to the manifold and the popular, the unity in them being purely ideal, namely of all as an identification of the whole. In the northern or Gothic nations the aim and purpose of the government were the preservation of the rights and interests of the individual in conjunction with those of the whole. The individual interest was sacred. In the character and tendency of the Greek and Gothic languages there is precisely the same relative difference. In Greek the sentences are long, and the structure architectural, so that each part or clause is insignificant when compared with the whole. The result is every thing, the steps and processes nothing. But in the Gothic and, generally, in what we call the modern, languages, the structure is short, simple, and complete in each part, and the connexion of the parts with the sum total of the discourse is maintained by the sequency of the logic, or the community of feelings excited between the writer and his readers. As an instance equally delightful and complete, of what may be called the Gothic structure as contra-distinguished from that of the Greeks, let me cite a part of our famous Chaucer's character of a parish priest as he should be. Can it ever be quoted too often ?

A good man thér was of religioun
That was a pouré Parson of a toun,
But riche he was of holy thought and werk ;

He was alsó a lerned man, a clerk,
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche ;
 His parishens devoutly wolde he teche ;
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversite ful patient,
 And swiche he was ypreved often sithes ;
 Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
 But rather wolde he yeven out of doute
 Unto his pouré parishens aboute
 Of his offring, and eke of his substánce ;
 He coude in litel thing have suffisance :
 Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
 In sikenesse and in mischief to visíte
 The ferrest in his parish moche and lite
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf :
 This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught,
 Out of the gospel he the wordés caught,
 And this figúre he added yet thereto,
 That if gold rusté, what should iren do.

He setté not his benefice to hire,
 And lette his shepe accombred in the mire,
 And ran untó Londón untó Seint Poules,
 To seken him a chantérie for soules,
 Or with a brotherhede to be withhold,
 But dwelt at home, and kepté wel his fold,
 So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie :
 He was a shepherd and no mercenarie ;
 And though he holy were and vertuous,
 He was to sinful men not dispitous,
 Ne of his speché dangerous ne digne,
 But in his teching discrete and benigne,
 To drawen folk to heven with fairénesse,
 By good ensample was his besinesse ;
 But it were any persone obstinat,
 What so he were of high or low estat,
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones :
 A better preest I trowe that no wher non is ;
 He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
 He maked him no spiced conscience,

But Cristés love and his apostles' twelve
He taught, but first he folwed it himselfe.¹

Such change as really took place in the style of our literature after Chaucer's time is with difficulty perceptible, on account of the dearth of writers, during the civil wars of the fifteenth century. But the transition was not very great; and accordingly we find in Latimer and our other venerable authors about the time of Edward VI as in Luther, the general characteristics of the earliest manner;—that is, every part popular, and the discourse addressed to all degrees of intellect;—the sentences short, the tone vehement, and the connexion of the whole produced by honesty and singleness of purpose, intensity of passion, and pervading importance of the subject.

Another and a very different species of style is that which was derived from, and founded on, the admiration and cultivation of the classical writers, and which was more exclusively addressed to the learned class in society. I have previously mentioned Boccaccio as the original Italian introducer of this manner,² and the great models of it in English are Hooker, Bacon, Milton, and Taylor, although it may be traced in many other authors of that age. In all these the language is dignified but plain, genuine English, although elevated and brightened by superiority of intellect in the writer. Individual words themselves are always used by them in their precise meaning, without either affectation or slipslop. The letters and state papers of Sir Francis Walsingham are remarkable for excellence in style of this description. In Jeremy Taylor the sentences are often extremely long, and yet are generally so perspicuous in consequence of their logical structure, that they require no

¹ *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue, ll. 477-528 (Skeat's text), with the omission of ll. 501-06. Omitting his glosses, I have reprinted H. N. C.'s (or S. T. C.'s) quotation as it stands, though modern texts differ in various details. How much scholarship has done not only for the authenticity but also for the melody of Chaucer's text may well be seen even in a collation of as brief a passage as this.

² Cf. p. 22, above.

reperusal to be understood ; and it is for the most part the same in Milton and Hooker.

Take the following sentence as a specimen of the sort of style to which I have been alluding :—

Concerning Faith, the principal object whereof is that eternal verity which hath discovered the treasures of hidden wisdom in Christ ; concerning Hope, the highest object whereof is that everlasting goodness which in Christ doth quicken the dead ; concerning Charity, the final object whereof is that incomprehensible beauty which shineth in the countenance of Christ, the Son of the living God : concerning these virtues, the first of which beginning here with a weak apprehension of things not seen, endeth with the intuitive vision of God in the world to come ; the second beginning here with a trembling expectation of things far removed, and as yet but only heard of, endeth with real and actual fruition of that which no tongue can express ; the third beginning here with a weak inclination of heart towards him unto whom we are not able to approach, endeth with endless union, the mystery whereof is higher than the reach of the thoughts of men ; concerning that Faith, Hope, and Charity, without which there can be no salvation, was there ever any mention made saving only in that Law which God himself hath from Heaven revealed ? There is not in the world a syllable muttered with certain truth concerning any of these three, more than hath been supernaturally received from the mouth of the eternal God.

Eccles. Pol. I. s. 11.

The unity in these writers is produced by the unity of the subject, and the perpetual growth and evolution of the thoughts, one generating, and explaining, and justifying, the place of another, not, as it is in Seneca, where the thoughts, striking as they are, are merely strung together like beads, without any causation or progression. The words are selected because they are the most appropriate, regard being had to the dignity of the total impression, and no merely big phrases are used where plain ones would have sufficed, even in the most learned of their works.

There is some truth in a remark, which I believe was made by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that the greatest man is he who

forms the taste of a nation, and that the next greatest is he who corrupts it.¹ The true classical style of Hooker and his fellows was easily open to corruption; and Sir Thomas Brown it was, who, though a writer of great genius, first effectually injured the literary taste of the nation by his introduction of learned words, merely because they were learned. It would be difficult to describe Brown adequately; exuberant in conception and conceit, dignified, hyperlatinistic, a quiet and sublime enthusiast; yet a fantast, a humourist, a brain with a twist; egotistic like Montaigne, yet with a feeling heart and an active curiosity, which, however, too often degenerates into a hunting after oddities. In his *Hydriotaphia* and, indeed, almost all his works the entireness of his mental action is very observable; he metamorphoses every thing, be it what it may, into the subject under consideration.² But Sir Thomas Brown with all his faults had a genuine idiom; and it is the existence of an individual idiom in each, that makes the principal writers before the Restoration the great patterns or integers of English style. In them the precise intended meaning of a word can never be mistaken; whereas in the later writers, as especially in Pope, the use of words is for the most part purely arbitrary, so that the context will rarely show the true specific sense, but only that something of the sort is designed. A perusal of the authorities cited by Johnson in his dictionary under any leading word, will give you a lively sense of this declension in etymological truth of expression in the writers after the Restoration, or perhaps, strictly, after the middle of the reign of Charles II.

The general characteristic of the style of our literature down to the period which I have just mentioned, was gravity, and in Milton and some other writers of his day there are perceptible traces of the sternness of republicanism. Soon after the Restoration a material change took place, and the cause of royalism was graced, sometimes disgraced, by every shade of lightness of manner. A free and easy style was

¹ Cf. *B.L.*, i. 26, note.

² For similar phrases applied to Browne, cf. pp. 269-71.

considered as a test of loyalty, or at all events, as a badge of the cavalier party ; you may detect it occasionally even in Barrow, who is, however, in general remarkable for dignity and logical sequency of expression ; but in L'Estrange, Collyer, and the writers of that class, this easy manner was carried out to the utmost extreme of slang and ribaldry. Yet still the works, even of these last authors, have considerable merit in one point of view ; their language is level to the understandings of all men ; it is an actual transcript of the colloquialism of the day, and is accordingly full of life and reality. Roger North's life of his brother the Lord Keeper, is the most valuable specimen of this class of our literature ; it is delightful, and much beyond any other of the writings of his contemporaries.

From the common opinion that the English style attained its greatest perfection in and about Queen Anne's reign I altogether dissent ; not only because it is in one species alone in which it can be pretended that the writers of that age excelled their predecessors, but also because the specimens themselves are not equal, upon sound principles of judgment, to much that had been produced before. The classical structure of Hooker—the impetuous, thought-agglomerating, flood of Taylor—to these there is no pretence of a parallel ; and for mere ease and grace, is Cowley inferior to Addison, being as he is so much more thoughtful and full of fancy ? Cowley, with the omission of a quaintness here and there, is probably the best model of style for modern imitation in general. Taylor's periods have been frequently attempted by his admirers ; you may, perhaps, just catch the turn of a simile or single image, but to write in the real manner of Jeremy Taylor would require as mighty a mind as his. Many parts of Algernon Sidney's treatises afford excellent exemplars of a good modern practical style ; and Dryden in his prose works, is a still better model, if you add a stricter and purer grammar. It is, indeed, worthy of remark that all our great poets have been good prose writers, as Chaucer, Spenser, Milton ; and this probably arose from their just sense of metre. For a true poet will never confound verse and prose ;

whereas it is almost characteristic of indifferent prose writers that they should be constantly slipping into scraps of metre. Swift's style is, in its line, perfect ; the manner is a complete expression of the matter, the terms appropriate, and the artifice concealed. It is simplicity in the true sense of the word.

After the Revolution, the spirit of the nation became much more commercial, than it had been before ; a learned body, or clerisy, as such, gradually disappeared, and literature in general began to be addressed to the common miscellaneous public. That public had become accustomed to, and required, a strong stimulus ; and to meet the requisitions of the public taste, a style was produced which by combining triteness of thought with singularity and excess of manner of expression, was calculated at once to soothe ignorance and to flatter vanity. The thought was carefully kept down to the immediate apprehension of the commonest understanding, and the dress was as anxiously arranged for the purpose of making the thought appear something very profound. The essence of this style consisted in a mock antithesis, that is, an opposition of mere sounds, in a rage for personification, the abstract made animate, far-fetched metaphors, strange phrases, metrical scraps, in every thing, in short, but genuine prose. Style is, of course, nothing else but the art of conveying the meaning appropriately and with perspicuity, whatever that meaning may be, and one criterion of style is that it shall not be translatable without injury to the meaning. Johnson's style has pleased many from the very fault of being perpetually translatable ; he creates an impression of cleverness by never saying any thing in a common way. The best specimen of this manner is in Junius, because his antithesis is less merely verbal than Johnson's. Gibbon's manner is the worst of all ; it has every fault of which this peculiar style is capable. Tacitus is an example of it in Latin ; in coming from Cicero you feel the *falseto* immediately.

In order to form a good style, the primary rule and condition is, not to attempt to express ourselves in language before we thoroughly know our own meaning ;—when a man perfectly understands himself, appropriate diction will

generally be at his command either in writing or speaking. In such cases the thoughts and the words are associated. In the next place preciseness in the use of terms is required, and the test is whether you can translate the phrase adequately into simpler terms, regard being had to the feeling of the whole passage. Try this upon Shakspeare, or Milton, and see if you can substitute other simpler words in any given passage without a violation of the meaning or tone. The source of bad writing is the desire to be something more than a man of sense,—the straining to be thought a genius ; and it is just the same in speech making. If men would only say what they have to say in plain terms, how much more eloquent they would be ! Another rule is to avoid converting mere abstractions into persons. I believe you will very rarely find in any great writer before the Revolution the possessive case of an inanimate noun used in prose instead of the dependent case, as ‘ the watch’s hand,’ for ‘ the hand of the watch.’ The possessive or Saxon genitive was confined to persons, or at least to animated subjects. And I cannot conclude this Lecture without insisting on the importance of accuracy of style as being near akin to veracity and truthful habits of mind ; he who thinks loosely will write loosely, and, perhaps, there is some moral inconvenience in the common forms of our grammars which give children so many obscure terms for material distinctions.¹ Let me also exhort you to careful examination of what you read, if it be worth any perusal at all ; such examination will be a safeguard from fanaticism, the universal origin of which is in the conternplation of phenomena without investigation into their causes.

[II. *Tatler Report* ²]

The influence of national character on language is exemplified in the literature of the eastern nations, in that of the Greeks, of our own, and of the northern nations.

¹ For similar remarks cf. the *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 12, 296, and *B.L.*, ii. 116.

² This report, which is an interesting variant of the *L.R.* version, was published in the *Tatler*, May 23, 1831, as ‘ From a Correspondent.’ It

The Greek writings are distinguished by long sentences, formed, as it were, architecturally ; each part is built on the preceding ; and the whole sentence would lose by changing the arrangement. The modern construction among ourselves is more simple. The sentences are short, but preserve a consistency with each other. Such is the prose writing of Chaucer.

A more popular style followed ; but the confusion resulting from the civil wars prevents us from seeing the transition. In Luther we have a striking example of the popular style, popular in the highest sense of the term, addressing the intellect of the reader, and readily understood wherever good sense is the habit of the mind. A similar style, with less genius, may be found in Latimer and other writers of Edward the Sixth's time and the preceding reign.

After the restoration came the classic style. A true relish of this style presupposed a taste and cultivation in the reader somewhat corresponding to it ; for it was too learned to be popular. Boccaccio, it is true, was popular ; but we can account for the exception in him, by the fascination of his subjects. Hooker, Bacon, Milton, and Jeremy Taylor are distinguished ornaments of the classic style.

[The Lecturer here read an extract from Sir Francis Walsingham, Minister in Queen Elizabeth's time. He characterized it as plain, sober language, but distinguished by talent ; void of affectation, and of clear meaning. It bore evidence that the writer had thought before he attempted to communicate. The subject was Honesty.¹]

Jeremy Taylor reconciles the architectural and the classic styles. His sentences are of great length, yet do not require review in order to understand them ; the words are judiciously chosen, and the sentence grows with the importance

was followed on the next day by a report from the same source of Lecture IX. Cf. pp. 111-17, above.

¹ Sir Francis Walsingham's "Anatomizing of Honesty, Ambition, and Fortitude." Written in the Year 1590. Printed in the Year 1672 (Sir Robert Cotton's *Posthumus*).

of the subject. [Two admirable extracts were read in illustration,—the first on Original Sin,¹ the other on the Progress of Disputes.²]

The style next in succession was of a very different nature. The new stylists resembled a person who tries to recollect all the good things he has heard during the last three months, that he may give utterance to them all together. They strung together sparkling points, unrelieved by intermediate plainness. Their writings bear marks of recollection, not of reflection. In the writings of Taylor, &c., uncommon and foreign words are not unfrequently used ; but they are used only when no others could be found so expressive of the author's meaning. Sir Thomas Browne appears to be the first who used uncommon words for their own sake. Mr. C. confessed that Sir Thomas, with all his imperfections, was a favourite of his. He described him as a sublime and quiet enthusiast ; as bearing some resemblance to Montaigne, but entering into his speculations with more intenseness of purpose than the French writer. His writings bear the stamp of an original and amiable mind. The only imitable quality of them is their entireness, or plenitude of illustration. [A passage from Sir T. B.'s "Treatise on Urn-Burial" was read.]

Barrow and his contemporaries next come under consideration. Their predecessors offended by pedantry. It now became a mark of loyalty to pass into the other extreme, and everything must appear free and unlaboured. Hence proceeded occasional quaintness, and sometimes even ludicrousness. For instance, in Barrow's 'Sermon on Spiritual Monarchy,'³ the action of St. Peter, in cutting off the ear of the High Priest's servant, is thus stated,—'Up rose

¹ Probably some passage either from the *Deus Justificatus* or from chs. VI-VII of *The Doctrine and Practice of Repentance*.

² Presumably some passage from *A Discourse of the Liberty of Prophesying*.

³ Isaac Barrow—*A Treatise of the Pope's Supremacy*, First Supposition ('That St. Peter—had a Primacy over the Apostles), I (Primacy of worth). Napier edition of the *Theological Works*, Cambridge, 1859, VIII, 1856.

his blood and out popped his sword.' ¹ Sir Roger L'Estrange and Jeremy Collier carried this plainness to excess. The style of this period was infected with a sort of slang or black-guardism. Notwithstanding these defects, there is much to approve in the writers in question. Their style is purely English, full of idioms, and partakes of the passions of man in general. An extract from Roger North's 'Life of his Brother, the Lord Keeper,' ² followed in illustration. The liveliness of the thoughts were well conveyed by the words. It was the opinion of some, that the first perfect models of good writing were produced after the Revolution. We had, however, perfect models before,—of the architectural style in Hooker, of the impetuous in Taylor, of elegant simplicity in Cowley: with some abatement, Algernon Sydney and Dryden were also good models. [Here Cowley's account of Oliver Cromwell's funeral was in part extracted.³] The style of Cowley is most fitted for imitation; it is distinguished by variety of excellence.

Our great poets, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, &c., were all good prose-writers: they seemed to have kept their thoughts on separate shelves, so as to avoid that injudicious mixture of poetry with prose which disgusts us in less skilful writers. The style of Swift may be considered perfect: by no defects it reminds us of itself.

After the Revolution, we became commercial; and our style suffered considerably. It was not learned, nor plain, nor popular; the thoughts were commonplace, but the manner was strange. The first object seemed to be,—*not* to speak naturally. [Mr. C. illustrated this part of his subject by extracts from Mr. Phillips's ⁴ speech, in the case of Guth-

¹ "When our Lord was apprehended by the soldiers, presently up was his spirit and out went his sword in defence of him."

² Roger North, *Life of the Right Hon. Francis North, Baron Guildford*, etc., London, 1742.

³ The opening paragraph of "A Discourse by Way of Vision Concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell."

⁴ Charles Phillips (1787-1859), a very florid Irish orator who was much in the public eye at the time because of his controversy in 1816 and 1818 with the *Edinburgh Review* over its hostile reviews of his published speeches. The speech above cited went through several editions, and Phillips's *Collected Speeches* were published in 1817.

rie v. Sterne, and exposed the absurdities and false eloquence contained in it. The instances he selected, were of false antithesis, confusion of metaphor, bathos and sheer nonsense.]

Mr. Coleridge then gave a few instructions which he conceived might be usefully adopted in order to write and talk respectably.—We should not express ourselves till we feel that we know clearly what we mean to express. The want of previous reflection is the cause of much incoherent and unconnected writing and talking.

Adverting to the opinion of a Greek writer (Strabo,¹ I believe), that none but a good man could be a great poet, the Lecturer concurred with him, and thought, moreover, that moral excellence was necessary to the perfection of the understanding and the taste. The good writer should be a lover of what is common to all his fellow-creatures, rather than of what makes them unequal; he should desire the esteem of good men; he should look to fame rather than to reputation. Fame is the approbation of the wise of successive generations; reputation is often no more than the echo of hastily-formed opinions. Many contemptible works have had great reputation; few works greatly reputed at first, have afterwards ripened into fame.

We should use no words nor sentences which can be translated into simpler words with the same meaning.

Shakespeare and Milton are distinguished by their appropriate use of words. You cannot change a word without injury to the effect. The first two lines of Dryden's translation of Juvenal's Tenth Satire were contrasted with Johnson's imitation of the same passage. Johnson takes up six lines, and does not well express his meaning after all.²

Dryden's two lines are,—

' Look round the habitable globe : ^a how few
Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue.'

^a Read ' world.'

¹ *Geography*, I. ii. 5.

² Cf. Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 121-22, and De Quincey's essay on "Rhetoric." *Works* (Masson ed., Edinburgh, 1890), x. 128.

Johnson's six are,—

' Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru ;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wavering man,' &c.

The great source of bad writing is a desire in the writers to be thought something more than men of sense. Language is made a sort of leap-frog. Our poetry runs after something more than human ; our prose runs after our poetry ; and even our conversation follows in the pursuit. At a dinner of twenty persons, when your health is proposed, you are expected to return thanks in a set speech. Metaphors are used, not to illustrate, but as substitutes for plain speaking. The frequent rendering of abstractions into persons is also a growing evil, as in the following line :—

' Come, I shed compassion's tear.'

which is the same as saying that Mrs. A. sheds Mrs. B.'s tear.

Sound sense and sound feeling are necessary to a good writer. Accuracy is akin to veracity. They who are accustomed to weigh the meaning of words before they utter them are much less likely to disregard truth in greater matters, than those who, from neglecting accuracy, lose the sense of its importance. We should habituate ourselves to see the relation of our thoughts to each other ; we should consider pleasure derived without any effort as enervating, and therefore undesirable. That only is permanent which appeals to something permanent in our natures.¹

THE WONDERFULNESS OF PROSE²

Not having my pocket book, I take note here of what has just struck my feeling, namely, that taking for granted the

¹ " (A few brief observations concluded the Lecture.)—*From a Correspondent.*"

² This note is drawn from a transcript by E. H. Coleridge of a lost note-book. It was printed in *L.R.*, ii. 372-73, with almost no changes.

Pherecydean¹ origin, prose must have struck men with greater *admiration* than poetry. In the latter it was the language of passion and emotion ; it is what they themselves spoke and heard in moments of exultation, indignation, etc. But to have an evolving roll, or a succession of leaves, talk continuously the language of deliberate reason in a form of continued preconception, of a *Z* already possessed when *A* is being uttered,—this must have appeared *god-like*. I feel myself in that state when in perusal of a sober, yet elevated and harmonious, succession of sentences and periods I abstract my mind from the particular passage, and sympathize with the wonder of the common people who say of an eloquent man, “ He talks like a book.”

RULES FOR THE PLACING OF WORDS, ETC.—S. T. C.²

There are but three rules for writing a good style—

1. Express yourself logically—*i.e.*, let your words and the position of your words be correspondent and appropriate to your thoughts, and to the order of your thoughts.

2. Express yourself grammatically—*i.e.*, in the idiom of the language you write in. For grammar, as far as it is not included in the former rule (logic), is the code of the conventional laws of speech in every country.—Let us place and modify our words so and so for [?] such and such meanings, and we shall then know what we have to expect.

3. Express yourself so as if not to aid yet assuredly not to disturb the impression we wish to make, by excitement of associated images and feelings.³

Harmony will come of itself, at all events negative harmony. And positive sweetness will to no man come by being sought for, [any more] than a sweet voice.

¹ Pherecydes of Syros (fl. sixth century B.C.) was reputed to be the first writer of Greek prose.

² A manuscript in the Harvard College Library, catalogued 19478.37 F*. I believe this is now published for the first time. The title is Coleridge's.

³ An illustrative phrase omitted, *causa pudoris*.

But the main practical caution, without which we shall never obey the three rules above given, is this :—So far from holding commonness of language, if free from ludicrous or offensive associations, as a defect, you should never deviate from the common mode of expression without being able to adduce an adequate and distinct justifying reason.

SECTION II

MISCELLANEOUS MARGINALIA

ELIZABETHAN AND JACOBEOAN LITERATURE

NOTES ON CHAPMAN'S HOMER

EXTRACT OF A LETTER SENT WITH THE VOLUME.¹ 1807

CHAPMAN I have sent in order that you might read the Odyssey ; the Iliad is fine, but less equal in the translation, as well as less interesting in itself. What is stupidly said of Shakspeare, is really true and appropriate of Chapman ; mighty faults counterpoised by mighty beauties. Excepting his quaint epithets which he affects to render literally from the Greek, a language above all others blest in the happy marriage of sweet words, and which in our language are mere printer's compound epithets—such as quaffed divine *joy-in-the-heart-of-man-infusing* wine, (the undermarked is to be one word, because one sweet mellifluous word expresses it in Homer) ;—excepting this, it has no look, no air, of a translation. It is as truly an original poem as the Faery Queene ;—it will give you small idea of Homer, though a far truer one than Pope's epigrams, or Cowper's cumbersome most anti-Homeric Miltonism. For Chapman writes and feels as a poet,—as Homer might have written had he lived in England

¹ "Communicated through Mr. Wordsworth."—H. N. C. Here reprinted from *L.R.* This copy of Chapman's translation was listed in the auction-sale of Mr. William Harris Arnold's library in 1901. See *Books and Letters Collected by William Harris Arnold of New York* (The Marion Press, Jamaica Queensborough, New York, 1901), p. 39 (item No. 167). The description identifies the book as the *Whole Works*, "printed for Nathaniell Butler [about 1616]." The bracketed date is correct for the Iliad and Odyssey, but not for the *Batrachomyomachia*, which was probably bound up with the epics of 1616 printing. In the auction catalogue, the letter is described as addressed to Sarah Hutchinson, the sister of Mrs. Wordsworth, whom Coleridge loved.

in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In short, it is an exquisite poem, in spite of its frequent and perverse quaintnesses and harshnesses, which are, however, amply repaid by almost unexampled sweetness and beauty of language, all over spirit and feeling. In the main it is an English heroic poem, the tale of which is borrowed from the Greek. The dedication to the Iliad is a noble copy of verses, especially those sublime lines beginning,—

O ! 'tis wondrous much
 (Though nothing priske) that the right vertuous touch
 Of a well written soule, to vertue moves.
 Nor haue we soules to purpose, if their loves
 Of fitting objects be not so inflam'd.
 How much then, were this kingdome's maine soule maim'd,
 To want this great inflamer of all powers
 That move in humane soules ! All realmes but yours,
 Are honor'd with him ; and hold blest that state
 That have his workes to reade and contemplate.
 In which, humanitie to her height is raisde ;
 Which all the world (yet, none enough) hath praise.
 Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in verse comprize ;
 Out sung the Muses, and did equalise
 Their king Apollo ; being so farre from cause
 Of princes light thoughts, that their gravest lawes
 May finde stuffe to be fashioned by his lines.
 Through all the pompe of kingdomes still he shines
 And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
 Your lutes, and viols, and more loftily
 Make the heroiques of your Homer sung,
 To drums and trumpets set his Angels tongue ;
 And with the princely sports of haukes you use,
 Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse :
 And see how like the Phoenix she renues
 Her age, and starrie feathers in your sunne ;
 Thousands of yeares attending ; everie one
 Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
 Their seasons, kingdomes, nations that have bin
 Subverted in them ; lawes, religions, all
 Offerd to change, and greedie funerall ;
 Yet still your Homer lasting, living, raining.—

and likewise the 1st, the 11th, and last but one,¹ of the prefatory sonnets to the *Odyssey*.² Could I have foreseen any other speedy opportunity, I should have begged your acceptance of the volume in a somewhat handsomer coat ; but as it is, it will better represent the sender,—to quote from myself—

A man disherited, in form and face,
By nature and mishap, of outward grace.³

Dedication to Prince Henry

Chapman in his moral heroic verse, as in this dedication and the prefatory sonnets to his *Odyssey*, stands above Ben Jonson ; there is more dignity, more lustre, and equal strength ; but not midway quite between him and the sonnets of Milton. I do not know whether I give him the higher praise, in that he reminds me of Ben Jonson with a sense of his superior excellence, or that he brings Milton to memory notwithstanding his inferiority. His moral poems are not quite out of books like Jonson's, nor yet do the sentiments so wholly grow up out of his own natural habit and grandeur of thought, as in Milton. The sentiments have been attracted to him by a natural affinity of his intellect, and so combined ;—but Jonson has taken them by individual and successive acts of choice.

¹ Sonnet xv, not xxi. See n. 2.

² The reader may be annoyed if he seeks for these sonnets in a modern reprint of Chapman, which is likely to omit them without notice as irrelevant to the translation of Homer. The sonnets are those which Chapman printed at the end of his translation of the *Iliad*. When the *Odyssey* follows, the sonnets naturally appear to be prefatory to that, as Coleridge says. The sonnets which Coleridge singles out are those to the Duke of Lennox, the Lady Wrothe, and the Lord of Walden (Sonnet XV). Since Coleridge's day, when these sonnets numbered sixteen, others have been added from different early editions, so that the total is now twenty-two. These may be found at the end of the better editions of Chapman's translation of the *Iliad*, or in Chapman's poems.

³ "To Two Sisters," ll. 8-9, *Poems* (Oxford), i. 411. Read 'Me disinherited' for the standard version.

Epistle Dedicatorie to the Odyssey

All this and the preceding is well felt and vigorously, though harshly, expressed, respecting sublime poetry *in genere* ; but in reading Homer I look about me, and ask how does all this apply here. For surely never was there plainer writing ; there are a thousand charms of sun and moonbeam, ripple, and wave, and stormy billow, but all on the surface. Had Chapman read Proclus and Porphyry ?—and did he really believe them,—or even that they believed themselves ? They felt the immense power of a Bible, a Shaster, a Koran. There was none in Greece or Rome, and they tried therefore by subtle allegorical accommodations to conjure the poem of Homer into the Βίβλιον Θεοπαράδωτον of Greek faith.

Epistle Dedicatorie to the Batrachomyomachia

Chapman's identification of his fate with Homer's, and his complete forgetfulness of the distinction between Christianity and idolatry, under the general feeling of some religion, is very interesting. It is amusing to observe, how familiar Chapman's fancy has become with Homer, his life and its circumstances, though the very existence of any such individual, at least with regard to the Iliad and the Hymns, is more than problematic. N.B. The rude engraving in the page was designed by no vulgar hand. It is full of spirit and passion.

End of the Batrachomyomachia

I am so dull, that neither in the original nor in any translation could I ever find any wit or wise purpose in this poem. The whole humour seems to lie in the names. The frogs and mice are not frogs or mice, but men, and yet they do nothing that conveys any satire. In the Greek there is much beauty of language, but the joke is very flat. This is always the case in rude ages ;—their serious vein is inimitable,—their comic low and low indeed. The psychological cause is easily stated, and copiously exemplifiable.

SAMUEL DANIEL

*Poetical Works*¹

[Notes addressed to Charles Lamb, owner of the book]

Tuesday,² Feb. 10th, 1808 (10th or 9th)

DEAR CHARLES,

I think more highly, far more, of the " Civil Wars " than you seemed to do on Monday night, Feb. 9th, 1808. The verse does not tease me ; and all the while I am reading it, I cannot but fancy a plain England-loving English country gentleman, with only some dozen books in his whole library, and at a time when a " Mercury " or " Intelligencer " was seen by him once in a month or two, making this his newspaper and political Bible at the same time, and reading it so often as to store his memory with its aphorisms. Conceive a good man of that kind, diffident and passive, yet *rather* inclined to Jacobitism ; seeing the reasons of the revolutionary party, yet by disposition and old principles leaning, in quiet nods and sighs, at his own parlour fire, to the hereditary right—(and of these characters there must have been many)—and then read this poem, assuming in your heart his character—conceive how grave he would look, and what pleasure there would be, what unconscious, harmless, humble self-conceit, self-compliment in his gravity : how wise he would feel himself, and yet after all how forbearing. How much calmed by that most calming reflection (when it is really the mind's own reflection). Ay, it was just so in Henry VI's time, always the same passions at work, &c. Have I improved thy book—or wilt thou like it the better *therefore* ? But I have done as I would gladly be done by—thee at least.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

¹ Notes contributed to *Notes and Queries*, August 7, 1852, by William Hazlitt the younger, and now collected in Coleridge's works for the first time. The book which Coleridge used for his annotations (the two-volume, 12mo., edition of 1718) was originally part of Lamb's library.

² Vol. ii, first fly-leaf.

Vol. ii, p. 207, a fine stanza.¹

[Whilst Talbot (whose fresh Ardor having got
A marvellous Advantage of his Years),
Carries his unfelt Age as if forgot,
Whirling about where any Need appears.
His Hand, his Eye, his Wits all present, wrought
The Function of the Glorious Part he bears :
Now urging here, now cheering there, he flies :
Unlocks the thickest Troops, where most Force lies.]

What is there in description superior even in Shakespeare ?
Only that Shakespeare would have given one of his *glows* to
the first line, and flattered the mountain top with his surer
eye—instead of that poor—

“ A marvellous advantage of his years.”

But this, however, is Daniel—and he must not be read
piecemeal. Even by leaving off, and looking at a stanza by
itself, I find the loss. S. T. COLERIDGE.

O Charles ! I am *very*, very ill. Vixi.

Second letter—five hours after the first.

DEAR CHARLES,

You must read over these “ Civil Wars ” again.
We both know what a *mood* is. And the genial mood will, it
shall, come for my sober-minded Daniel. He was a tutor
and a sort of steward in a noble family in which form was
religiously observed, and religion formally ; and yet there

¹ Note on the second fly-leaf. The comment following the stanza is on the margin opposite the stanza itself. Though the stanza quoted is given by *N. and Q.*, the reference “ Vol. II, p. 207 ” is the present editor's emendation for “ Vol. V, p. 217,” which is given in *N. and Q.* There is no ‘ Vol. V ’ in this edition of *Daniel*, which is limited to two volumes (see the preceding note), and the stanza quoted is indicated by Coleridge's marginal note. The misreadings ‘ V ’ for ‘ II ’ and ‘ 217 ’ for ‘ 207,’ which were probably made by the printer, are both easily explained. It should be noted, however, that the stanza specified by Coleridge's *marginal* comment is on p. 206, not p. 207. Observe also the reference to the stanza quoted (*Civil Wars*, VI, xciii) in the second letter, below, where Coleridge mentions pp. 205-07, but not p. 217.

was such warm blood and mighty muscle of substance within, that the moulding irons did not dispel, tho' they stiffened the vital man within. Daniel caught and recommunicated the spirit of the great Countess of Pembroke, the glory of the North; he formed her mind, and her mind inspirited him. Gravely sober in all ordinary affairs, and not easily excited by any—yet there is one, on which his blood boils—whenever he speaks of English valour exerted against a foreign enemy. Do read over—but some evening when we are quite comfortable at your fire-side—and oh! where shall I ever be, if I am not so there—that is the last altar on the horns of which my old feelings hang, but alas! listen and tremble. Nonsense!—well! I will read it to you and Mary. The 205, 206, and 207th page;¹ and above all, that 93rd stanza;² and in a different style the 98th stanza, p. 208; and what an image in 107, p. 211!³ Thousands even of educated men would become more sensible, fitter to be members of Parliament or ministers, by reading Daniel—and even those few who, *quoad intellectum*, only gain refreshment of notions already their own, must become better Englishmen. O, if it be not too late, write a kind note about him.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Is ⁴ it from any hobby-horsical love of our old writers (and of such a passion respecting Chaucer, Spenser, and Ben Jonson, I have occasionally seen glaring proofs in one the string of whose shoe I am not worthy to unloose), or is it a

¹ Stanzas lxxxvii-xcvi.

² Almost conclusive evidence regarding the doubtful reference discussed above, p. 236, n. 1.

³ Book VI, Stanza cvii.

“Like as Proud Severn from a Private Head,
With humble Streams at first doth gently glide,
Till other Rivers have contributed
The springing Riches of their Store beside;
Wherewith at length (high-swelling) she doth spread
Her broad-distended Waters laid so wide
That coming to the Sea, she seems from far,
Not to have Tribute brought, but rather War.”

⁴ Vol. ii. fourth fly-leaf.

real beauty, the interspersions I mean (in stanza poems) of rhymes from polysyllables—such as eminence, obedience, reverence. To my ear they convey not only a relief from variety, but a sweetness as of repose—and the understanding they gratify by reconciling verse with the whole wide extent of good sense. Without being distinctly conscious of such a notion, having it rather than reflecting it, (for one may think in the same way as one may see and hear), I seem to be made to know that I need have no fear; that there is nothing excellent in itself which the poet cannot express accurately and naturally, nay no good word.

NOTE ON CHALMERS'S *LIFE OF DANIEL* ¹

The justice of these remarks cannot be disputed, though some of them are rather too figurative for sober criticism.

Most genuine! A figurative remark! If this strange writer had any meaning, it must be:—Headly's criticism is just throughout, but conveyed in a style too figurative for prose composition. Chalmers's own remarks are wholly mistaken;—too silly for any criticism, drunk or sober, and in language too flat for any thing. In Daniel's Sonnets there is scarcely one good line; while his Hymen's Triumph, of which Chalmers says not one word, exhibits a continued series of first-rate beauties in thought, passion, and imagery, and in language and metre is so faultless, that the style of that poem may without extravagance be declared to be imperishable English. 1820.

MARGINALIA ON DANIEL ²

[*History of the Civil Wars*, Bk. VI, stanza xxviii, etc. The use of artillery in war brought ruin to a happy Europe.]

A theory framed in fancy (in strictness, not *θεωρία*, but *ἀθεωρία*, or at best *ἡμιθεωρία*) never fails to produce a distortion of faith. Consult the contemporary historians of the

¹ Reprinted from *L.R.*

² From Anderson's *British Poets*. The note on the *Civil Wars* is from the Kensington set, the others from the Folger Library set. For both of these see the fuller reference in the Preface to this volume.

twelfth and thirteenth centuries and compare them with Daniel's flattering statement.

[Daniel's mythological machinery in relating the invention of artillery.]

Nothing can be more *out of keeping*, as the painters say, than the introduction of these fictions in so grave and prosaic, tho' rhymed, history. They read like a stupid lie, told in cold blood, for lying's sake.

[*To the Lord Henry Howard.*]

A curious instance how rhymes may be *wasted*, and the poet have all the restraint and trouble, while the reader has none of the effect—except indeed now and then a perplexed suspicion of a *jingle* in the monotonous blank verse.

[*To the Lady Margaret.*]

A noble poem in all respects.

[*To the Lady Lucy, Countess of Bedford.*]

And though books, madam, cannot make this mind,
Which we must bring apt to be set aright ;
Yet they do rectify it in that kind,
And touch it so, as that it turns that way
Where judgment lies. And though we cannot find
The certain place of truth ; yet do they stay,
And entertain us near about the same ;
And give the soul the best delight, that may
Enchear it most, and most our spir'ts enflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.]

Annex these lines ¹ as a note and modest answer to the lines in Milton's *Paradise Regained* in Christ's reply—*Paradise Regained*, B. IV :

“ However, many books
Wise men have said, are wearisome,” etc.²

¹ Nearly all of this thoughtful poem deals with the same general theme.

² *P.R.*, iv. 321-22. After disparaging Greek philosophy because unenlightened by revelation, Milton has Christ say,

However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome ; who reads

[*The Passion of a Distressed Man.*]

This "Resumption" ¹ has done away the chief possible merit of this moot case, by destroying its only possible moral—viz., that for our lives we are not answerable, but for our actions. If, therefore, life be offered me at the price of a bad action, let it be one or twenty, the murder is with the offerer. I die not only innocent, but virtuous. Better a thousand die than one commit a crime; for what a *crime* is, it were impiety to pretend to be ignorant; what death is, it were presumptuous to pretend to know.

ANDERSON'S *LIFE OF DRAYTON* ²

[Aubrey's MSS. call him the son of a butcher.]

I do not say that it is impossible; but only that it is improbable in an age when the pages of noblemen were almost always the children of gentlemen. And there is more than enough to weigh down the gossiping testimony of such a credulous *omnium gatherum* dreamer, as old Aubrey; or *Anderson*. Aubrey's authority, unsupported by circumstances or internal probability, is 1-1=0: and in this

Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself. . . .

¹ Third section of the poem. This poem is an ingenious ethical puzzle, best stated by its full title, "The Passion of a Distressed Man; who being in a Tempest on the Sea, and having in his Boat two Women, (of whom he loved the one, that disdained him; and scorned the other, who affected him), was, by Commandment from Neptune, to cast out one of them to appease the Rage of the Tempest; but which was referred to his own Choice." In the first part he decides to save the scornful lady, in the second reasons against this and decides to allow all to drown, and in the third (the "Resumptio") determines to sacrifice the fair scorner.

This note and the three preceding have been published in Hartley Coleridge's *Essays and Marginalia* (1851), vol. ii, pp. 14-16. The editor, Derwent Coleridge, assigned all to S. T. C. except the third, on Daniel's poem, "To the Lady Lucy, Countess of Bedford." I suspect that this was merely an oversight, for the hand seems definitely that of Coleridge.

² From the Kensington marginalia on Anderson's *British Poets*, described in the Preface to this volume.

instance is of no weight against the fact in the very *next* paragraph,¹ that at ten years old he was a proficient in Latin, and a page to a person of quality.

[It is probable, however, that he had indulged himself in forming expectations on James's coming to the throne, but was disappointed; for, in the preface to his *Poly-Olbion*, and his Epistles to Browne and Sandys, he moralizes on the times, with the peevish dissatisfaction of one who thinks himself neglected or ill-treated.]

This miserable imitation of the slanderous aphorising detraction of Dr. Johnson.

[In 1626, the addition of Poet Laureat is affixed to his name . . . probably as a mark of his excellency in the art of poetry; for that appellation was not formerly restricted, as it is now, to his majesty's servant, known by that title, who, at that time, is presumed to have been Jonson.]

Jonson succeeded Mr.^a Drayton.²

[The MSS. above mentioned³ say . . . that his epitaph was written by Quarles, and not by Jonson, to whom it is commonly attributed . . .

A memorable poet of his age,
Exchanged his laurel for a crown of glory,

1631.

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To DRAYTON's name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, and preserve his story:
Remain a lasting monument of his glory;
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name,
His name that cannot fade shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.]

^a Read 'M^l' [Michael?].

¹ Of Anderson's Life. Coleridge uses the symbol, not the word, for paragraph, as elsewhere. Instead of italicizing 'next' for emphasis, as I have done, he spaces the letters.

² Coleridge is thinking of Daniel. In 1626 Jonson did hold the position of laureate, though not the actual name.

³ Aubrey's.

A noble epitaph ; more sweet and rhythmical than Jonson commonly is, and more robust and dignified than Quarles.

[... his verse of twelve syllables ... is antiquated. ...]

Why antiquated ?

[His *Nymphidia* ... is a fine prelude to the witches Cauldron in *Macbeth*. ...]

A prelude ? Did not the Scotchman know the meaning of the word ? The *Nymphidia* was first published in 1627 : and Shakespeare died in 1616. It is a manifest ... [?] imitation (a lovely and spirited one) of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Macbeth*.

[Praise of his Sonnets.] What could Dr. A. have meant ? The sonnets are not *metrically* sonnets, but poems in fourteen lines—and it would be difficult to point out one good one. Drayton knew better than to call them *sonnets*. The best, I think, of these " Ideas " is the 59th, which is original in conception, and humorously executed.

WORKS OF FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE ¹

[*A Letter to an Honorable Lady*, cap. V.]

Assuredly few authors yield a passage of such complete excellence as that in [the] 285th–286th ² [pages] of this volume.³

¹ These notes, which are now collected in Coleridge's works for the first time, are reprinted from the *Athenaeum*, 1893, ii. 322, to which they were sent by a Mr. H. S. Young. They were taken from a copy of *Certaine Learned and Elegant Workes of the Right Honorable Fulke, Lord Brooke, written in his youth and familiar exercise with Sir Philip Sidney*, 1633. This particular book once belonged to Charles Lamb, and contains on the margin of p. 284 a sonnet of Coleridge inspired by a similar poem of Brooke's (see Oxford edition of *Coleridge's Poetical Works*, p. 402 and note). In 1893, it had passed into the hands of a Liverpool bookseller, whom Mr. Young did not name.

² "A Letter to an Honorable Lady," cap. V, par. 2 (from 'to the watching of errors' to the end), par. 3, and par. 4 except the last nine lines ('and deale with these weakenesses' to the end). See Grosart's edition, 1870 (Fuller Worthies Library), iv. 280–84.

³ A note on "the first page of the volume (p. 23, Coleridge having worked with an imperfect copy of the book)."—YOUNG.

The whole letter is excellent, but the passage marked ¹ is almost divine.²

[*Sonnet xlv.*]

A sweet poem supposing it to end with the third stanza,³ and but that I make it part of conscience never to mutilate a book, even tho' an immorality were the honest motive . . . I ⁴ should have been tempted to have torn out the next leaf [the last two stanzas ⁵].

[*Sonnet lv.*]

A poem this not to be written but by men of *some* genius. Would to Heaven that men of *any* genius would never write such poems.

Truly lyric as are all the lines incrotcheted,⁶ it is a comfort to observe that in general the thoughts most innocent are the most poetical in themselves, and bring with them the most poetical [images ? ⁷].

[*Finis.*]

MOTTO FOR THE WHOLE VOLUME

A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs
That, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil.

Cowper's "Yardley Oak."

NOTES ON ANDERSON'S *LIFE OF* *PHINEAS FLETCHER* ⁸

[Anderson quotes *The Purple Island*, Canto XII, stanza 38 :

A dead man's skull supplied his helmet's place,
A bone his club, his armour sheets of lead.

¹ See p. 242, n. 2. Coleridge marked 'a long passage' on pp. 285-86, according to Young, who does not specify further.

² Marginal note, opposite the passage mentioned (Young).

³ The "sonnet" has five stanzas.

⁴ The ellipsis above is in the *Athenaeum*.

⁵ Presumably the parenthesis is an interpolation by Mr. Young.

⁶ Specified by Young only as 'some later lines.'

⁷ "The last word is partly cut off by the binder."—Young. The word supplied in square brackets is the editor's.

⁸ From the Kensington set of Anderson's *British Poets*, which is described in the Preface to this volume.

Yet the first of these terrific attributes is suggested by Spenser. . . .]

Say rather, surgeon's apprentice's tricks !

How natural it is for a common-place mind to be delighted with common-place images, if tricked out in language ! and yet not less, tho' differently, struck by the most *outré*. Sympathy with the trivial, wonderment at the monstrous, are the ground springs of a Scotch critic's judgement. S. T. C.

[A reference to Addison's censure of the name "Piscatory Eclogues."]

As a congener of the pastoral, piscatory eclogues were rightly condemned by Addison : for from elementary causes, *i.e.*, independently of accidental associations, our feelings have nothing *fishy* in them. The coldness, the slime, the *imparticipability* (what a word !) of their habits, their voicelessness—the tools of death and deceit—the immediate loss of life, so that they are always [considered] as food. S. T. C.¹

NOTES ON HERBERT'S *TEMPLE* AND HARVEY'S *SYNAGOGUE* ²

G. Herbert is a true poet, but a poet *sui generis*, the merits of whose poems will never be felt without a sympathy with the mind and character of the man. To appreciate this volume, it is not enough that the reader possesses a cultivated judgment, classical taste, or even poetic sensibility, unless he be likewise a *Christian*, and both a zealous and an orthodox, both a devout and a *devotional* Christian. But even this will not quite suffice. He must be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church, and from habit, conviction, and a constitutional predisposition to ceremoniousness, in piety as in manners, find her forms and ordinances aids of religion, not sources of formality ; for religion is the element in which he lives, and the region in which he moves.

¹ I have omitted a fantastically ingenious textual note with which Coleridge attempted to rationalize a reading in Canto VI, stanza xx. The reading itself is merely a misprint.

² Reprinted from Mrs. H. N. Coleridge's (Sara Coleridge's) edition of Coleridge's *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare*, etc. (1849), ii. 255-64.

The Church, say rather the Churchmen of England, under the two first Stuarts, has been charged with a yearning after the Romish fopperies, and even the papistic usurpations ; but we shall decide more correctly, as well as more charitably, if for the Romish and papistic we substitute the patristic leaven. There even was (natural enough from their distinguished learning, and knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquities) an overrating of the Church and of the Fathers, for the first five or even six centuries ; these lines on the Egyptian monks, " Holy Macarius and great Anthony " ¹ (p. 205) supply a striking instance and illustration of this.

P. 10.

If thou be single, all thy goods and ground
Submit to love ; but yet not more than all.
Give one estate as one life. None is bound
To work for two, who brought himself to thrall.
God made me one man ; love makes me no more,
Till labour come, and make my weakness score.²

I do not understand this stanza.

P. 41.

My flesh *began unto my soul* in pain,
Sicknesses clave my bones, &c.³

Either a misprint, or a noticeable idiom of the word " began ? " Yes ! and a very beautiful idiom it is : the first colloquy or address of the flesh.

P. 46.

What though my body run to dust ?
Faith cleaves unto it, counting every grain,
With an exact and most particular trust,
Reserving all for flesh again.⁴

¹ " The Church Militant," l. 41.

² " The Church Porch."—" Perirrhanterium," stanza 48.

³ " Affliction." When more than one poem exists under the same name, as in this case, it is a convenience to have specific references, which I shall give to the edition of G. H. Palmer, (Boston and New York, 1905), ii. 341.

⁴ " Faith."

I find few historical facts so difficult of solution as the continuance, in Protestantism, of this antisciptural superstition.

P. 54. Second poem on *The Holy Scriptures*.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third that ten leaves off doth lie.

The spiritual unity of the Bible = the order and connection of organic forms in which the unity of life is shewn, though as widely dispersed in the world of sight as the text.

Ib.

Then as dispersed herbs do *watch* a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destiny.

Some misprint.

P. 87.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A *hox* where sweets compacted lie.¹

Nest.

P. 92. *Man*.

Each thing is full of duty :
Waters united are our navigation :
Distinguished, our habitation ;
Below, our drink ; above, our meat :
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty ?
Then how are all things neat !

'Distinguished.' I understand this but imperfectly. Did they form an island ? and the next lines refer perhaps to the then belief that all fruits grow and are nourished by water. But then how is the ascending sap "our cleanliness ?" Perhaps, therefore, the rains.

P. 140.

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine.²

Nay, the contrary ; take wine to be blood, and *the* blood of a man who died 1800 years ago. This is the faith which even the Church of England demands ; for consubstantiation

¹ "Virtue."

² "Divinity."

only *adds* a mystery to that of Transubstantiation, which it implies.

P. 175. *The Flower.*

A delicious poem.

Ib.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns ! e'en as the flowers in spring ;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

“ The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.”

— — — — —

Epitritus primus + Dactyl + Trochee + a long word—syllable, which, together with the pause intervening between it and the word—trochee, equals ∪ ∪ —, form a pleasing variety in the Pentameter Iambic with rhymes. Ex. gr.,

The late-past frosts | tributes of | pleasure bring.

N.B. First, the difference between — ∪ | — and an amphimacer — ∪ — | and this not always or necessarily arising out of the latter being one word. It may even consist of three words, yet the effect be the same. It is the pause that makes the difference. Secondly, the expediency, if not necessity, that the first syllable both of the Dactyl and the Trochee should be short by quantity, and only = — by force of accent or position—the Epitrite being true *lengths*.—Whether the last syllable be — or = — the force of the rhymes renders indifferent. Thus,

“ As if there *were* no such cold thing.” Had been no such thing.

P. 181.

Thou who condemnest Jewish hate, &c.
Call home thine eye (that busy wanderer,) *That* choice may be thy story.¹

¹ “ Self-Condernnation.”

Their choicc.

P. 184.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine
E'en in my enemies' sight.¹

Foemen's.

P. 201. *Judgment.*

Almighty Judge, how shall poor wretches brook
Thy dreadful look, &c.

What others mean to do, I know not well ;
Yet I here tell,
That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
So void of sin,
That they in merit shall excel.

I should not have expected from Herbert so open an avowal of Romanism in the article of *merit*. In the same spirit is "Holy Macarius, and great Anthony,"² p. 205.

P. 237. *The Communion Table.*³

And for the matter whereof it is made,
The matter is not much,
Although it be of *tuch*,
Or wood, or metal, what will last, or fade ;
So vanity
And superstition avoided be.

Tuch rhyming to *much*, from the German *tuch*, cloth, I never met with before, as an English word. So I find *platt* for *foliage* in Stanley's *Hist. of Philosophy*, p. 22.

P. 252. *The Synagogue*, by Christopher Harvey.

The Bishop

But who can show of old that ever any
Presbyteries without their bishops were :
Though bishops without presbyteries many, &c.

An instance of *proving too much*. If Bishop without Presb. B. = Presb. i.e. no Bishop.

¹ "The Twenty-Third Psalm."

² "The Church Militant," l. 41.

³ This is a poem from Harvey's *Synagogue*, not by Herbert.

P. 253. *The Bishop.*

To rule and to be ruled are distinct,
And several duties, severally belong
To several *persons*.

Functions of times, but not persons, of necessity? Ex.
Bishop to Archbishop.

P. 255. *Church Festivals.*

Who loves not you, doth but in vain profess
That he loves God, or heaven, or happiness.

Equally unthinking and uncharitable;—I approve of them;—but yet remember Roman Catholic idolatry, and that it originated in such high-flown metaphors as these.

P. 255. *The Sabbath, or Lord's Day.*

Hail	Vail
Holy	Wholly
King of days, &c.	To thy praise, &c.

Make it sense and lose the rhyme; or make it rhyme and lose the sense.

P. 258. *The Nativity, or Christmas Day.*

Unfold thy face, unmask thy ray.
Shine forth, bright sun, double the day,
Let no malignant misty fume, &c.

The only poem in *The Synagogue* which possesses poetic merit; with a few changes and additions this would be a striking poem.

Substitute the following for the fifth to the eighth line.

To sheath or blunt one happy ray,
That wins new splendour from the day.
This day that gives thee power to rise,
And shine on hearts as well as eyes:
This birth-day of all souls, when first
On eyes of flesh and blood did burst
That primal great lucific light,
That rays to thee, to us gave sight.

P. 267. *Whit-Sunday.*

Nay, startle not to hear that rushing wind,
Wherewith, this place is shaken, &c.

To hear at once so great variety
Of language from them come, &c.

The spiritual miracle was the descent of the Holy Ghost : the outward the wind and the tongues : and so St. Peter himself explains it. That each individual obtained the power of speaking all languages, is neither contained in, nor fairly deducible from, St. Luke's account.

P. 269. *Trinity Sunday.*

The Trinity
In Unity
And Unity
In Trinity,
All reason doth *transcend*.

Most true, but not *contradict*. Reason is to faith, as the eye to the telescope.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER¹
OF S. T. COLERIDGE TO W. COLLINS, R.A.
PRINTED IN THE LIFE OF COLLINS
BY HIS SON. VOL. I [1848]

December, 1818.

To feel the full force of the Christian religion it is perhaps necessary, for many tempers, that they should first be made to feel, experimentally, the hollowness of human friendship, the presumptuous emptiness of human hopes. I find more substantial comfort now in pious George Herbert's Temple, which I used to read to amuse myself with his quaintness, in short, only to laugh at, than in all the poetry since the poems of Milton. If you have not read Herbert I can recommend the book to you confidently. The poem entitled "The Flower" is especially affecting, and to me such a phrase as

¹ Added to notes on Herbert in Sara Coleridge's edition of the *Notes and Lectures*, etc. (1849).

"*and relish versing*" expresses a sincerity and reality, which I would unwillingly exchange for the more dignified "and once more love the Muse," &c. and so with many other of Herbert's homely phrases.

BISHOP CORBET¹

I almost wonder that the inimitable humour, and the rich sound and propulsive movement of the verse, have not rendered Corbet a popular poet. I am convinced that a reprint of his poems, with illustrative and chit-chat biographical notes, and cuts by Cruikshank, would take with the public uncommonly well. September, 1823.

NOTES ON BARCLAY'S *ARGENIS*. 1803²

Heaven forbid that this work should not exist in its present form and language ! Yet I cannot avoid the wish that it had, during the reign of James I, been moulded into an heroic poem in English octave stanza, or epic blank verse ;—which, however, at that time had not been invented, and which, alas ! still remains the sole property of the inventor, as if the Muses had given him an unevadible patent for it. Of dramatic blank verse we have many and various specimens ;—for example, Shakspeare's as compared with Massinger's, both excellent in their kind :—of lyric, and of what may be called Orphic, or philosophic, blank verse, perfect models may be found in Wordsworth ; of colloquial blank verse there are excellent, though not perfect, examples in Cowper ;—but of epic blank verse, since Milton, there is not one.

It absolutely distresses me when I reflect that this work, admired as it has been by great men of all ages, and lately,

¹ Reprinted from *L.R.*

² "Communicated by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge."—H. N. C. Here reprinted from *L.R.* There are also a few short notes in a translation into English (1629) of the *Argenis*, which is now owned by the British Museum. I think that I may reasonably omit them. They are poor in quality, not literary but politico-theological in subject-matter, and accessible elsewhere, since they were published in the *Newbery House Magazine*, vi. 68-70.

I hear, by the poet Cowper, should be only not unknown to general readers. It has been translated into English two or three times—how, I know not, wretchedly, I doubt not. It affords matter for thought that the last translation (or rather, in all probability, miserable and faithless abridgment of some former one) was given under another name. What a mournful proof of the incelebrity of this great and amazing work among both the public and the people ! For as Wordsworth, the greater of the two great men of this age,—(at least, except Davy and him, I have known, read of, heard of, no others)—for as Wordsworth did me the honour of once observing to me, the people and the public are two distinct classes, and, as things go, the former is likely to retain a better taste, the less it is acted on by the latter. Yet *Telemachus* is in every mouth, in every school-boy's and school-girl's hand ! It is awful to say of a work, like the *Argenis*, the style and Latinity of which, judged (not according to classical pedantry, which pronounces every sentence right which can be found in any book prior to Boetius, however vicious the age, or affected the author, and every sentence wrong, however natural and beautiful, which has been of the author's own combination,—but) according to the universal logic of thought as modified by feeling, is equal to that of Tacitus in energy and genuine conciseness, and is as perspicuous as that of Livy, whilst it is free from the affectations, obscurities, and lust to surprise of the former, and seems a sort of antithesis to the slowness and prolixity of the latter ;—(this remark does not, however, impeach even the classicality of the language, which, when the freedom and originality, the easy motion and perfect command of the thoughts, are considered, is truly wonderful) :—of such a work it is awful to say, that it would have been well if it had been written in English or Italian verse ! Yet the event seems to justify the notion. Alas ! it is now too late. What modern work, even of the size of the *Paradise Lost*—much less of the *Faery Queene*—would be read in the present day, or even bought or be likely to be bought, unless it were an instructive work, as the phrase is, like Roscoe's quartos of Leo X, or entertaining like Boswell's

three of Dr. Johnson's conversations. It may be fairly objected—what work of surpassing merit has given the proof?—Certainly, none. Yet still there are ominous facts, sufficient, I fear, to afford a certain prophecy of its reception, if such were produced.

NOTES ON SIR THOMAS BROWN'S *RELIGIO
MEDICI*. 1802¹

Strong feeling and an active intellect conjoined, lead almost necessarily, in the first stage of philosophising, to Spinosism. Sir T. Brown was a Spinosist without knowing it.

If I have not quite all the faith that the author of the *Religio Medici* possessed, I have all the inclination to it ; it gives me pleasure to believe.

The postscript at the very end of the book is well worth reading. Sir K. Digby's observations, however, are those of a pedant in his own system and opinion. He ought to have considered the R.M. in a dramatic, and not in a metaphysical, view, as a sweet exhibition of character and passion, and not as an expression, or investigation, of positive truth. The R.M. is a fine portrait of a handsome man in his best clothes ; it is much of what he was at all times, a good deal of what he was only in his best moments. I have never read a book in which I felt greater similarity to my own make of mind—active in inquiry, and yet with an appetite to believe—in short an affectionate visionary ! But then I should tell a different tale of my own heart ; for I would not only endeavour to tell the truth, (which I doubt not Sir T. B. has done), but likewise to tell the whole truth, which most assuredly he has not done. However, it is a most delicious book.

His own character was a fine mixture of humourist, genius, and pedant. A library was a living world to him, and every

¹ " Communicated by Mr. Wordsworth."—H. N. C. Here reprinted from *L.R.* (vol. i). There are half-a-dozen small variations of this text from the best modern texts of Browne, but I have decided that they are too trivial to record.

book a man, absolute flesh and blood ! and the gravity with which he records contradictory opinions is exquisite.

Part I. sect. 9. *Now contrarily, I bless myself, and am thankful that I lived not in the days of miracles, that I never saw Christ nor his disciples, &c.*

So say I.

S. 15. I could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the sea, the increase of Nile, the conversion of the needle to the north ; and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature ; which without further travel I can do in the cosmography of myself ; we carry with us the wonders we seek without us. There is all Africa and her prodigies in us ; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely learns in a *compendium* what others labour at in a divided piece and endless volume.

This is the true characteristic of genius ; our destiny and instinct is to unriddle the world, and he is the man of genius who feels this instinct fresh and strong in his nature ; who perceiving the riddle and the mystery of all things even the commonest, needs no strange and out-of-the-way tales or images to stimulate him into wonder and a deep interest.

S. 16, 17. All this is very fine philosophy, and the best and most ingenious defence of revelation. Moreover, I do hold and believe that a toad is a comely animal ; but nevertheless a toad is called ugly by almost all men, and it is the business of a philosopher to explain the reason of this.

S. 19. 'This is exceedingly striking. Had Sir T. B. lived now-a-days, he would probably have been a very ingenious and bold infidel in his real opinions, though the kindness of his nature would have kept him aloof from vulgar prating obtrusive infidelity.

S. 35. An excellent burlesque on parts of the Schoolmen, though I believe an unintentional one.

S. 36. Truly sublime—and in Sir T. B.'s very best manner.

S. 39. This is a most admirable passage. Yes,—the history of a man for the nine months preceding his birth, would, probably, be far more interesting, and contain events of greater moment than all the three score and ten years that follow it.

S. 48. This is made good by experience, which can from the ashes of a plant revive the plant, and from its cinders recall it into its stalks and leaves again.

Stuff. This was, I believe, some lying boast of Paracelsus, which the good Sir T. B. has swallowed for a fact.

Part II. s. 2. I give no alms to satisfy the hunger of my brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the will and command of my God.

We ought not to relieve a poor man merely because our own feelings impel us, but because these feelings are just and proper feelings. My feelings might impel me to revenge with the same force with which they urge me to charity. I must therefore have some rule by which I may judge my feelings,—and this rule is God's will.

S. 5.^a I never yet cast a true affection on a woman ; but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God.

We cannot love a friend as a woman ; but we may love a woman as a friend. Friendship satisfies the highest parts of our nature ; but a wife, who is capable of friendship, satisfies all. The great business of real unostentatious virtue is—not to eradicate any genuine instinct or appetite of human nature ; but—to establish a concord and unity betwixt all parts of our nature, to give a feeling and a passion to our purer intellect, and to intellectualize our feelings and passions. This a happy marriage, blest with children, effectuates in the highest degree, of which our nature is capable, and is therefore chosen by St. Paul as the symbol of the union of the church with Christ ; that is, of the souls of all good men with God. “ I scarcely distinguish,” said once a good old man,

^a *L.R.*, ‘ S. 5, 6.’

"the wife of my old age from the wife of my youth ; for when we were both young, and she was beautiful, for once that I caressed her with a meaner passion, I caressed her a thousand times with love—and these caresses still remain to us." Besides, there is another reason why friendship is of somewhat less value than love, which includes friendship, it is this—we may love many persons, all very dearly ; but we cannot love many persons all equally dearly. There will be differences, there will be gradations. But our nature imperiously asks a summit, a resting-place ; it is with the affections in love as with the reason in religion, we cannot diffuse and equalize ; we must have a supreme, a one, the highest. What is more common than to say of a man in love, ' he idolizes her,' ' he makes a god of her ? ' Now, in order that a person should continue to love another better than all others, it seems necessary, that this feeling should be reciprocal. For if it be not so, sympathy is broken off in the very highest point. A. (we will say by way of illustration) loves B. above all others, in the best and fullest sense of the word, love, but B. loves C. above all others. Either, therefore, A. does not sympathize with B. in this most important feeling ; and then his love must necessarily be incomplete, and accompanied with a craving after something that is not, and yet might be ; or he does sympathize with B. in loving C. above all others—and then, of course, he loves C. better than B. Now it is selfishness, at least it seems so to me, to desire that your friend should love you better than all others—but not to wish that a wife should.

S. 6. Another misery there is in affection, that whom we truly love like ourselves, we forget their looks, nor can our memory retain the idea of their faces ; and it is no wonder : for they are ourselves, and our affection makes their looks our own.

A thought I have often had, and once expressed it in almost the same language. The fact is certain, but the explanation here given is very unsatisfactory. For why do we never have an image of our own faces—an image of fancy, I mean ?

S. 7. I can hold there is no such thing as injury ; that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury ; that to hate another, is to malign himself, and that the truest way to love another is to despise ourselves.

I thank God that I can, with a full and unfeigning heart, utter Amen to this passage.

S. 10. In brief, there can be nothing truly alone, and by itself, which is not truly one ; and such is only God.

Reciprocity is that which alone gives stability to love. It is not mere selfishness that impels all kind natures to desire that there should be some one human being, to whom they are most dear. It is because they wish some one being to exist, who shall be the resting place and summit of their love ; and this in human nature is not possible, unless the two affections coincide. The reason is, that the object of the highest love will not otherwise be the same in both parties.

S. 11. I thank God for my happy dreams, &c.

I am quite different from Sir T. B. in this ; for all, or almost all, the painful and fearful thoughts that I know, are in my dreams ;—so much so, that when I am wounded by a friend, or receive an unpleasant letter, it throws me into a state very nearly resembling that of a dream.

S. 13. Statists that labour to contrive a commonwealth without any poverty, take away the object of our charity, not only not understanding the commonwealth of a Christian, but forgetting the prophecies of Christ.

O, for shame ! for shame ! Is there no fit object of charity but abject poverty ? And what sort of a charity must that be which wishes misery in order that it may have the credit of relieving a small part of it,—pulling down the comfortable cottages of independent industry to build alms-houses out of the ruins !

This book paints certain parts of my moral and intellectual being, (the best parts, no doubt,) better than any other book I have ever met with ;—and the style is throughout delicious.

NOTES ON SIR THOMAS BROWN'S *RELIGIO MEDICI*
MADE DURING A SECOND PERUSAL. 1808¹

Part I. s. 1.

For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all, *as the generall scandall of my profession, &c.*

The historical origin of this scandal, which in nine cases out of ten is the honour of the medical profession, may, perhaps, be found in the fact, that Aenesidemus and Sextus Empiricus, the sceptics, were both physicians, about the close of the second century.² A fragment from the writings of the former has been preserved by Photius, and such as would leave a painful regret for the loss of the work, had not the invaluable work of Sextus Empiricus been still extant.

S. 7.

A third there is which I did never positively maintain or practise, but have often wished it had been consonant to truth, and not offensive to my religion, and that is, the prayer for the dead, &c.

Our church with her characteristic Christian prudence does not enjoin prayer for the dead, but neither does she prohibit it. In its own nature it belongs to a private aspiration; and being conditional, like all religious acts not expressed in Scripture, and therefore not combinable with a perfect faith, it is something between prayer and wish,—an act of natural piety sublimed by Christian hope, that shares in the light, and meets the diverging rays, of faith, though it be not contained in the focus.

¹ "Communicated by Mr. Wordsworth."—H. N. C. All of the remaining notes are reprinted from *L.R.* (vol. ii). Again the textual errors in H. N. C.'s quotations are slight, but I have, in this case, recorded those which are most significant.

² The dates of Aenesidemus are earlier, probably 'in the age of Augustus,' as H. N. C. puts it with necessary vagueness. Sextus Empiricus belongs to about the first half of the third century. Coleridge's conjecture regarding the origin of this tradition regarding physicians is fanciful, to say the least, but one may safely speculate unrestrainedly on such a subject.

S. 13.

He holds no counsell, but that mysticall one of the Trinity, wherein, though there be three persons, there is but one mind that decrees without contradiction, &c.

Sir T. B. is very amusing. He confesses his part heresies, which are mere opinions, while his orthodoxy is full of heretical errors. His Trinity is a mere trefoil, a $3 = 1$, which is no mystery at all, but a common object of the senses. The mystery is, that one is three, that is, each being the whole God.

S. 18.

'Tis not a ridiculous devotion to say a prayer before a game at tables, &c.

But a great profanation, methinks, and a no less absurdity. Would Sir T. Brown, before weighing two pigs of lead, A. and B., pray to God that A. might weigh the heavier? Yet if the result of the dice be at the time equally believed to be a settled and predetermined effect, where lies the difference? Would not this apply against all petitionary prayer?—St. Paul's injunction involves the answer:—*Pray always*.

S. 22.

They who to salve this would make the deluge particular, proceed upon a principle that I can no way grant, &c.

But according to the Scripture, the deluge was so gentle as to leave uncrushed the green leaves on the olive tree. If then it was universal, and if (as with the longevity of the antediluvians it must have been) the earth was fully peopled, is it not strange that no buildings remain in the since then uninhabited parts—in America for instance? That no human skeletons are found may be solved from the circumstance of the large proportion of phosphoric acid in human bones. But cities and traces of civilization?—I do not know what to think, unless we might be allowed to consider Noah a *homo repraesentativus*, or the last and nearest of a series taken for the whole.

S. 33.

They that to refute the invocation of saints, have denied that they have any knowledge of our affairs below, have proceeded too farre, and must pardon my opinion, till I can thoroughly answer that piece of Scripture, *At the conversion of a sinner the angels of Heaven rejoyce.*

Take any moral or religious book, and, instead of understanding each sentence according to the main purpose and intention, interpret every phrase in its literal sense as conveying, and designed to convey, a metaphysical verity, or historical fact :—what a strange medley of doctrines should we not educe ? And yet this is the way in which we are constantly in the habit of treating the books of the New Testament.

S. 34.

And, truly, for the first chapters of *Genesis* I must confesse a great deal of obscurity ; though divines have to the power of humane reason endeavored to make all go in a littall meaning, yet those allegoricall interpretations are also probable, and perhaps, the mysticall method of Moses bred up in the hieroglyphicall schooles of the Egyptians.

The second chapter of *Genesis* from v. 4, and the third chapter are to my mind, as evidently symbolical, as the first chapter is literal. The first chapter is manifestly by Moses himself ; but the second and third seem to me of far higher antiquity, and have the air of being translated into words from graven stones.

S. 48. This section is a series of ingenious paralogisms.

S. 49.

Moses, that was bred up in all the learning of the Egyptians, committed a grosse absurdity in philosophy, when with these eyes of flesh he desired to see God, and petitioned his maker, that is, truth itself, to a contradiction.

Bear in mind the *Jehovah Logos*, the Ὁ ὦΝ ἐν κόλπῳ πατρὸς—the person *ad extra*,—and few passages in the Old Testament are more instructive, or of profounder import.

Overlook this, or deny it,—and none so perplexing or so irreconcilable with the known character of the inspired writer.

S. 50.

For that mysticall metall of gold, whose solary and celestiall nature I admire, &c.

Rather anti-solar and terrene nature ! For gold, most of all metals, repelleth light, and resisteth that power and portion of the common air, which of all ponderable bodies is most akin to light, and its surrogate in the realm of ἀντιφῶς or gravity, namely, oxygen. Gold is *tellurian* κατ' ἐξοχὴν: and if solar, yet as in the solidity and dark *nucleus* of the sun.

S. 52.

I thank God that ^a with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place ; I have so fixed my contemplations on heaven, that I have almost forgot the idea of hell, &c.

Excellent throughout. The fear of hell may, indeed, in some desperate cases, like the *moxa*, give the first rouse from a moral lethargy, or like the green venom of copper, by evacuating poison or a dead load from the inner man, prepare it for nobler ministrations and medicines from the realm of light and life, that nourish while they stimulate.

S. 54.

There is no salvation to those that believe not in Christ, &c.

This is plainly confined to such as have had Christ preached to them ;—but the doctrine, that salvation is in and by Christ only, is a most essential verity, and an article of unspeakable grandeur and consolation. Name—*nomen*, that is, νοούμενον, in its spiritual interpretation, is the same as power, or intrinsic cause. What ? Is it a few letters of the alphabet, the hearing of which in a given succession, that saves ?

^a Read ' and.'

S. 59.

Before Abraham was, I am, is the saying of Christ ; yet is it true in some sense if I say it of myself, for I was not only before myself, but Adam, that is, in the idea of God, and the decree of that synod held from all eternity. And in this sense, I say, the world was before the creation, and at an end before it had a beginning ; and thus was I dead before I was alive ;—though my grave be England, my dying-place was Paradise, and Eve miscarried of me before she conceived of Cain.

Compare this with s. 11, and the judicious remark there on the mere accommodation in the *prae* of predestination. But the subject was too tempting for the rhetorician.

Part II. s. 1.

But as in casting account, three or four men together come short in account of one man placed by himself below them, &c.

Thus 1,965. But why is the 1, said to be placed below the 965 ?

S. 7.

Let me be nothing, if within the compass of myself, I do not finde the battaile of Lepanto, passion against reason, *reason against faith*, faith against the devil, and my conscience against all.

It may appear whimsical, but I really feel an impatient regret, that this good man had so misconceived the nature both of faith and reason as to affirm their contrariety to each other.

Ib.

For my originale sin, I hold it to bee washed away in my baptisme ; for my actual transgressions, I compute and reckon with God, but from my last repentance, &c.

This is most true as far as the imputation of the same is concerned. For where the means of avoiding its consequences have been afforded, each after transgression is actual, by a neglect of those means.

S. 14.

God, being all goodnesse, can love nothing but himself ; he loves us but for that part which is, as it were, himselfe, and the traduction of his Holy Spirit.

This recalls a sublime thought of Spinoza. Every true virtue is a part of that love, with which God loveth himself.

NOTES ON SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S ¹ *GARDEN
OF CYRUS*,
OR
THE QUINCUNCIAL, ETC., PLANTATIONS OF THE
ANCIENTS, ETC.

Ch. III.

That bodies are first spirits, Paracelsus could affirm, &c.

Effects purely relative from properties merely comparative, such as edge, point, grater, &c. are not proper qualities : for they are indifferently producible *ab extra*, by grinding, &c., and *ab intra*, from growth. In the latter instance, they suppose qualities as their antecedents. Now, therefore, since qualities cannot proceed from quantity, but quantity from quality,—and as matter opposed to spirit is shape by modification of extension, or pure quantity,—Paracelsus's *dictum* is defensible.

Ib.

The aequivocall production of things, under undiscerned principles, makes a large part of generation, &c.

Written before Harvey's *ab ovo omnia*.² Since his work, and Lewenhock's *Microscopium*,³ the question is settled in physics ; but whether in metaphysics, is not quite so clear.

¹ H. N. C. spells Browne's name sometimes with and sometimes without the final 'e.' Probably S. T. C. did so. I have not thought it necessary to regularize the spelling.

² William Harvey, *De Generatione Animalium* (1651).

³ Anthony von Leeuwenhoek, the great Dutch microscopist. A translation of his selected works was published by Samuel Hoole in 1798-99.

Ch. IV.

And mint growing in glasses of water, until it arriveth at the weight of an ounce, in a shady place, will sometimes exhaust a pound of water.

How much did Brown allow for evaporation ?

Ib.

Things entering upon the intellect by a pyramid from without, and thence into the memory by another from within, the common decussation being in the understanding, &c.

This nearly resembles Kant's intellectual *mechanique*.

The Platonists held three knowledges of God ;—first, *παρουσία*, his own incommunicable self-comprehension ;—second, *κατὰ νόησιν*—by pure mind, unmixed with the sensuous ;—third, *κατ' ἐπιστήμην*—by discursive intellectual act. Thus a Greek philosopher :—*τοὺς ἐπιστημονικοὺς λόγους μύθους ἡγήσεται συνοῦσα τῷ πατρὶ καὶ συνεστιωμένη ἢ ψυχὴ ἐν τῇ ἀληθείᾳ τοῦ ὄντος, καὶ ἐν αὐγῇ καθαρᾷ.*—

Those notions of God which we attain by processes of intellect, the soul will consider as mythological allegories, when it exists in union with the Father, and is feasting with him in the truth of very being, and in the pure, unmixed, absolutely simple and elementary, splendour. Thus ex-pound Exod. c. xxxiii, v. 10. *And he said, thou canst not see my face : for there shall no man see me, and live.* By the ' face of God,' Moses meant the *ἰδέα νοετική*, which God declared incompatible with human life, it implying *ἐπαφή τοῦ νοητοῦ*, or contact with the pure spirit.

NOTES ON SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S *VULGAR ERRORS*

ADDRESS TO THE READER

Dr. Primrose,¹

Is not this the same person as the physician mentioned by Mrs. Hutchinson in her Memoirs of her husband ?

¹ Dr. James Primrose, mentioned by Browne in his Preface to *Pseudodoxia Epidemica or Vulgar and Common Errors*, was the author of a

Book I. c. 8. s. 1. The veracity and credibility of Herodotus have increased and increase with the increase of our discoveries. Several of his relations deemed fabulous, have been authenticated within the last thirty years from this present 1808.

Ib. s. 2.

Sir John Mandevill left a book of travels : ^a—herein he often attesteth the fabulous relations of Ctesias.

Many, if not most, of these Ctesian fables in Sir J. Mandevill were monkish interpolations.

Ib. s. 13.

Cardanus—is of singular use unto a prudent reader ; but unto him that only desireth *hoties*, or to replenish his head with varieties,—he may become no small occasion of error.

Hoties—ὅτι s—‘whatevers,’ that is, whatever is written, no matter what, true or false,—*omnia* ; ‘all sorts of varieties,’ as a dear young lady once said to me.

Ib. c. xi.^b

If Heraclitus with his adherents will hold the sun is no bigger than it appeareth.

It is not improbable that Heraclitus meant merely to imply that we perceive only our own sensations, and they of course are what they are ;—that the image of the sun is an appearance, or sensation in our eyes, and, of course, an appearance can be neither more nor less than what it appears to be ;—that the notion of the true size of the sun is not an image, or belonging either to the sense, or to the sensuous fancy, but is an imageless truth of the understanding obtained by intellectual deductions. He could not possibly mean what Sir T. B. supposes him to have meant ; for if he had believed the sun to be no more than a mile distant from us, every tree and house must have shown its absurdity.

treatise, *De Vulgi Erroribus in Medicinâ*, London, 1638 ; English translation, 1651. I cannot find that Mrs. Hutchinson mentions him.

^a Read ‘Mandevill . . . left a book of his travels.’

^b L.R., ‘ix.’

In the following books I have endeavoured, wherever the author himself is in a vulgar error, as far as my knowledge extends, to give in the margin, either the demonstrated discoveries, or more probable opinions, of the present natural philosophy ;—so that, independently of the entertainingness of the thoughts and tales, and the force and splendour of Sir Thomas Browne's diction and manner, you may at once learn from him the history of human fancies and superstitions, both when he detects them, and when he himself falls into them,—and from my notes, the real truth of things, or, at least, the highest degree of probability, at which human research has hitherto arrived.

Book II. c. 1. Production of crystal. Cold is the attractive or astringent power, comparatively uncounteracted by the dilative, the diminution of which is the proportional increase of the contractive. Hence the astringent, or power of negative magnetism, is the proper agent in cold, and the contractive, or oxygen, an allied and consequential power. *Crystallum, non ex aqua, sed ex substantia metallorum communi confrigeratum dico.* As the equator, or mid point of the equatorial hemispherical line, is to the centre, so water is to gold. Hydrogen is to the electrical azote, as azote to the magnetic hydroger.

Ib.

Crystal—will strike fire—and upon collision with steel send forth its sparks, not much inferiorly to a flint.

It being, indeed, nothing else but pure flint.

C. iii.

And the magick thereof (the lodestone) is not safely to be believed, which was delivered by Orpheus, that sprinkled with water it will upon a question emit a voice not much unlike an infant.

That is :—to the twin counterforces of the magnetic power, the equilibrium of which is revealed in magnetic iron, as the substantial, add the twin counterforces or positive and negative poles of the electrical power, the indifference of which is realized in water, as the superficial—(whence Orpheus em-

ployed the term 'sprinkled,' or rather affused or superfused)—and you will hear the voice of infant nature ;—that is, you will understand the rudimental products and elementary powers and constructions of the phenomenal world. An enigma this not unworthy of Orpheus, *quicumque fuit*, and therefore not improbably ascribed to him. N.B. Negative and positive magnetism are to attraction and repulsion, or cohesion and dispersion, as negative and positive electricity are to contraction and dilation.

C. vii. s. 5.^a

That ^b camphire begets in men τήν ἀναφροδισίαν observation will hardly confirm, &c.

There is no doubt of the fact as to a temporary effect ; and camphire is therefore a strong and immediate antidote to an overdose of *cantharides*. Yet there are, doubtless, sorts and cases of ἀναφροδισία which camphire might relieve. Opium is occasionally an aphrodisiac, but far oftener the contrary. The same is true of *bang*, or powdered hemp leaves, and, I suppose, of the whole tribe of narcotic stimulants.

Ib. s. 9.^o

The yew and the berries thereof are harmless, we know.

The berries are harmless, but the leaves of the yew are undoubtedly poisonous. See Withering's British Plants. *Taxus*.

Book III. c. xiii.

For although lapidaries and *questuary* enquirers affirm it, &c.

'Questuary'—having gain or money for their object.

B. VI. c. viii.

The river Gihon, a branch of Euphrates and river of Paradise.

The rivers from Eden were, perhaps, meant to symbolize, or rather expressed only, the great primary races of mankind.

^a L.R., '4.'

^b Read 'That camphire Eunuchates begets in men an impotence unto Venery, observation, etc.'

^c L.R., '8.'

Sir T. B. was the very man to have seen this ; but the superstition of the letter was then culminant.

Ib. c. x.

The chymists have laudably reduced their causes—(of colors)—unto *sal*, *sulphur*, and *mercury*, &c.

Even now, after all the brilliant discoveries from Scheele, Priestley, and Cavendish, to Berzelius and Davy, no improvement has been made in this division,—not of primary bodies (those idols of the modern atomic chemistry), but of causes, as Sir T. B. rightly expresses them,—that is, of elementary powers manifested in bodies. Let mercury stand for the bi-polar metallic principle, best imaged as a line or *axis* from north to south,—the north or negative pole being the cohesive or coherentific force, and the south or positive pole being the dispersive or incoherentific force : the first is predominant in, and therefore represented by, carbon,—the second by nitrogen ; and the series of metals are the primary and, hence, indecomponible *syntheta* and proportions of both. In like manner, sulphur represents the active and passive principle of fire : the contractive force, or negative electricity—oxygen—produces flame ; and the dilative force, or positive electricity—hydrogen—produces warmth. And lastly, salt is the equilibrium or compound of the two former. So taken, salt, sulphur, and mercury are equivalent to the combustible, the combustile, and the combust, under one or other of which all known bodies, or ponderable substances, may be classed and distinguished.

The difference between a great mind's and a little mind's use of history is this. The latter would consider, for instance, what Luther did, taught, or sanctioned : the former, what Luther,—a Luther,—would now do, teach, and sanction. This thought occurred to me at midnight, Tuesday, the 16th of March, 1824,¹ as I was stepping into bed,—my eye having glanced on Luther's Table Talk.

¹ Apparently a misprint for 1804, as Thomas Ashe has pointed out. Coleridge was scarcely likely to be in touch with the Wordsworth family in 1824. Observe also the date given below, p. 269 and note 1.

If you would be well with a great mind, leave him with a favourable impression of you ;—if with a little mind, leave him with a favourable opinion of himself.

It is not common to find a book of so early date as this (1658), at least among those of equal neatness of printing, that contains so many gross typographical errors ;—with the exception of our earliest dramatic writers, some of which appear to have been never corrected, but worked off at once as the types were first arranged by the compositors. But the grave and doctrinal works are, in general, exceedingly correct, and form a striking contrast to modern publications, of which the late edition of Bacon's Works would be paramount in the infamy of multiplied unnoticed *errata*, were it not for the unrivalled slovenliness of Anderson's British Poets, in which the blunders are, at least, as numerous as the pages, and many of them perverting the sense, or killing the whole beauty, and yet giving or affording a meaning, however low, instead. These are the most execrable of all typographical errors. 1808.

(The volume from which the foregoing notes have been taken, is inscribed in Mr. Lamb's writing—

'C. Lamb, 9th March, 1804. Bought for S. T. Coleridge.' Under which in Mr. Coleridge's hand is written—

'N.B. It was on the 10th ; on which day I dined and punched at Lamb's, and exulted in the having procured the *Hydriotaphia*, and all the rest *lucro apposita*. S. T. C.'

That same night, the volume was devoted as a gift to a dear friend ¹ in the following letter.—*Ed.*)

March 10th, 1804,
Sat. night, 12 o'clock.

MY DEAR —,

Sir ² Thomas Brown is among my first favorites, rich in various knowledge, exuberant in conceptions and

¹ Probably Sara Hutchinson, as in the Chapman letter, p. 231 above.

² This letter was printed by "G. J." in *Blackwood's Magazine*, November, 1819 (vol. vi, pp. 197-98). Hazlitt quoted it (apparently from *Blackwood's*) in the seventh of his lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, given in 1820. Cf. *Works* (Waller

conceits, contemplative, imaginative ; often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction, though doubtless too often big, stiff, and hyperlatinistic : thus I might without admixture of falsehood, describe Sir T. Brown, and my description would have only this fault, that it would be equally, or almost equally, applicable to half a dozen other writers, from the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth to the end of Charles II. He is indeed all this ; and what he has more than all this peculiar to himself, I seem to convey to my own mind in some measure by saying,—that he is a quiet and sublime enthusiast with a strong tinge of the fantast,—the humourist constantly mingling with, and flashing across, the philosopher, as the darting colours in shot silk play upon the main dye. In short, he has brains in his head which is all the more interesting for a little twist in the brains. He sometimes reminds the reader of Montaigne, but from no other than the general circumstances of an egotism common to both ; which in Montaigne is too often a mere amusing gossip, a chit-chat story of whims and peculiarities that lead to nothing,—but which in Sir Thomas Brown is always the result of a feeling heart conjoined with a mind of active curiosity,—the natural and becoming egotism of a man, who, loving other men as himself, gains the habit, and the privilege of talking about himself as familiarly as about other men. Fond of the curious, and a hunter of oddities and strangenesses, while he conceived himself, with quaint and humourous gravity a useful inquirer into physical truth and fundamental science,—he loved to contemplate and discuss his own thoughts and feelings, because he found by comparison with other men's, that they too were curiosities, and so with a perfectly graceful and interesting ease he put them too into his museum and cabinet of varieties. In very truth he was not mistaken :—so

and Glover), v. 339-40. The *L.R.* text which I reprint above is at variance from the earlier text in a number of details. It seems that H. N. C. has deciphered his manuscript more efficiently, but that he has also followed his usual policy of revising Coleridge's style. When he does this for the sake of correctness, no great harm is done ; but when he does it for aesthetic motives—and this frequently occurs—the results are generally unfortunate.

completely does he see every thing in a light of his own, reading nature neither by sun, moon, nor candle light, but by the light of the faery glory around his own head ; so that you might say that nature had granted to him in perpetuity a patent and monopoly for all his thoughts. Read his *Hydriotaphia* above all :—and in addition to the peculiarity, the exclusive Sir Thomas-Brown-ness of all the fancies and modes of illustration, wonder at and admire his entireness in every subject, which is before him—he is *totus in illo* ; he follows it ; he never wanders from it,—and he has no occasion to wander ;—for whatever happens to be his subject, he metamorphoses all nature into it.¹ In that *Hydriotaphia* or Treatise on some Urns dug up in Norfolk—how earthy, how redolent of graves and sepulchres is every line ! You have now dark mould, now a thigh-bone, now a scull, then a bit of mouldered coffin ! a fragment of an old tombstone with moss in its *hic jacet* ;—a ghost or a winding-sheet—or the echo of a funeral psalm wafted on a November wind ! and the gayest thing you shall meet with shall be a silver nail or gilt *Anno Domini* from a perished coffin top. The very same remark applies in the same force to the interesting, though the far less interesting, Treatise on the Quincuncial Plantations of the Ancients. There is the same attention to oddities, to the remotenesses and *minutiae* of vegetable terms,—the same entireness of subject. You have quincunxes in heaven above, quincunxes in earth below, and quincunxes in the water beneath the earth ; quincunxes in deity, quincunxes in the mind of man, quincunxes in bones, in the optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in petals, in every thing. In short, first turn to the last leaf of this volume, and read out aloud to yourself the last seven paragraphs of Chap. v. beginning with the words ‘ More considerables,’ &c. But it is time for me to be in bed, in the words of Sir Thomas, which will serve you, my dear, as a fair specimen of his manner.—‘ But the quincunx of heaven—(the Hyades or five stars about the horizon at midnight at that time)—runs low, and ’tis time

¹ Cf. the lecture on Style, p. 218, for excerpts from this letter.

we ^a close the five ports of knowledge : we are unwilling to spin out our waking thoughts into the phantasmes of sleep, which often continueth praecogitations,—making cables ^b of cobwebbes, and wildernesses of handsome groves. . . . To ^c keep our eyes open longer were but to act our Antipodes. The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia.' 'Think you, my dear Friend, that there ever was such a reason given before for going to bed at midnight ;—to wit, that if we did not, we should be acting the part of our Antipodes ! And then ' the huntsmen are up in America.'—What life, what fancy !—Does the whimsical knight give us thus a dish of strong green tea, and call it an opiate ! I trust that you are quietly asleep—

And that all the stars hang bright above your dwelling,
Silent as tho' they watched the sleeping earth !

S. T. COLERIDGE.

FULLER'S WORTHIES ²

Preface by the Editor, John Nichols, F.A.S.

[P. v.

Even Bishop Nicolson,³ fastidious as in this instance he is, admits that the Work at least "*pretends* to give an account of the Native Commodities, Manufactures, Buildings, Proverbs, &c., of all the Counties of England and Wales, as well as of the

^a Read ' to.'

^b L.R., ' tables.'

^c The preceding ellipsis is inserted by the present editor.

¹ From Coleridge's own ode "Dejection," stanza VIII, with a slight adaptation to the letter into which the lines are fitted.

² Reprinted from *Notes and Queries*, December 29, 1888. I have slightly adapted, corrected, or amplified the references. The notes were contributed by T. A. Trollope of Budleigh Salterton, who specifies the edition which Coleridge used, the two volumes quarto published in 1811 (London). The page-references above are to vol. i ; vol. ii contained no Coleridge marginalia. The first two notes were included in Coleridge's *Notes Theological, Political, and Miscellaneous* (London, 1853), edited by Derwent Coleridge.

³ This is William Nicolson (1655-1727), Bishop of Carlisle and Derry successively. The quotation is from Nicolson's *English Historical Library* (1696), Part I, p. 14.

Great Men in Church and State, though the latter looks like the principal design. . . .”

Much might be said, if it were necessary, in vindication of the language of DR. FULLER. . . .]

Fuller's language ! Grant me patience, Heaven ! A tithe of his beauties would be sold cheap for a whole library of our classical writers from Addison to Johnson and Junius inclusive. And Bishop Nicolson, a painstaking old charwoman in the antiquarian and rubbish concern—the venerable rust and dust of the whole firm are not worth an ounce of Fuller's Earth !

[P. vii.] Shakespeare ! Milton ! Fuller ! Defoe ! Hogarth ! As to the remaining mighty host of our great men, other countries have produced something like them. But these are uniques. England may challenge the world to shew a correspondent name to either of the five. I do not say that, with the exception of the first, names of equal glory may not be produced *in a different kind*. But these are genera, containing each only one individual. S. T. C.

[P. vii.]

He had before preached and published a sermon in London, upon “ the new-moulding Church-reformation,” which caused him to be censured as too hot a Royalist ; and now, from his sermon at Oxford, he was thought to be too lukewarm.¹]

Poor Fuller ! with too strong a leaven of university prejudice not to be warped in favor of the worser of the two factions, too enlightened not to see its abuses and errors ! And of too much honesty not to admit the truth and force of sundry complaints urged by the other party. Nothing but a miracle of attraction and amiableness in his personal disposition and demeanour could have saved him in such a conflux from being stoned by both factions ! To have been abused and slandered,—this was merely a powdered coat from the dust and dirt thrown up by the shot that had passed him,—and may be fairly accounted as part and sign of his wonderful preservation.

[P. 285.] I remember no other instance of flattery in this

¹ By the king's party, whom he had joined in April, 1643, at the beginning of the Civil Wars.

not less wise than witty, and (for one speck in a luminary does not forfeit the name) not less honest than liberal writer, though liberal and sensible to a degree unprecedented in his age, and unparalleled. These paragraphs, however, form a glaring exception. The flattery is rancid. A more thoroughly worthless wretch than Monck, or of meaner talents could [not] History furnish wherewith to exemplify the caprice of Fortune ; or shall I not rather say the judgment of Providence in righteous scorn by chastisement of a thankless and corrupt nation, bringing in one reptile by the instrumentality of another, a lewd, lazy, mean tyrant by a brainless, avaricious, perjured traitor ;—and to this hateful ingrate alone Charles II shewed himself not an ingrate ! See Clarendon, last Oxford edition.

[P. 287.

(Raleigh) found some hopes of the Queen's favours reflecting upon him. This made him write in a glasse window, obvious to the Queen's eye,

“ Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.”

Her Majesty, either espying it or being shown it, did underwrite,

“ If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.”]

More commonly written

Fain would I climb, but O ! I fear to fall ;
If thy heart fail thee, climb not then at all.

But I prefer Fuller's as more quippish and adagy.

[P. 288.

. . . bilious Bale.¹]

How happened it, that Fuller is so bitter against Bale ? Bale's restless and calamitous life (driven as he was from Dan to Beersheba), which renders his voluminous labors a marvel, ought to have shielded him from all severity of

¹ John Bale (1495-1563). Violent Protestant controversialist and author of *Illustrium Majoris Britanniae Scriptorum Summarium* (1548).

censure. And in this instance, and, I think, in some others frowned at by Fuller, Bale was clearly right.¹

[P. 376.

. . . the Higre (in the Severn).]

A single look on two good county maps, in which the course of the Severn from the mouth, and "the width and then the reaches of the Thames [appear], would have explained the existence of the "Higre" or "Bore" in the Severn, the Trent, and the Parrot, and its absence in the Thames, without a voyage to the Euboean Cyclades.

FULLER'S CHURCH HISTORY²

Next to Shakspeare, I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous ;—the degree in which any given faculty or combination of faculties is possessed and manifested, so far surpassing what one would have thought possible in a single mind, as to give one's admiration the flavour and quality of wonder ! Wit was the stuff and substance of Fuller's intellect. It was the element, the earthen base, the material which he worked in, and this very circumstance has defrauded him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of the thoughts, for the beauty and variety of the truths, into which he shaped the stuff. Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced, great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men. He is a very voluminous writer, and yet in all his numerous volumes on so many different subjects, it is scarcely too much to say,

^a *MS.*, 'and of.'

¹ Coleridge means that Bale was 'clearly right' in censuring Roger the Cistercian. Fuller cites Bale's adverse comment upon Roger with contempt.

² Following the general policy of this volume of leaving comments on religious writers to a later collection (as considerations of space require), I have omitted the marginalia in *L.R.* on Fuller's *Holy State*, *Profane State*, *Appeal of Injured Innocence*, and *Church History*. The paragraph above, however, which was written "at the end" of Fuller's *Church History*, should be included in this collection.

that you will hardly find a page in which some one sentence out of every three does not deserve to be quoted for itself—as motto or as maxim. God bless thee, dear old man ! may I meet with thee !—which is tantamount to—may I go to heaven !

July, 1829.

NOTES ON SELDEN'S *TABLE TALK*¹

There is more weighty bullion sense in this book, than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer.

OPINION

Opinion and affection extremely differ. I may affect a woman best, but it does not follow I must think her the handsomest woman in the world. . . . Opinion is something wherein I go about to give reason why all the world should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of myself.

Good ! This is the true difference betwixt the beautiful and the agreeable, which Knight and the rest of that *πλῆθος ἄθρον* have so beneficially confounded, *meretricibus scilicet et Plutoni*.

O what an insight the whole of this article gives into a wise man's heart, who has been compelled to act with the many, as one of the many ! It explains Sir Thomas More's zealous Romanism, &c.

PARLIAMENT

Excellent ! O ! to have been with Selden over his glass of wine, making every accident an outlet and a vehicle of wisdom !

POETRY

The old poets had no other reason but this, their verse was sung to music ; otherwise it had been a senseless thing to have fettered up themselves.

¹ Reprinted from *L.R.*, to which the notes were communicated by H. F. Cary, the translator of Dante and friend of Coleridge.

No one man can know all things : even Selden here talks ignorantly. Verse is in itself a music, and the natural symbol of that union of passion with thought and pleasure, which constitutes the essence of all poetry, as contradistinguished from science, and distinguished from history civil or natural. To Pope's Essay on Man,—in short, to whatever is mere metrical good sense and wit, the remark applies.

Ib.

Verse proves nothing but the quantity of syllables ; they are not meant for logic.

True ; they, that is, verses, are not logic ; but they are, or ought to be, the envoys and representatives of that vital passion, which is the practical cement of logic ; and without which logic must remain inert.

NOTES ON CRASHAW ¹

in

Anderson's British Poets

[Anderson's Life of Crashaw.

. . . the time and place of his birth are not certainly known.]

Probably in 1615.² So Ellis ³ makes it " . . . [?]

[Life of Crashaw.

. . . (he) obtained the office of a Canon in the Church of Loretto ; where he died of a fever soon after his election, in 1650.]

[Folger note.] No wonder ! not improbably the wretches sent him to Loretto on purpose to get rid of him and all

^a MS., ' So Ellis makes it so[?].'

¹ The Preface to this volume describes the two sets of Anderson's *British Poets* from which these marginalia are derived. As the text indicates, two of the notes are from the Folger set ; the others are from the Kensington set.

² London, 1612-13.

³ Presumably George Ellis, editor of the *Specimens of the Early English Poets*. Ellis does not, however, profess to know the date of Crashaw's birth in the edition which I have at hand (the third).

future applications for him from the Queen : for Loretto is notorious for its deadly air—*aria cattivissima*—which has baffled all the miracles of the Virgin and all the treasures of the Popes.

[Kensington note.] Suspected to have been poisoned.

[Life of Crashaw. Verses quoted from "The Flaming Heart."

O ! thou undaunted daughter of desires,

Leave nothing of myself in me ;

Let me so read thy life, that I

Unto all life of mine may die.]

[Folger note.] Very strange that these "Verses to St. Teresa" are not to be found in this collection. There are three poems on St. Teresa, but in neither of the three are these lines to be found.¹

[Life of Crashaw.]

With the exception of only two lines ("Yet doth not stay / To ask the windows leave to pass that way") I recollect few poems of equal length so perfect *in suo genere*, so passionately supported, and closing with so grand a swell, as that (719^a) *On a Prayer-book, sent to Mrs. M. R. S. T. C.*

[*Steps to the Temple*. "The Weeper," vi,^b 2.

When they red with weeping are.]

Better,

Tho' they red with weeping were.

[*Steps to the Temple*.]

Who but must regret that the gift of selection and, of course, rejection, had not been bestowed on this sweet poet in some proportion to his power and opulence of invention !

^a Page reference.

^b So Anderson.

¹ Anderson prints *The Flaming Heart* (p. 746), but in the short version of 1648, omitting the last twenty-four lines. In the Life, he quotes the last sixteen of these lines (from the version of 1652) and thus puzzles Coleridge. In the Kensington set also he notes the same discrepancy of texts : "It is strange that this very poem is omitted in this collection."

I have ventured throughout to mark the stanzas by the mere omission of which the [finer] poem[s] would have increased in weight, no less than polish.¹ However justly the modern chemists may triumph over the doctrine of phlogiston or positive levity, there exists undeniably a poetic phlogiston which adds by being abstracted and diminishes by its presence.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

[*A Hymn to . . . Saint Teresa.*

Love, thou art absolute sole lord . . .]

An admirable poem ; but the two first [metrical paragraphs,^a ending "She's for the Moors and martyrdom" ^b] most admirable. Here indeed *praecipitatur liber spiritus*.

[*In the Glorious Epiphany.*

Crashaw is too apt to weary out a thought.²

[*On the birth of a Princess.*

Anderson could not read Latin. This same poem stands in the very page preceding, 752.³

^a MS., '§s.'

^b So in Anderson.

¹ He marks for deletion stanzas iii, iv, v, x, and xvii in *Steps to the Temple*. The text above indicates deletions in other poems. But the original note is ink (probably not Coleridge's) over Coleridge's pencil, and both the word "finer" and the plural "s" in "poems" are ink additions to the original. Some doubt is cast by this fact upon the other deletions, which are as follows: (a) P. 719, *On a Prayer-Book*, "Yet doth not stay / To ask the windows leave to pass that way" (cf. p. 278 above). Deleted, then marked "stet." (b) *Music's Duel*, lines 73-82, "In that sweet soil . . . Prevents the eye-lids of the blushing day." (c) Same poem, lines 113-18, "The sweet-lip'd sisters . . . look higher." (d) P. 728, *Upon the Death of the Desired Mr. Herry's* ("Another"), last forty lines (beginning "Now all their steely operation").

² I have relegated to a footnote a remark on the poem "On Hope" (IV, 724) which is cut in two in trimming the margin. "[It is in ?] teresting [to ?] observe [. . . ?] Cowley's [. . . ?] the wit [. . . ?] thoughts or [em ?]otions ; [Cr]ashaw's [wi ?]t indeed [. . . ?] but the [wi ?]t of [im ?]ages [more pro ?]perly [wi ?]tty fancy." I have also omitted a tiny note on IV, 729.

³ The poem is in Latin in both cases, but the title is in one case Latin, in the other English (and slightly different).

RESTORATION AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE

COWLEY ¹

["Ode. Upon his Majesty's restoration and return."]

Cromwell's exploits, the intimate connection of his name with vast events, might easily have blended in the mind of a genius his name and the idea of magnanimous liberty conquered and enforced. And in such a spirit is Milton's panegyric of Cromwell conceived. But how is it possible not to feel the degradation of a man or mind who could submit thus to flatter the wretched progeny of the *Stuarts*.

DENHAM ²

["On Mr. Abr. Cowley's Death."]

To him that language ³ (though to none
Of th' others ⁴) as his own was known.]

It seems improbable that Spenser, who stood for a fellowship against Bishop Andrews, should have been ignorant of Greek.

[Denham's Preface to "The Progress of Learning."]

Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth ;
Now stoop, with disenchanted wings, to truth.]

Much as I despise pretended plagiarism, as if no two men could have originated the same thought, yet considering Pope's admiration of Denham I think it probable that from this couplet he took his

Yet not in Fancy's maze I wander'd long
But stooped to Truth and moraliz'd my song.⁵

¹ A note from the Kensington set of Anderson's *British Poets* which is described in the Preface of this volume.

² Again from the Kensington set of Anderson's *British Poets*.

³ Greek.

⁴ Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher.

⁵ "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," 340-41. Read 'That' for 'yet,' 'he' for 'I,' 'his' for 'my.'

SAMUEL BUTLER¹

[“ Miscellaneous Thoughts.”]

The world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Those things to practice that are of no use,
And strives to practise things of speculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation,
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's course against the grain.]

A very profound remark: the substance of all true philosophy.

PEPYS²

[Vol. I, p. 84. November 7, 1660.]

... he, in discourse of the great opinion of the virtue,
gratitude, etc.]

Exquisite specimen of dry, grave irony.

[Vol. i, p. 189. December 26, 1662.]

Falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use,
called Hudebras, I would needs go find it out; ... it is so
silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that
I am ashamed of it.]

Pepys pronounces at p. 167 [September 29, 1662] the
Midsummer Night's Dream the most insipid ridiculous play
he had ever seen.

¹ From the Folger set of Anderson's *British Poets*, which is described in the Preface of this volume.

² These notes are marginalia on Pepys's *Memoirs*, ed. by Lord Braybrooke, 2 vols., 1825. They first appeared in *Notes and Queries*, 1st Series, vol. vi (1852), pp. 213-16. They were then reprinted by Derwent Coleridge in *Notes Theological, Political, and Miscellaneous* (1853), with some omissions which I have indicated below. Derwent Coleridge's text is the better of the two, deciphering several words not in the text of *Notes and Queries* and supplying better references. I have, therefore, followed *Notes Theological* in regard to Coleridge's comment, supplying omissions from the Bonsall text in *Notes and Queries*; but I have gone to Braybrooke for slight amplifications or corrections of the quotations or references, have added dates and bracketed references.

[Vol. II, p. 10. February 3, 1666-67.

Sir G. Carteret did tell a story, how at his death he did make the town swear that he should never be dug up . . . they after sixty years do it . . . found a plate of brasse, saying, &c. . . . which, *if* true, is very strange.]

If!!! but still more strange would be the *truth* of the story. Yet only suppose the *precise date* an addition of the reporters: and nothing more natural.—Mem. The good old story of a jealous husband's sending his confidential servant to his wife, forbidding her to see a certain gentleman during his absence, and to bring back her solemn oath and promise that she would not: and how the shrewd fellow, instead of this, took her oath not to ride on Neptune's back, their huge Newfoundland yard-dog.¹

[Vol. II, p. 13. February 10, 1666-67.

Mrs. Turner do tell me very odde stories how Mrs. Williams do receive the applications of people, and hath presents, and she is the hand that receives all, while my Lord do the business.]

Most valuable on many, various, and important accounts, as I hold this Diary to be, I deem it invaluable as a faithful portrait of enlightened (*i.e.*, calculating) self-love and self-interest in its perihelion to morality, its nearest possible neighbourhood to, or least possible distance from, honour and honesty.

And yet what a cold and torpid Saturn, with what a sinister and leaden shine, spotty as the moon, does it appear, compared with the principles and actions of the regicide Colonel Hutchinson, or those of the Puritan Richard Baxter (in the autobiography edited by Sylvester), both the contemporaries of Pepys!

[*Ibid.*, p. 46. April 26, 1667.

He tells me the King of France hath his mistresses, but laughs at the foolery of our King, that makes his bastards princes, and loses his revenue upon them, and makes his mistresses his masters.]

¹ These first three notes were omitted by Derwent Coleridge.

Mem.—Earl of Munster. This, with wit and condescension, was all that was wanting to a perfect parallelism in the character of George IV with that of Charles II. And this he left to be supplied by his worthy brother and successor.

[*Ibid.*, p. 55. May 16, 1667.

It is remarkable that this afternoon Mr. Moore came to me, and there among other things did tell me how Mr. Moyer the merchant, having procured an order from the King and Duke of York and Council, with the consent of my Lord Chancellor, and by assistance of Lord Arlington, for the releasing out of prison his brother Samuel Moyer, who was a great man in the late times in Haberdashers'-Hall, and was engaged under hand and seal to give the man that obtained it so much in behalf of my Lord Chancellor ; but it seems my lady Duchesse of Albemarle had before undertaken it for so much money, but hath not done it.]

And this is one of the three idols of our Church—for Clarendon ever follows Charles the Martyr, and the martyr Laud ! Alas ! what a strange thing the conscience seems to be, when such actions and deliberate falsehoods as have been on strong grounds imputed to Lord Clarendon,—among others, the suborning of assassination—could be made compatible in his own mind with professions of religion and habitual religious meditations and exercises !

[*Ibid.*, p. 62. June 3, 1667.

—among others my good Mr. Evelyn, with whom after dinner I stepped aside and talked upon the present posture of our affairs ; which is, that the Dutch are known to be abroad with eighty sail of ships of war, and twenty fire-ships, and the French come into the Channell with twenty sail of men-of-war, and five fire-ships, while we have not a ship at sea to do them any hurt with, but are calling in all we can, while our Embassadors are treating at Bredah, and the Dutch look upon them as come to beg peace, and use them accordingly : and all this through the negligence of our Prince, who had power, if he would, to master all these with the money and men that he hath had the command of, and may now have, if he would mind his business.]

There are good grounds for the belief that more, and yet worse, causes than sensuality and sensual sloth, were working in the King's mind and heart, viz., the readiness to have the French King *his* master, and the disposer of his kingdom's power, as the means of becoming himself the uncontrolled master of its wealth. He would fain be a despot, even at the cost of being another's underling. Charles II was willing, nay anxious, to reduce his crown and kingdom under the domination of the Grand Monarque, provided he himself might have the power to shear and poll his subjects without leave, and unchecked by the interference of a Parliament. I look on him as one of the moral monsters of history.

[*Ibid.*, p. 108. August 3-8, 1667.] To initiate a young Student into the mystery of appreciating the value of modern History, or the books that have hitherto passed for such, first, let him carefully peruse this Diary ; and then, while it is fresh in his mind, take up and read Hume's History of England, Reign of Charles II. Even of Hume's Reign of Elizabeth, generally rated as the best and fullest of the work, I dare assert, that to supply the omissions alone would form an Appendix occupying twice the space allotted by him to the whole reign, and the necessary rectifications of his statements, half as much. What with omissions and what with perversions of the most important incidents, added to the false portraiture of the characters, the work from the reign of Henry VII is a mischievous romance.

But alike as Historian and as Philosopher, Hume has, *meo saltem judicio*, been extravagantly overrated. Mercy on the Age and the People, for whom Locke is profound, and Hume subtle.

[*Ibid.*, p. 110. August 12, 1667.

To my bookseller's, and did buy Scott's Discourse of Witches ; and do hear Mr. Cowly mightily lamented (his death) by Dr. Ward, the Bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Bates, . . . as the best poet of our nation, and as good a man.]

! !—Yet Cowley *was* a Poet, which, with all my unfeigned admiration of his vigorous sense, his agile logical wit, and his

high excellencies of diction and metre, is more than (in the *strict* use of the term, Poet) I can conscientiously say of DRYDEN. Only if Pope was a *Poet*, as Lord Byron swears, then Dryden, I admit, was a very *great* Poet. W. Wordsworth¹ calls Lord Byron the mocking bird of our Parnassian ornithology, but the mocking bird, they say, has a very sweet song of his own, in true notes proper to himself. Now I cannot say I have ever heard any such in his Lordship's volumes of warblers: and [in] spite of Sir W. Scott, I dare predict that in less than a century, the Baronet's and the Baron's Poems will lie on the same shelf of oblivion, Scott be read and remembered as a novelist and the founder of a new race of novels, and Byron not remembered at all, except as a wicked lord who, from morbid and restless vanity, pretended to be ten times more wicked than he was.

[*Ibid.*, p. 125. September 9, 1667.

To the Bear-garden, . . . and saw the prize fought, till one of them, a shoemaker, was so cut in both his wrists, that he could not fight any longer, and then they broke off; . . . The sport very good, and various humours to be seen among the rabble that is there.]

Certainly, Pepys was blest with the queerest and most omnivorous taste, that ever fell to the lot of one man!

[*Ibid.*, p. 151. Nov. 1, 1667.

To the King's play-house, and there saw a silly play and an old one, "The Taming of a Shrew."]

This is, I think, the fifth of Shakespeare's Plays which Pepys found silly, stupid trash, and among them Othello!²

¹ Derwent Coleridge omitted this attack on contemporaries, for obvious reasons.

² "Vol. i, p. 442. 'To Deptford by water, reading Othello, Moore of Venice, which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play, but having so lately read the "Adventures of Five Hours," it seems a mean thing.' [August 20, 1666.]

"Vol. ii, p. 3. 'To the Duke's house, and saw "Macbeth," which though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here and suitable.' " [January 7, 1666-67.]—Derwent Coleridge.

Macbeth indeed he commends for the *shows* and music, but not to be compared with the "Five Hours' Adventures"!! This and the want of *wit* in the *Hudibras* is very amusing—nay, it is seriously instructive. Thousands of shrewd and intelligent men, in whom, as in S. Pepys, the understanding is *hypertrophied* to the necrosis or marasmus of the Reason and Imagination, while far-sighted (yet, ah! how short-sighted,) Self-interest fills the place of Conscience, would say the same, if they dared.

[*Ibid.*, p. 254. August 23, 1668.

To church, and heard a good sermon of Mr. Gifford's at our Church, upon "Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all things shall be added to you." A very excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon. He shewed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich, than sin and villany.]

Highly characteristic. Pepys's only ground of morality was prudence—a shrewd understanding in the service of Self-love, his conscience. He was a *Pollard* man without the *top* (i.e., the Reason as the source—of *Ideas*, or immediate yet not sensuous Truths, having their evidence in themselves; and the Imagination, or idealising Power, of symbols mediating between the Reason and Understanding); but on this account more broadly and luxuriantly branching out from the upper Trunk. For the sobriety and steadfastness of a worldly self-interest substitute inventive Fancy, Will-wantonness (*stat pro ratione voluntas*), and a humourous sense of the emptiness and dream-likeness of human pursuits—and Pepys would have been the *Panurge* of the incomparable Rabelais.

Mem. It is incomprehensible to me, that this great and genial philosopher should have been a Frenchman, except on my hypothesis of a continued dilution of the Gothic blood from the reign of Henry IV; Descartes, Malebranche, Pascal, and Molière being the *ultimi Gothorum*, the last in whom the Gothic predominated over the Celtic.

[*Ibid.*, p. 260. September 4, 1688.

To the fair to see the play "Bartholomew Fair," with puppets. And it is an excellent play ; the more I see it, the more I love the wit of it ; only the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale and of no use, they being the people that at last will be found the wisest.]

Pepys was always a Commonwealth's man in his heart. *N.B.*—Not a Democrat ; but, even more than the Constitutional Whigs, the very antipode of the modern Jacobins, or *Tail-up-Head-down* Politicians. A Voluptuary, and without a spark of bigotry in his nature, he could not be a Puritan ; but of his free choice he would have preferred Presbyterianism to Prelacy, and a mixed Aristocracy of Wealth and Talent to a Monarchy, or even a mixed Government—such at least as the latter was in his time. But many of the more enlightened Jacobites were Republicans who despaired of a Republic. *Si non Brutus, Caesar.*

[*Ibid.*, pp. 318-19. March 20, 1669.

Sir W. Coventry did tell me it as the wisest thing that ever was said to the King by any statesman of his time, and it was by my Lord Treasurer that is dead, whom, I find, he takes for a very great statesman,—that when the King did shew himself forward for passing the Act of Indemnity, he did advise the King that he would hold his hand in doing it till he had got his power restored that had been diminished by the late times, and his revenue settled in such a manner as he might depend on himself without resting upon Parliaments, and then pass it. But my Lord Chancellor, who thought he could have the command of Parliaments for ever, because for the King's sake they were awhile willing to grant all the King desired, did press for its being done ; and so it was, and the King from that time able to do nothing with the Parliament almost.]

Can a more impressive proof be desired of the truth and wisdom of the E. of Carnarvon's recent remark in the House of Lords—that, before the reign of Anne, the Constitution had but a sort of uterine life, or but *partially* appeared as in the birth-throes—and that it is unworthy of a British statesman to quote any precedent anterior to the Revolution in 1688. Here an honest, high-principled, and patriotic

Senator criminales Lord Clarendon for having prevented Charles II from making the Crown independent of the Parliament ; and this when he knew and groaned under the infamous vices and follies of the king ! Sick and weary of the factious and persecuting temper of the House of Commons, many true lovers of their country and its freedom would gladly have dispensed with Parliaments, and have secured for the King a revenue, which, wisely and economically managed, might have sufficed for all ordinary demands,—could they have discovered any other way of subjecting the judges to a periodical rigorous account for their administration of the *Law*. In the Laws, and rights established by Law, these men placed the proper liberty of the subject. Before the Revolution, a Parliament at the commencement of a reign, and of a war, under an economic and decorous Court, would have satisfied the people generally.

[*Ibid.*, p. 342. May 10, 1669.

To Whitehall, &c.—Thence walked a little with Creed, who tells me he hears how fine my horses and coach are, and advises me to avoid being noted for it ; which I was vexed to hear taken notice of, being what I feared : and Povy told me of my gold-lace sleeves in the Park yesterday, which vexed me also, so as to resolve never to appear in Court with them, but presently to have them taken off, as it is fit I should.]

This struggle between the prudence of an Atticus, and the Sir Piercy Shafton¹ Tailor-blood, working as an instinct in his veins, with extreme sensitiveness to the opinions of men as the combining medium, is very amusing.

[*Ibid.*, p. 347. May 31, 1669.

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journall, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand ; and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear : and therefore resolve from this time forward to have it kept by my people

¹ The Euphuist courtier in Scott's novel, *The Monastery*.

in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know ; or if there be anything, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add here and there a note in short-hand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave : for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me !]

Truly may it be said, that this was a greater and more grievous loss to the mind's eyes of his posterity, than to the bodily organs of Pepys himself. It makes me restless and discontented to think, what a Diary, equal in minuteness and truth of portraiture to the preceding, from 1669 to 1688 or 90, would have been, for the true causes, process and character of the Revolution.

CORRESPONDENCE

[Vol. ii, p. 65.¹ May 2, 1683.

Will. Howe to Mr. Pepys

It is a common position among these factious sectaries, that there is noe medium betweene a true Churchman of England and a Roman Catholic ; soe that those that are for strict monarchy and arbitrary government must needs be Roman Catholicks, or well wishers to them, which is brand enough to prevent elections of such men, and is alsoe a colour for their other disobediences to their Prince and his lawfull succession.]

!!—It is only too probable that James's bigotry alone baffled his despotism, and that he might have succeeded in suppressing the liberties of the country if he would, for a time at least, have kept aloof from its religion. It should be remembered, in excuse for the supporters of James II, that the practicability of conducting the affairs of the state with and by a Parliament, had not been yet demonstrated, nay, seemed incompatible with the theoretic division of the Legislative from the Executive ; and indeed, only by blending the two *in fact*, and preserving the division in words and

¹ New pagination.

appearances, was this effected. And even now the practicability of governing the empire with and by a perfectly free and freely elected Parliament, remains to be demonstrated.

[*Ibid.*, p. 71. August 10, 1683.

Mr. Evelyn to Mr. Pepys

Were it not possible to discover whither any of those *citrine-trees* are yet to be found, that of old grew about the foote of *Mount Atlas*, not far from *Tingis*; and were here-to-fore *in deliciis* for their politure and natural maculations, to that degree, as to be sold for their weight in gold? *Cicero* had a table that cost him ten-thousand sesterces, and another, which I have read of, that was valued at 14,000 H.S., which, at 3*d.* H.S. amounted to a pretty sum; and one of the *Ptolomies* had yet another of far greater price, insomuch as when they used to reproach their wives for their luxury and excesse in pearle and paint, they would retort, and *turn the tables* on their husbands.]

That lady of masculine intellect, with all the woman's sense of beauty (Mrs. Emerson? was that the name? but long a botanical correspondent and contributor to "Nicholson's Phil. Magazine"—O! Mrs. Ibbetson¹), believed herself to have discovered the principle of this precious citrine-wood, and the means of producing it; and I see no reason for doubting it, though of her physiological anatomy, by help of the solar microscope, I am sceptical.

The engravings instantly call up in my mind the suspicion of some kaleidoscopic delusion, from the singular symmetry of all the forms. But she was an excellent and very remarkable woman, and her contributions in the "Phil. Magazine" worth studying even for the style.

[*Ibid.*, pp. 72, 73. June 8, 1684.

Mr. Evelyn to Mr. Pepys

Sir, with your excellent book,² I return you likewise my most humble thanks for your inducement of me to read it over

¹ Mrs. Agnes Ibbetson (1757-1823), plant physiologist.

² Burnet's *Theory of the Earth*.

again, finding in it, as you told me, several things omitted in the Latin (which I had formerly read with great delight), still new, still surprising, and the whole hypothesis so ingenious and so rational, that I both admire and believe it at once.]

!—Strange !—Burnet's book is a grand Miltonic romance ; but the contrast between the Tartarean fury and turbulence of the Burnetian and the almost supernatural tranquillity of the Mosaic Deluge is little less than comic.

[*Ibid.*, pp. 197, 198. May 27, 1701.

Henry, Second Earl of Clarendon, to Mr. Pepys

After dinner, as we were standing and talking together in the room, says my Lord Newborough to the other Scotch gentleman, (who was looking very steadfastly upon my wife,) "What is the matter that thou hast had thine eyes fixed upon my Lady Cornbury ever since she came into the room ? Is she not a fine woman ? Why doest thou not speak ?"—"She's a handsome Lady indeed," (said the gentleman,) "but I see her in blood." Whereupon my Lord Newborough laughed at him ; and all the company going out of the room, we parted : and I believe none of us thought more of the matter ; I am sure I did not. My wife was at that time perfectly well in health, and looked as well as ever she did in her life. In the beginning of the next month she fell ill of the smallpox : she was always very apprehensive of that disease, and used to say, if she ever had it she should dye of it. Upon the ninth day after the smallpox appeared, in the morning, she bled at the nose, which quickly stopt ; but in the afternoon the blood burst out again with great violence at her nose and mouth, and about eleven of the clock that night she dyed, almost weltering in her blood.]

It would have been necessary to cross-examine this Scotch Deuteroptes, whether he had not seen the duplicate or spectrum of *other* persons in blood. It might have been the result of an inflammatory condition of his own brains, or a slight pressure on the region of the optic nerves. I have repeatedly seen the phantasm of the page I was reading all spotted with blood, or with the letters all blood.

ROBINSON CRUSOE¹

[Vol. I, p. 3.]

He bid me observe it, and I should always find, that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind; but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind. Nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasinesses either of body or mind. . . .]

Rather malapropos from a gentleman laid up with the *gout*. Alas! the evil is that such is the pressure of the ranks on each other, and with exception of the ever-increasing class of paupers, so universal is the ambition of appearances, that morally and practically we scarcely have a middle class at present. S. T. C., 1830.

[P. 5.]

I resolved not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my father's desire. But alas! a few days wore it all off.]

A most impressive instance and illustration of my aphorism that the wise only possess ideas, but that the greater part of mankind are possessed by them. Robinson Crusoe was, not conscious of the master impulse, because it *was* his master, and had taken full possession of him.

[P. 16.]

But my ill fate pushed me on now with an obstinacy that nothing could resist; and though I had several times loud

¹ These notes are reprinted from the *Hampstead Annual*, 1902, pp. 98-107, where they were published by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A., under the mistaken impression that they had not previously appeared in print. The edition of *Robinson Crusoe* which Coleridge annotated was that of 1812, printed by Charles Whittingham the younger at the Cliswick Press (2 vols., duodecimo). It belonged in 1902 to an unnamed grandson of James Gillman. The notes have been before published in *L.R.*, but with the usual garblings. The passages here selected from Defoe's text are, of course, based on those given in *L.R.* and the *Hampstead Annual*, but with some slight variations resulting from a collation of the two and from a study of internal evidence. The page-references are to the 1812 edition (after Wheatley).

calls from my reason and my more composed judgment to go home, yet I had no power to do it. I know not what to call this, nor will I urge that it is a secret overruling decree that hurries us on to be the instruments of our own destruction, even though it be before us, and that we rush upon it with our eyes open.]

When once the mind, in despite of the remonstrating conscience, has ^a abandoned its free power to a haunting impulse or idea, then whatever tends to give depth and vividness to this idea or indefinite imagination increases *its* despotism, and in the same proportion renders the reason and free will ineffectual. Now fearful calamities, sufferings, horrors, and hair-breadth escapes will have this effect far more than even sensual pleasure and prosperous incidents. Hence the evil consequences of sin in such cases, instead of retracting and deterring the sinner, goad him on to his 'destruction. This is the moral of Shakcspeare's *Macbeth*, and this is the true solution of this paragraph, not any over-ruling decree of Divine wrath, but the tyranny of the sinner's own evil imagination which he has voluntarily chosen as his master. Compare the contemptuous Swift with the condemned De Foe, and how superior will the latter be found. But by what test? Even by this. The writer who makes me sympathise with his presentations with the *whole* of my being, is more estimable than the writer who calls forth and appeals to but a part of my being—my sense of the ludicrous for instance; and again, he who makes me forget my *specific* class, character, and circumstances, raises me into the universal man. Now this is De Foe's excellence. You become a man while you read.

[P. 72.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. "O drug!" said I aloud, "what art thou good for? . . . I have no manner of use for thee; even remain where thou art, and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving." However, upon second thoughts I took it away;* and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft.]

^a *Wheatley*, 'has once.'

* Worthy of Shakespeare ; and yet the simple semi-colon after it, the instant passing on without the least pause of reflex consciousness is more exquisite and masterlike than the touch itself. A meaner writer, a Marmontel, would have put an "!" after "away," and have commenced a new paragraph.—S. T. C., 30 July, 1830.

[P. 100.

. . . I must confess, my religious thankfulness to God's providence began to abate too, upon the discovering that all this was nothing but what was common ; though I ought to have been as thankful for so strange and unforeseen a providence, as if it had been miraculous ; for it was really the work of Providence. . . .]

To make men feel the truth of this is one characteristic object of the miracles worked by Moses—the providence miraculous, the miracles providential.

[P. 114.

The growing up of the corn, as is hinted in my journal, had at first some little influence upon me, and began to affect me with seriousness, as long as I thought it had something miraculous in it. . . .]

By far the ablest vindication of miracles that I have met with. It is indeed the true ground, the proper purpose and intention of a miracle.

[P. 127.

I was king and lord of all this country indefeasibly, and had a right of possession.]

By the bye, what is the law of England re[specting ^a] this. Suppose I had discovered or been wrecked [on an ^a] uninhabited island. Would it be mine or t[he ^a] Ki [ng's ^a].

[P. 201.

I considered that . . . as I could not foresee what the ends of Divine wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute

^a *Interpolations to supply parts of the note which were lost because of a torn leaf. The interpolations are from L.R. rather than from Wheatley, on the assumption that the leaf may have been untorn at the time of H. N. C.'s editing.*

His sovereignty, who, as I was His creature, had an undoubted right, by creation, to govern and dispose of me absolutely as He thought fit. . . .]

I could never understand the reasoning grounded on a complete misapprehension of St. Paul's potsherd, *Rom.* ix. [v. 21, "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour?"] Or rather I do fully understand the absurdity of it. The susceptibility of pain and pleasure, of good and evil, constitutes ^a a *right* on every creature endued therewith in relation to *every* rational moral Being, *a fortiori* ^b therefore to the Supreme Reason, to the absolutely *good* Being. [Remember ¹ Davenant's verses;—

Doth it our reason's mutinies appease
To say, the potter may his own clay mould
To every use, or in what shape he please,
At first not counsell'd, nor at last controll'd?

Power's hand can neither easy be, nor strict
To lifeless clay, which ease nor torment knows,
And where it cannot favour or afflict,
It neither justice or injustice shows.

But souls have life, and life eternal too:
Therefore, if doom'd before they can offend,
It seems to show what heavenly power can do,
But does not in that deed that power commend.

Death of Astragon, st. 83, &c.]

^a Wheatley, 'contributes'; L.R., as above.

^b Wheatley, 'portion'; L.R., as above.

¹ From L.R. Not in Wheatley's text, and therefore a little doubtful. See the folio edition of D'Avenant's *Works* (1673), p. 333. The publisher, Henry Herringman, in his prefatory address to the reader refers to the poem as "the Death of Astragon, call'd, *The Philosophers Disquisition, directed to the Dying Christian*, which the Author intended as an *Addition to Gondibert*." "The *Philosopher's Disquisition*" is the title actually printed at the head of the poem. I have reprinted H. N. C.'s version, not the original, merely correcting the reference 'st. 88' to 'st. 83.' H. N. C. substituted 'or' for 'nor' in the third and fourth lines of the second stanza, and modernized capitalization, punctuation, and spelling.

[P. 209.

I rather prayed to God as under great affliction and pressure of mind, surrounded with danger, and in expectation every night of being murdered and devoured before morning ; and I must testify from my experience, that a temper of peace, thankfulness, love, and affection, is much more the proper frame for prayer than that of terror and discomposure ; and that under the dread of mischief impending, a man is no more fit for a comforting performance of the duty of praying to God, than he is for repentance on a sick-bed. For these discomposures affect the mind, as the others do the body ; and the discomposure of the mind must necessarily be as great a disability as that of the body, and much greater, praying to God being properly an act of the mind, not of the body.]

As justly conceived as it is beautifully expressed, and a mighty motive for habitual prayer, for this cannot but facilitate the performance of rational prayer even in moments of urgent distress.

[P. 219.

. . . the very name of a Spaniard is reckoned to be frightful and terrible to all people of humanity, or of Christian compassion ; as if the Kingdom of Spain were particularly eminent for the product of a race of men who were without principles of tenderness or the common bowels of pity to the miserable. . . .]

De Foe was a true philanthropist who had risen above the antipathies of nationality, but he was evidently partial to the Spanish character, which, however, it is not, I fear, possible to acquit of cruelty.—America, the Netherlands, the Inquisition, the late Guerilla warfare, etc., etc.

[P. 225.

That I shall not discuss, and perhaps cannot account for ; but certainly they are a proof of the converse of spirits. . . .]

This reminds me of a conversation I overheard, " How a statement so injurious to Mr. S. and so contrary to the truth should have been made to you by Mr. Mahony, I do not pretend to account for, only I know of my own knowledge

that Mahony is an inveterate liar, and has long borne malice against Mr. S., and I can prove that he has repeatedly declared that in some way or other he would do Mr. S. a mischief."¹

[P. 229.

The place I was in was a most delightful cavity or grotto of its kind, as could be expected, though perfectly dark. The floor was dry and level, and had a sort of a small loose gravel upon it. . . .]

How accurate an observer of nature De Foe was! The reader will at once recognise Prof. Buckland's caves and the diluvial gravel.²—S. T. C.

[P. 278.

. . . I entered into a long discourse with him about the devil, the original of him, his rebellion against God, his enmity to man, the reason of it, his setting himself up in the dark parts of the world to be worshipped instead of God. . . .]

I presume that Milton's *Paradise Lost* must have been bound up with one of Crusoe's Bibles, or I should be puzzled to know where he found all this history of the Old Gentleman. Not a word of it in the Bible itself, I am quite sure. But to be serious, De Foe does not reflect that all these difficulties are attached to a mere fiction or at best an allegory, supported by a few popular phrases and figures of speech used incidentally or dramatically by the Evangelists, and that the existence of a personal intelligent evil being, the counterpart and antagonist of God, is in direct contradiction to the most express

¹ "To this note is added in pencil: 'Do not see how the above is applicable to the reference, page 225, but would fain ask a competent person.'"—Wheatley. This sounds as if the pencil note is in the handwriting of S. T. C., which seems strange, though perhaps not absolutely impossible.

² The geologist Professor William Buckland (1784-1856) attracted attention by an article in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* (1822) and later by his book *Reliquiae Diluvianae*, in which he was considered as a representative of science supporting the account of the Deluge in the Bible. Buckland treated the fine gravel which he found on the floor of various caves as evidence of a great deluge covering the entire earth.

declarations of Holy Writ ! " Is there evil in the city and I have not done it ? saith the Lord." " I do the evil and I do the good." ¹

[Vol. II, p. 2.

I have often heard persons of good judgment say, that all the stir people make in the world about ghosts and apparitions is owing to the strength of imagination, and the powerful operation of fancy in their minds ; that there is no such thing as a spirit appearing, or a ghost walking, and the like.]

I cannot conceive a better definition of Body than Spirit appearing, or of a *flesh and blood man* than a rational spirit apparent. But a spirit *per se* appearing is tantamount to a spirit appearing without its appearances. As for ghosts it is enough for a man of common sense to observe that a ghost and shadow are concluded in the same definition, viz., visibility without tangibility.

[Pp. 8-9.

But in the middle of all this felicity, one blow from unseen Providence unhinged me at once. . . . This blow was the loss of my wife. . . . She was . . . the stay of all my affairs, the centre of all my enterprises, the engine that, by her prudence, reduced me to that happy compass I was in, from the most extravagant and ruinous project that fluttered in my head, as above, and did more to guide my rambling genius than a mother's tears, a father's instruction, a friend's counsel, or my own reasoning powers could do.]

The stay ^a of his affairs, the centre of his interests, the regulator of his schemes and movements, whom it soothed his pride to submit to and in complying with whose wishes the conscious sensation of his own *actions* will increase the impulse while it disguised the coercion of duty ! The clinging dependent yet the strong supporter, the comforter, the comfort, and the soul's living home ! This is De Foe's

^a Wheatley, 'Story.' The reading 'stay' (from L.R.) is obviously demanded by the passage in De Foe's text.

¹ Amos, iii. 6. . . . " shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it ? " Isaiah, xlv. 7. " I make peace and create evil."

comprehensive character of the wife as she should be, and to the honour of womanhood be it spoken there are few neighbourhoods in which one name at least might not be found for the portrait.—S. T. C.

These exquisite paragraphs in addition to others scattered, tho' with a sparing hand, thro' the novels, afford sufficient proof that De Foe was a first-rate master in periodic style, but with sound judgment and the fine tact of genius, had avoided it as adverse to, nay, incompatible with, the every-day matter-of-fact *realness* which forms the charm and character of all his romances. The *Robinson Crusoe* is like the vision of a happy nightmare such as a denizen of Elysium might be supposed to have from a little excess in his nectar and ambrosia supper. Our imagination is kept in full play, excited to the highest, yet all the while we are touching or touched by a common flesh and blood.—S. T. C.

[P. 60.

... the ungrateful creatures began to be insolent and troublesome as before. . . .]

How should it be otherwise. They were idle, and when *we* will not sow *corn*, the *Devil* will be sure to sow *weeds*—nightshade, henbane, and Devil's-bit.

[P. 74.

"How, Seignior Atkins," says he, "would you murder us all?" . . . That hardened villain was so far from denying it, that he said it was true, and G—d d—m him if they would not do it still before they had done with them.]

Observe when a man has once abandoned himself to wickedness he cannot stop and does not join the devils till he has become a devil himself. Rebelling against his conscience he becomes a slave of his own furious will.

One¹ excellence of De Foe among many is his sacrifice of lesser interest to the greater because more universal. Had he (as without any improbability he might have done) given his

¹ Note at the end of vol. i.

Robinson Crusoe any of the turn for natural history which forms so striking and delightful a feature in the equally uneducated Dampier—had he made him find out qualities and uses in the before (to him) unknown plants of the island, discover a substitute for hops, for instance, or describe birds, etc.—many delightful pages and incidents might have enriched the book ; but then Crusoe would cease to be the universal representative, the person for whom every reader could substitute himself. But now nothing is done, thought, or suffered, or desired, but what every man can imagine himself doing, thinking, feeling, or wishing for.

Even so very easy a problem as that of finding a substitute for ink is with exquisite judgment made to baffle Crusoe's inventive faculties. Even in what he does he arrives at no excellence ; he does not make basket work like Will Atkins. The carpentering, tailoring, pottery, are all just what will answer his purpose, and those are confined to needs that all men have, and comforts all men desire. Crusoe rises only where all men may be made to feel that they might and that they ought to rise—in religion, in resignation, in dependence on, and thankful acknowledgement of the divine mercy and goodness.— S. T. COLERIDGE.

ANDERSON'S *LIFE OF YOUNG* ¹

[On his tragedy, *The Revenge*.

The first design seems suggested by " Othello " and " Abdelazar," but he has, in some respects, greatly improved on both.]

Othello !! and Abdelazar !—Alexander the Great and Corporal Drillman of Captain Noke's company, etc., and the *Revenge improves on Othello* ! Candid Critic's most tasteful, tho' not learned, Dr. Anderson.

[It is related by Ruffhead,² that when he determined on the church, he addressed himself to Pope, for instructions in

¹ From the Folger set of Anderson's *British Poets*, which is described in the Preface of this volume.

² Owen Ruffhead, *Life of Pope*, 1769, p. 291, note.

theology ; who, in a frolic, advised the diligent perusal of Thomas Aquinas. With this treasure, he retired from interruption, to an obscure place in the suburbs. Pope hearing nothing of him during half a year, and apprehending he might have carried the jest too far, sought after him, and found him just in time to prevent what Ruffhead calls "an irretrievable derangement."]

This vulgar joke-anecdote against Thomas Aquinas reminds me of Fielding's observation of Aristotle, that he was not quite so great a blockhead as he was deemed by young gentlemen who had never read his works. It is plain, however, from Young's writings that he really had formed his mind on the scholastic writers. An edition of the *Night Thoughts* with a running commentary from Aquinas and his followers would perhaps surprise such of our modern critics as can construe Latin. S. T. COLERIDGE.¹

[In them (pieces which Young refused to reprint) he would appear, perhaps in a less respectable light as a poet ; and though despicable as a dedicatory, he would not pass for a worse Christian, or for a worse man.]

No !—what, are the vile lies of a preferment-hunter's flattery no detraction from honor, honesty, and Christianity !

ANDERSON'S *LIVES OF THOMSON AND MALLET* ²

[Life of Thomson.

... Hill ... he courted with every expression of servile adulation.]

Damn this Scotch scoundrel of a biographer. He cannot avoid stabbing and mangling his own countryman, the honor, yea, the redeemer of Scotland. What, was it difficult to account for a young poet's over-warm expressions from over-warm feelings of gratitude and ignorance of the world ?

¹ Published (as S. T. C.'s) in Hartley Coleridge's *Essays and Marginalia*, ii. 106. .

² From the Kensington set of Anderson's *British Poets*, which is described in the Preface of this volume.

[Life of Mallet. *The Excursion*.

It has the beauties and faults of the "Seasons" of his friend Thomson.]

Is it possible that a man should have written this ?—O Lord, yes ! anything is possible from a Scotchman ! and N.B., Thomson was born only ten miles from the borders, so that the air from Cumberland might easily have anglicized him—and I should only find what I expected, if it came out that his *real* father was an Englishman.

[On Mallet's *Life of Bacon* :

It ranks with the best pieces of biography in our language.]

The devil it does ! Poor language ! But Anderson, perhaps, meant the Scotch language.

NOTES ON TOM JONES¹

Manners change from generation to generation, and with manners morals appear to change,—actually change with some, but appear to change with all but the abandoned. A young man of the present day who should act as Tom Jones is supposed to act at Upton, with Lady Bellaston, &c. would not be a Tom Jones ; and a Tom Jones of the present day, without perhaps being in the ground a better man, would have perished rather than submit to be kept by a harridan of fortune. Therefore this novel is, and, indeed, pretends to be, no exemplar of conduct. But, notwithstanding all this, I do loathe the cant which can recommend Pamela and Clarissa Harlowe as strictly moral, though they poison the imagination of the young with continued doses of *tinct. lyttæ*, while Tom Jones is prohibited as loose. I do not speak of young women ;—but a young man whose heart or feelings can be injured, or even his passions excited, by aught in this novel, is already thoroughly corrupt. There is a cheerful, sun-shiny, breezy spirit that prevails every where, strongly

¹ " Communicated by Mr. Gillman."—H. N. C. Reprinted from *L.R.*

contrasted with the close, hot, day-dreamy continuity of Richardson.¹ Every indiscretion, every immoral act, of Tom Jones, (and it must be remembered that he is in every one taken by surprise—his inward principles remaining firm—) is so instantly punished by embarrassment and unanticipated evil consequences of his folly, that the reader's mind is not left for a moment to dwell or run riot on the criminal indulgence itself. In short, let the requisite allowance be made for the increased refinement of our manners,—and then I dare believe that no young man who consulted his heart and conscience only, without adverting to what the world would say—could rise from the perusal of Fielding's Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or Amelia, without feeling himself a better man ;—at least, without an intense conviction that he could not be guilty of a base act.

If I want a servant or mechanic, I wish to know what he does :—but of a friend, I must know what he is. And in no writer is this momentous distinction so finely brought forward as by Fielding. We do not care what Blifil does ;—the deed, as separate from the agent, may be good or ill ;—but Blifil is a villain ;—and we feel him to be so from the very moment he, the boy Blifil, restores Sophia's poor captive bird to its native and rightful liberty.

Book xiv. ch. 8.

Notwithstanding the sentiment of the Roman satirist, which denies the divinity of fortune ; and the opinion of Seneca to the same purpose ; Cicero, who was, I believe, a wiser man than either of them, expressly holds the contrary ; and certain it is there are some incidents in life so very strange and unaccountable, that it seems to require more than human skill and foresight in producing them.

Surely Juvenal, Seneca, and Cicero, all meant the same thing, namely, that there was no chance, but instead of it providence, either human or divine.

Book xv. ch. 9.

'The rupture with Lady Bellaston.

¹ Cf. *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 18, for similar remarks.

Even in the most questionable part of Tom Jones, I cannot but think, after frequent reflection, that an additional paragraph, more fully and forcibly unfolding Tom Jones's sense of self-degradation on the discovery of the true character of the relation in which he had stood to Lady Bellaston, and his awakened feeling of the dignity of manly chastity, would have removed in great measure any just objections,—at all events relatively to Fielding himself, and with regard to the state of manners in his time.

Book xvi. ch. 5.

That refined degree of Platonic affection which is absolutely detached from the flesh, and is indeed entirely and purely spiritual, is a gift confined to the female part of the creation ; many of whom I have heard declare (and doubtless with great truth) that they would, with the utmost readiness, resign a lover to a rival, when such resignation was proved to be necessary for the temporal interest of such lover.

I firmly believe that there are men capable of such a sacrifice, and this, without pretending to, or even admiring or seeing any virtue in, this absolute detachment from the flesh.

ANOTHER SET OF NOTES ON TOM JONES ¹

Book i. ch. 4.

Beyond this the country gradually rose into a ridge of wild mountains, the tops of which were above the clouds.

As this is laid in Somersetshire, the clouds must have been unusually low. One would be more apt to think of Skiddaw or Ben Nevis, than of Quantock or Mendip Hills.

Book xi. ch. 1.

Nor can the Devil receive a guest more worthy of him, nor possibly more welcome to him than a slanderer.

The very word Devil, *Diabolus*, means a slanderer.

¹ Reprinted from *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare*, etc. (1849). The first three quotations (but not the fourth) are there enclosed in quotation marks.

Book xii. ch. 12.

And here we will make a concession, which would not perhaps have been expected from us ; That no limited form of government is capable of rising to the same degree of perfection, or of producing the same benefits to society with this. Mankind has never been so happy, as when the greatest part of the then known world was under the dominion of a single master ; and this state of their felicity continued under the reign of five successive Princes.

Strange that such a lover of political liberty as Fielding should have forgotten that the glaring infamy of the Roman morals and manners immediately on the ascent of Commodus prove, that even five excellent despots in succession were but a mere temporary palliative of the evils inherent in despotism and its causes. Think you that all the sub-despots were Trajans and Antonines ? No ! Rome was left as it was found by them, incapable of freedom.

Book xviii. ch. 4.

Plato himself concludes his *Phaedon* with declaring, that his best argument amounts only to raise a probability ; and Cicero himself seems rather to profess an inclination to believe, than any actual belief, in the doctrines of immortality.

No ! Plato does not say so, but speaks as a philosophic Christian would do of the best arguments of the scientific intellect. The assurance is derived from a higher principle. If this be Methodism Plato and Socrates were arrant Methodists and New Light men ; but I would ask Fielding what ratiocinations do more than raise a high degree of probability. But assuredly an historic belief is far different from Christian *faith*.

No greater proof can be conceived of the strength of the instinctive anticipation of a future state than that it was believed at all by the Greek Philosophers, with their vague and (Plato excepted) Pantheistic conception of the First Cause. S. T. C.

JONATHAN WILD ¹

Jonathan Wild is assuredly the best of all the fictions in which a villain is throughout the prominent character. But how impossible it is by any force of genius to create a sustained attractive interest for such a groundwork, and how the mind wearies of, and shrinks from, the more than painful interest, the *μισητόν* of utter depravity,²—Fielding himself felt and endeavoured to mitigate and remedy by the (on all other principles) far too large a proportion, and too quick recurrence, of the interposed chapters of moral reflection, like the chorus in the Greek tragedy,—admirable specimens as these chapters are of profound irony and philosophic satire. Chap. VI. Book 2, on Hats,³—brief as it is, exceeds any thing even in Swift's Lilliput, or Tale of the Tub. How forcibly it applies to the Whigs, Tories, and Radicals of our own times.

Whether the transposition of Fielding's scorching wit (as B. III. c. xiv) to the mouth of his hero be objectionable on the ground of *incredulus odi*, or is to be admired as answering the author's purpose by unrealizing the story, in order to give a deeper reality to the truths intended,—I must leave doubtful, yet myself inclining to the latter judgment. 27th Feb., 1832.

NOTES ON MATHIAS' EDITION OF GRAY ⁴*On a distant prospect of Eton College*

Vol. I. p. 9.

Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

GRAY.

¹ "Communicated by Mr. Gillman." —H. N. C. Reprinted from *L.R.*

² Cf. pp. 82, 84, 88, 157.

³ 'In which our hero makes a speech well worthy to be celebrated; and the behaviour of one of the gang, perhaps more unnatural than any other part of this history.'

⁴ Reprinted from *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare*, etc. (1849). The edition of Gray is that by Thomas J. Mathias, two volumes folio, 1814.

We want, methinks, a little treatise from some man of flexible good sense, and well versed in the Greek poets, especially Homer, the choral, and other lyrics, containing first a history of compound epithets, and then the laws and licenses. I am not so much disposed as I used to be to quarrel with such an epithet as "silver-winding;" ungrammatical as the hyphen is, it is not wholly *illogical*, for the phrase conveys more than silvery and winding. It gives, namely, the unity of the impression, the co-inherence of the brightness, the motion, and the line of motion.

P. 10.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

GRAY.

This is the only stanza that appears to me very objectionable in point of diction. This, I must confess, is not only *false* throughout, but is at once harsh and feeble, and very far the worst ten lines in all the works of Mr. Gray, English or Latin, prose or verse.

P. 12.

And envy wan, and faded care,ⁱ
 Grim-visaged comfortless despair,ⁱⁱ
 And sorrow's piercing dart,ⁱⁱⁱ

ⁱ Bad in the first, ⁱⁱ in the second, ⁱⁱⁱ in the last degree.¹

P. 15.

The proud are taught to *taste of pain*.² GRAY.

¹ Small roman numerals are here substituted for Sara Coleridge's arabic, to avoid confusion with the footnotes.

² "Ode to Adversity."

There is a want of dignity—a sort of irony in this phrase to my feeling that would be more proper in dramatic than in lyric composition.

On Gray's *Platonica*,¹ vol. ii,^a p. 299.—547.

Whatever might be expected from a scholar, a gentleman, a man of exquisite taste, as the quintessence of sane and sound good sense, Mr. Gray appears to me to have performed. The poet Plato, the orator Plato, Plato the exquisite dramatist of conversation, the seer and the painter of character, Plato the high-bred, highly-educated, aristocratic republican, the man and the gentleman of quality stands full before us from behind the curtain as Gray has drawn it back. Even so does Socrates, the social wise old man, the *practical* moralist. But Plato the philosopher, but the divine Plato, was not to be comprehended within the field of vision, or be commanded by the fixed immoveable telescope of Mr. Locke's human understanding. The whole sweep of the best philosophic reflections of French or English fabric in the age of our scholarly bard, was not commensurate with the mighty orb. The little, according to *my* convictions at least, the very little of proper Platonism contained in the *written* books of Plato, who himself, in an epistle, the authenticity of which there is no tenable ground for doubting, as I was rejoiced to find Mr. Gray acknowledge, has declared all he had written to be substantially Socratic, and not a fair exponent of his own tenets,² even this little, Mr. Gray has either miscon-

^a *Lectures, etc.* (1849), 'vol. I.'

¹ In these notes, I have adhered to Sara Coleridge's text, not the text of Mathias. S. C. alters Mathias slightly, by occasionally modifying punctuation, by introducing Greek accents and breathings (a process which I have carried further, without specific notice), by correcting two items of the Greek quoted from Plato's seventh epistle. I have introduced slight changes in the quotations for the third and fifth notes, for the sake of greater clearness. The passages from Heraclitus do not conform to the text which I have consulted, but I allowed them to stand as in Mathias and Sara Coleridge, on the ground that readers of this book are not interested in textual questions which extend beyond Coleridge himself.

² "See Plato's second epistle *φραστόειν δὴ σοι δι' αἰνιγμάτων, κ.τ.λ.* and towards the end *τὰ δε νῦν λεγόμενα Σωκράτους ἐστίν, κ.τ.λ.* See also the 7th Epistle, p. 341."—Sara Coleridge.

ceived or honestly confessed that, as he was not one of the initiated, it was utterly beyond his comprehension. Finally, to repeat the explanation with which I closed the last page of these notes and extracts,

Volsimi . . . e vidi Plato

(ma non quel Plato)

Che 'n quella schiera andò più presso al segno,

Al qual' aggiunge, a ch' dal Cielo è dato.¹

S. T. COLERIDGE, 1819.

P. 385. Hippias Major.

We learn from this dialogue in how poor a condition the art of reasoning on moral and abstracted subjects was before the time of Socrates : for it is impossible that Plato should introduce a sophist of the first reputation for eloquence and knowledge in several kinds, talking in a manner below the absurdity and weakness of a child ; unless he had really drawn after the life. No less than twenty-four pages are here spent in vain, only to force it into the head of Hippias that there is such a thing as a general idea ; and that, before we can dispute on any subject, we should give a definition of it.

Is not this, its improbability out of the question, contradicted by the Protagoras of Plato's own drawing ? Are there no authors, no physicians in London at the present moment, of " the first reputation," i.e. whom a certain class cry up : for in no other sense is the phrase *historically* applicable to Hippias, whom a Sydenham redivivus or a new Stahl might not exhibit as pompous ignoramuses ? no *one* Hippias amongst them ? But we need not flee to conjectures. The ratiocination assigned by Aristotle and Plato himself to Gorgias and then to the Eleatic school, are positive proofs that Mr. Gray has mistaken the satire of an individual for a characteristic of an age or class.

May I dare whisper to the reeds without proclaiming that I am in the state of Midas,—may I dare to hint that Mr. Gray himself had not, and through the spectacles of Mr. Locke and

¹ " Petrarch's *Trionfo della Fama*, cap. terz. v. 4-6."—Sara Coleridge.

his followers, could not have seen the difficulties which Hippias found in a *general* idea, *secundem Platonem*? S. T. C. P. 386.

Notes / 289.¹ Passages of Heraclitus: *Πιθήκων ὁ κάλλιστος αἰσχρὸς ἄλλω γένει συμβαλεῖν.*—*Ἀνθρώπων ὁ σοφώτατος πρὸς θεὸν πίθηκος φανείται.*

[Gray:] This latter passage is undoubtedly the original of that famous thought in Pope's Essay on Man, B. 2:

"And shewed a Newton as we shew an ape."

I remember to have met nearly the same words in one of our elder Poets.

P. 390-91.

That a sophist was a kind of merchant, or rather a retailer of food for the soul, and, like other shopkeepers, would exert his eloquence to recommend his own goods. The misfortune was, we could not carry them off, like corporeal viands, set them by a while, and consider them at leisure, whether they were wholesome or not, before we tasted them: that in this case we have no vessel but the soul to receive them in, which will necessarily retain a tincture, and perhaps much to its prejudice, of all which is instilled into it.

Query, if Socrates, himself a scholar of the sophists, is accurate, did not the change of *ὁ σοφός* into *ὁ Σοφιστής*, in the single case of Solon, refer to the wisdom-causing influences of his legislation? Mem:—to examine whether *φροντιστής* was, or was not, more generally used at first *in malum sensum*, or rather the proper force originally of the termination *ιστής*, *ατής*—whether (as it is evidently verbal) it imply a reflex or a transitive act.

P. 399.

Notes ^a / P. 357.² 'Οτι Ἀμαθία.] This is the true key and great moral of the dialogue, that knowledge alone is the source of virtue, and ignorance the source of vice; it was Plato's own

^a Form of reference from *Mathias*.

¹ The page-reference given by Mathias is to the Serranus edition of Plato, printed by Henry Stephens in 1578, three volumes folio.

² Cf. n. 1.

principle, (see Plat. Epist. 7. p. 336. Ἀμαθία, ἐξ ἧς πάντα κακὰ πᾶσιν ἐρρίζωται καὶ βλαστάνει καὶ εἰς ὕστερον ἀποτελεῖ καρπὸν τοῖς γεννήσασιν πικρότατον. See also *Sophist*, p. 228 and 229, and *Euthydemus* from p. 278 to 281, and *De Legib.* I. 3, p. 688.) and probably it was also the principle of Socrates : the consequence of it is, that virtue may be taught, and may be acquired ; and that philosophy alone can point us out the way to it.

More than our word, Ignorance, is contained in the Ἀμαθία of Plato. I, however, freely acknowledge, that this was the point of view, from which Socrates did *for the most part* contemplate moral good and evil. Now and then he seems to have taken a higher station, but soon quitted it for the lower, more generally intelligible. Hence the vacillation of Socrates himself : hence, too, the immediate opposition of his disciples, Antisthenes and Aristippus. But that this was Plato's own principle I exceedingly doubt. That it was not the principle of Platonism, as taught by the first Academy under Speusippus, I do *not* doubt at all. See the xivth Essay, pp. 129-39 of *The Friend*, vol. i. In the sense in which ἀμαθίας πάντα κακὰ ἐρρίζωται, κ.τ.λ. is maintained in that Essay, so and no otherwise can it be truly asserted, and so and no otherwise did ὡς ἐμοὶ γέ δοκεῖ, Plato teach it.

HENRY BROOKE

*The Fool of Quality*¹

[Dedication, p. xiii.]

An exquisite composition is this "Dedication." To the genius of Swift it adds a moral geniality, a *richness* of heart.

¹ The following marginalia first appeared in the *Huntington Library Bulletin*, No. 2 (November 1931), pp. 149-63, edited by Edwin Berck Dike. They are here reprinted only in part, and with the usual editorial revision of mechanics which I have indicated in the Preface to this volume. The edition on which the marginalia appear, according to Mr. Dike, is the four-volume London edition of 1776, printed for Edward Johnston. The book apparently once belonged to the H. E. Savage Library, Highgate, as is indicated by a sheet of paper pasted on the front flyleaf. The notes probably belong, therefore, to the latter years of Coleridge's life.

But oh, how deceitful is the heart in the best of us ! Through the whole of this enchanting day-dream novel, the imagination of, and the consequent craving for wealth, are fed, yea, *crammed* even to gluttony ! The heroes of the story are all rich as Croesus, Mr. Fenton a magnified Rothschild, all the Barings in *one*, only so very good, so very, very afflicted. But what of all this—we offer an atoning smile of assent to our disapproving REASON, then turn to the book and “ love it all the better.” S. T. C.

[Ch. xiii.

The world, my lovely cousin—the world is to man as his temper or complexion. The mind constitutes its own prosperity and adversity ; winter presents no cloud to a cheerful spirit, neither can summer find sunshine for the spirit that is in a state of dejection.]

Exquisite alike in thought and expression ! And yet this work, worthy of being placed on the next shelf to our Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, is only know[n] and spoken of [as] a child's book.

[Ch. xiv.

. . . for every kind of passion is unquestionably a kind of suffering.]

A remark equally profound and beautiful. S. T. C.

[Ch. xviii. The salutary effects of suffering.]

If the “ nosce te ipsum,” if self-knowledge be, as it is, the ground of all true and profitable knowledge, then whatever draws us inward upon our own spirits, cannot but be salutary. Now this is the effect of suffering and sorrow, as long as they do not exceed the degree that permits the exercise of thought and reflection. S. T. C.

[*Ibid.* Harry casts himself on the grave of his brother, Richard.]

I cannot but think this unnatural.

Indeed the constant attempt to represent the uncle himself as “ a man wholly made up of sorrows and killing griefs ” ¹

¹ Quoted (with a slight omission) from a preceding page (vol. iv, p. 137) in this chapter.

is the most objectionable feature of the work. It savours too rankly of Moravian *maudlinism*—it has a sickly, musky, bergamot smell. This and the extravagant overloaded flattery to Harry, even in his own presence, are the disease of this otherwise most exquisite work. Nevertheless, this latter fault is so far a true portrait of life, that of all flattery the mutual flattery of *religious* professors is the most *intense*. Never shall I forget the amoebean eclogue between Miss Hannah More and an evangelical countess, which I heard during a breakfast at Mrs. More's.

THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS ¹

[Title-page.

Stat nominis umbra.]

As he never dropt the mask, so he too often used the poisoned dagger of an assassin.

Dedication to the English Nation

The whole of this dedication reads like a string of aphorisms arranged in chapters, and classified by resemblance of subject, or a cento of points.

[*Ibid.*

If an honest, and, I may truly affirm, a laborious zeal for the public service has given me any weight in Your esteem, let me exhort and conjure You, never to suffer an invasion of Your political constitution, however minute the instance may appear, to pass by, without a determined, persevering resistance.]

Longer sentence and proportionately inelegant.

[*Ibid.*

If you reflect that, in the changes of administration which have marked and disgraced the present reign, although your

¹ These notes, which were first published in *L.R.*, have been corrected by collation with the original marginalia. The copy of the *Letters of Junius* (London, 1797), which Coleridge annotated, is now in the British Museum (pressmark, C. 61, a. 15). H. N. C. gives the date of 1807 for the notes, on what evidence I do not know.

warmest patriots have, in their turn, been invested with the lawful and unlawful authority of the crown, and though other reliefs or improvements have been held forth to the people, yet that no one man in office has ever promoted or encouraged a bill for shortening the duration of parliaments, but that (whoever was minister) the opposition to this measure, ever since the septennial act passed, has been constant and uniform on the part of government—]

Long, and as usual, inelegant. Junius cannot manage a long sentence ; it has all the ins and outs of a snappish figure-dance.

Preface

An excellent preface ; and the sentences not so snipt as in the dedication. The paragraph [near the conclusion, beginning with " Some opinion may now be expected," etc., and ending with " relation between guilt and punishment," ^a] deserves to be quoted, as a masterpiece of rhetorical ratiocination in a series of questions that permit no answer ; or (as Junius says) carry their own answer along with them. The great art of Junius is never to say too much, and to avoid with equal anxiety a commonplace manner, and matter that is not commonplace. If ever he deviates into any originality of thought, he takes care that it shall be such as excited surprise for its acuteness, rather than admiration for its profundity. He takes care ? say rather that Nature took care for him. It is impossible to detract from the merit of these Letters : they are suited to their purpose, and perfect in their kind. They impel to action, not thought. Had they been profound or subtle in thought, or majestic and sweeping in composition, they would have been adapted for the closet of a Sidney, or for a House of Lords such as it was in the time of Lord Bacon ; but they are plain and sensible whenever the author is in the right, and, whether right or wrong, always shrewd and epigrammatic, and fitted for the coffee-house, the exchange, the lobby at the House of Commons,

^a MS., ' from 24th to 26th page.'

and to be read aloud at a public meeting. When connected, dropping the forms of connection, desultory without abruptness or appearance of disconnection, epigrammatic, antithetical to excess, sententious, personal, regardless of right or wrong, yet well-skilled to act the part of an honest warm-hearted man, and even when he is in the right, *saying* the truth but never proving it, much less attempting to bottom it—this is the character of Junius—and on this character, and in the mould of these writings, must every man cast himself, who would wish in factious times to be the important and long remembered agent of a faction. I believe that I could do all that Junius has done, and surpass him by doing many things which he has not done : *ex. gr.*, by an occasional induction of startling facts, in the manner of Tom Paine, and lively illustrations and witty applications of good stories and appropriate anecdotes, in the best manner of Horne Tooke. I believe I could do it if it were in my nature [to] aim at this sort of excellence, or to be enamored of the fame and immediate influence which would be its consequence and reward. But it is not in my nature. I not only love truth, but I have a passion for the legitimate investigation of truth. The love of truth conjoined with a keen delight in a strict, skilful, yet impassioned argumentation, is my master-passion, and to it are subordinated even the love of liberty and all my public feelings—and to it whatever I labour under of vanity, ambition, and all my inward impulses.

Letter I

From this Letter all the faults and excellencies of Junius may be exemplified. The moral and political aphorisms are just and sensible. The irony in which his personal satire is conveyed is fine, yet always intelligible ; but it approaches too nearly to the nature of a sneer. The sentences are cautiously constructed without the forms of connection ; the “ he ” and “ it ” everywhere substituted for the “ who ” and “ which.” The sentences are short, laboriously balanced, and the antitheses stand the test of analysis much better than

Johnson's. These are all excellencies in their kind—where is the defect? There is too much of each, and there is a defect of many things, the presence of which would have been not only valuable for their own sakes, but for the relief and variety which they would have given. It is observable too that every Letter adds to the faults of these Letters, while it weakens the effect of their beauties.

Letter III

A capital Letter, addressed to a private person, and intended as a sharp reproof of intrusion. Its short sentences, its witty perversions and deductions, its questions, and its omissions of connectives, are all in their proper places—are *dramatically* good.

Letter V

[For my own part, I willingly leave it to the public to determine, whether your vindication of your friend has been as able and judicious, as it was certainly well intended; and you, I think, may be satisfied with the warm acknowledgments he already owes you, for making him the principal figure in a piece, in which, but for your amiable assistance, he might have passed without particular notice or distinction.]

A long sentence and, as usual, inelegant and cumbrous.

A faultless composition with exception of the one long sentence.¹

Letter VII

[These are the gloomy companions of a disturbed imagination; the melancholy madness of poetry, without the inspiration.²]

Rhymes. "Fancy" had been better; tho' but for the rhyme, "imagination" is the fitter word.

¹ These two notes are not continuous, but are separated by two pages.

² Coleridge underlines the last two syllables of 'imagination' and 'inspirat'on.'

[Such a question might perhaps discompose the *gravity* of his *muscles*, but I believe it would little affect the *tranquility* of his *conscience*.]

A false antithesis, a mere verbal balance. Far, far, too many of these.

With the exceptions marked in the margin ¹ [this letter is] a blameless composition. Junius may be safely studied as a model for letters that are truly letters. Those to the Duke of Grafton, etc., are small pamphlets in the form of letters.

Letter VIII

[To do justice to your Grace's humanity, you felt for M'Quirk as you ought to do, and if you had been contented to assist him indirectly, without a notorious denial of justice, or openly insulting the sense of the nation, you might have satisfied every duty of political friendship, without committing the honour of your Sovereign, or hazarding the reputation of his government.]

An inelegant cluster of *without*s.

Ne quid nimis. Junius asks questions incomparably well ; but *ne quid nimis*.

Letter IX

Perhaps the fair way of considering these Letters would be as a kind of satirical poems—the short, and for ever balanced sentences constitute a true metre ; and the connection is that of satiric poetry, a witty logic, an association of ideas by amusing semblances of cause and effect—the sophistry of which the reader has an interest in not stopping to detect—for it flatters his love of mischief, and makes the sport.

Letter XII

One of Junius's arts, and which gives me a high idea of his genius, considering him as a poet and a satirist, is this : he takes for granted the existence of a character that never did

¹ The two sentences just quoted, which, in the original, stand two pages before this final comment.

and never can exist, and then employs his wit, and surprises and amuses his readers with analyzing and setting forth its incompatibilities.

Letter XIV

Continual sneer, continual irony—all excellent, if it were not for the “all”—but a countenance, with a malignant smile in statuary fixture on it, becomes at length an object of aversion, however beautiful the face, and however becoming the smile. We are relieved from this by frequent, just, and well-expressed moral aphorisms; but then the preceding and following irony gives them the appearance of proceeding from the head, not the heart. This objection would be less felt, when the Letters were first published—with considerable intervals; but Junius wrote for posterity.

Letter XXIII

Sneer and irony continued with such gross violation of good sense as to be perfectly nonsense. The man who can address another on his most detestable vices in a strain of cold continued irony, is himself a wretch.

Letter XXV

An excellent Letter.

Letter XXXV

[To honour them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects, who placed your family, and, in spite of treachery and rebellion, have supported it *upon the throne*,^a is a mistake too gross, even for the unsuspecting generosity of youth.]

The words “upon the throne,” [are] unfortunately placed for the harmonious effect of the balance [of] “placed” and “supported.”

This address to the King is almost faultless in composition; and has been evidently “tormented with the file.” But it has

^a Coleridge's *italics*.

fewer beauties than any other long letter of Junius ; and utterly undramatic. There is nothing in the style, the transitions, or the sentiments, which represents the passions of a man emboldening himself to address his sovereign personally. Like a Presbyterian's prayer, you may substitute almost everywhere the third for the second person without injury. The newspaper, his closet, and his own person, were alone present to the author's intention and imagination. This makes the composition vapid. It possesses an Isocratic correctness—when it should have had the force and drama of an oration of Demosthenes. From this, however, the thirteenth ¹ paragraph, beginning with the words " As to the Scotch," and also the two last paragraphs, must be honourably excepted. They are, perhaps, the finest passages in the whole of the collection.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE

GEORGE DYER'S *POEMS* ²

[Preface, p. xxvi.

Panegyric, in the hands of a mere rhymester, is almost sure to sink into insipidity ; in the hands of a poet, it may swell into flattery. Here, probably, Pindar and Horace grew extravagant.]

PINDAR—and—who ?——*Horace* !!! and pray, good George Dyer, in what ode or fragment of the Theban re-

¹ Twelfth of the letter itself. The first paragraph is an introductory address to the printer.

² The first note is on the preface of the edition of 1800, of which only the preface was printed. The other notes are on the edition of 1801. The two editions are bound together in the British Museum copy of Dyer's *Poems* (pressmark C. 45. f. 18), from which these marginalia are taken. They have not before been collected in Coleridge's works, but they have been previously published in *Critical Annotations* by S. T. Coleridge, edited by William F. Taylor and privately published at Harrow, 1889. I have omitted a note from p. 214 of Dyer's *Poems*, because of its triviality.—George Dyer (1755-1841) is remembered as a friend of Coleridge, Lamb, and Southey, but quite legitimately forgotten as a poet.

publican do you find flattery? I can remember no one word that justifies the charge. As to Horace, praise be to him as an amiable gentleman, and man of fine courtly sense—thanks and thanks for his Satires and Epistles and whatever is “*sermonis proprius*”—and his little translations or originals of light and social growth, thanks for them too!—But as a poet, a lyric poet, a companion of *Pindar*, or the author of the *Atys*—(be he Catullus or some unknown Greek)—it won’t do! No!

[P. 299.]

Sappho, loved by Anacreon. Her celebrated ode beginning,

φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν

is produced by Longinus as one of the noblest and completest examples of the *sublime*. . .]

No such thing. Longinus was no very profound critic; but he was no blunderer. Of the energetic, of the language of high excitement, elevated from passion, in short, *ὀψότητος* [ὄψις?] *παθητικῆς* [παθητική?] of this indeed it was, is, and probably ever will be, the most perfect specimen. But as to sublime you might as well call it blue or small-poxed.

[P. 325.]

That the principal and immediate aim of poetry is, to please, has been opposed by Julius Scaliger,¹ and some other critics. But though I must admit that

omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,

yet will I still abide by Aristotle’s and Plutarch’s² opinion, that the immediate object of poetry is, to please.]

Damned nonsense! But *why* does it please? Because it pleases? O mystery!—If not, some cause out of itself must be found. Mere utility it certainly is not—nor mere goodness—therefore there must be some third power, and that is

¹ See *Poetics*, I. i, *Yale Studies in English*, XXVI, *Select Translations from Scaliger’s Poetics*, by F. M. Padelford, N.Y., 1905, p. 2.

² Plutarch is essentially didactic in his conception of the function of poetry. See his essay in the *Morals* on “How a Young Man Should Study Poetry,” especially the beginning and end.

beauty, *i.e.*, that which *ought* to please. My benevolent friend seems not to have made an obvious distinction, between end and means.—The poet *must* always aim at pleasure as his specific *means* ; but surely Milton did ; and all ought to aim at something nobler as their end—viz.—to cultivate and predispose the heart of the reader, etc.

SCOTT'S NOVELS ¹

Waverley

[Ch. XVII.]

... Highlanders ... can consume great quantities of ardent spirits without the usual baneful effects. ...]

It would be more correct to have said—"with less than the usual," etc.

[Ch. XXIV.]

... Fergus ... had in his mind a reserve of superstition which balanced the freedom of his expressions and practice upon other occasions.]

In the most reflecting minds there may, nay must, exist a "certain reserve of superstition," from the consciousness of the vast disproportion of our knowledge to the *terra incognita* yet to be known. Between these is a region of indistinctness, sights not forms, but to which we give a form. Some few are aware that the form is their own gift, yet without denying a *somewhat* seen ! Whatever [?] the last understood *causes* may be, still *aliquid superstat*—and this it is, which constitutes the reason of *superstition*, and makes it reasonable.

[Ch. XXX.]

This worthy man ... preached the practical fruits of Christian faith as well as its abstract tenets. ...]

¹ These marginalia, which are now published for the first time, come from a set of Scott's novels in the possession of Lord Coleridge,—*Novels and Tales* (twelve vols.), *Historical Romances* (six vols.), and *Novels and Romances* (seven vols.) 'of the Author of *Waverley*.' The three divisions of this set were published by Constable at Edinburgh in the years 1823, 1824, 1825, respectively.

Abstract tenets—i.e., whatever in the Gospel is peculiar to the Gospel! O what an opening into the actual state of religion among the higher classes, as represented by and in Sir Walter Scott! Christ's Divinity, the Fall of Man, Sin, Redemption—*abstract tenets*!!!

[Ch. LVII.

But . . . there must be some decent pretext for a mortal duel. For instance, you may challenge a man for treading on your corn in a crowd, or for pushing you up to the wall, or for taking your seat in the theatre. . . .]

Mem. what a complete answer to Arthur Mervyn's¹ defence of duelling in the former volume! "I am morally entitled to defend my honor not less than my life or purse."—So be it. But what is your honor? And what *are* attacks on it? Sir Walter Scott here answers the question.

[Ch. LIX. Fergus sees the spirit.]

Sir Walter Scott, an orthodox cosmolater, is always half and half on these subjects. The appearances are so stated as to be readily solved on the simplest principles of pathology: while the precise coincidence of the event so marvellously exceeds the ordinary run of chances, as to preserve the full effect of superstition for the *reader* and yet the credit of unbelief for the writer. S. T. C.

[*Ibid.*

My ghastly visitant—*turned full round.*]

I doubt whether this be natural.

Guy Mannering

[Ch. III.

. . . I opine with Sir Isaac Newton, Knight, and *umwhile* master of His Majesty's mint, that the (pretended) science of astrology is altogether vain. . . .]

This joke stolen from Murphy [?] and by him put into the mouth of an old money-loving citizen, is quite out of character with Dominie Sampson.

¹ *Guy Mannering*, ch. xvi. See Coleridge's later comment, p. 324 below.

[*Ibid.* Final paragraph.] Colonel Mannering is full sixty years too late to make his half-joking, half-earnest penchant for astrology endurable by the imagination. And there is nothing in his character to aid or account for it.

[Ch. IV. Mannering makes astrological predictions which are later verified by the death of his wife, by the kidnapping of the boy Harry Bertram, and by Bertram's adventures on coming of age.]

. . . [?] It is the coincidence of the fulfilment that makes the wonder. But the whole is misconceived and mismanaged. But this is Scott's great defect. Nothing is evolved out of the character or passions of the agent ; but all is accident *ab extra*.

[*Ibid.*

“Twist ye, twine ye ! even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending !

Passions wild, and Follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain,
Doubt, and Jealousy, and Fear
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle.
Twist ye, twine ye ! even so
Mingle human bliss and woe.”]

And this a professed *imitation* of a *gypsy's* charm ! Well does this instance the diversity of fancy, which Sir Walter Scott possesses, and *imagination*, which belongs to another grade of intellects.

[Ch. V. Verse motto.

. . . I am a gentleman.]

I have never seen or been able to discover any other satisfactory solution of the problem of the pride of *blood*, but that recorded in Genesis—respecting the three sons of Noah. Nor do I believe that this pride is grounded on a mere *prejudice*; the Duke of Norfolk can not be prouder of his being a Howard, than I am in the belief that I am an Iapetides—a descendant of Japhet in the Northwestern or Gothic Branch—and not a *Celt* or any of the mixed bloods, and with no infusion of the Hammonic. S. T. C.

[Ch. XVI. Mervyn argues that duelling is justified by the natural right of self-defence.¹ That right is surrendered to civil society on condition of legal protection; but the law does not protect one's honor.]

This plausible defence of duelling *intra certos limites* wants but two points to be more than *plausible*. The first is, a determination of what are and ought to be regarded as assaults on honor and reputation. If not enumerated, yet let them at least be predefined and described. At present, it is notorious that in nine cases of ten the offence is determined by the irascibility and pruriency *ad pugnam* of the person who takes the offence. The second point is—admit the innocence and necessity of sending or accepting a challenge on any occasion, how is a sober minded man to be protected from your hot candidates for duellistic fame, who may take any the most absurd pretence for *beginning* a dispute? In short, the law of duelling exposes my *honor* to every bully or fool.

Rob Roy

[Ch. XXIX.] One most *characteristic* quality of Sir Walter Scott's novels is the charm and yet the utterly impersonal and undramatic stuff and texture of the dialogues. *Ex. gr.* :

[. . . ' Drink clean cap out, like Sir Hildebrand; begin the blessed morning with brandy sops, like Squire Percy; swagger, like Squire Thorncliff; rin wud amang the lasses, like Squire John; gamble, like Richard; win souls to the pope and the

¹ Cf. p. 322.

deevil, like Rashleigh ; rive, rant, break the Sabbath, and do the pope's bidding, like them a' put thegither—but, merciful Providence ! take care o' your young bluid, and gang nae near Rob Roy ! ' ¹]

[Ch. XXXIV, etc. Frank misunderstands mysterious allusions to Sir Frederick and Diana Vernon, whom he supposes man and wife.]

Again another obtrusively gross improbability—that Frank with all their interviews should not have discovered that Sir Frederick was Diana's father, not husband.

I do not regard small improbabilities, numerous as they are in Sir Walter's novels—his genius overpowers them. But this comparison of the father with the husband is so *very* gross, so utterly inconsistent with Osbaldistone's intimacy with Diana, as to awaken one rudely out of the day-dream of negative faith.

Old Mortality

[Ch. I. 'The resistance of the Covenanters ' in the cause of civil and religious liberty.']

Alas ! A liberty which in the first moment in which it asserted itself became intolerance, and an exclusion of all liberty in others ! But the Scottish Covenanters are not chargeable with this inconsistency. It was not liberty they desired ; but truth, which they believed themselves to assert. Now *truth* can be but one. It is in its very essence *exclusive*. It is man's blindness to his own fallibility and the lust of sway which pervert this exclusiveness into *intolerance* and persecution.

[Ch. IV.

In their excited imagination the casual rencounter had the appearance of a providential interference, and they put to death the archbishop, with circumstances of great and cold-blooded cruelty. . . .]

¹ Coleridge marks the passage.

Excited imagination, and cold-blooded cruelty ! Well done, Scotchman ! A word for both parties.

[Ch. VI.

... I should strongly doubt the origin of any inspiration which seemed to dictate a line of conduct contrary to those feelings of natural humanity which Heaven has assigned to us as the general law of our conduct.]

Alas ! how weak an answer to Balfour's discourse !—not the feelings of *natural* humanity, which by the bye is almost as inconsistent as a round square, but the principles of a supernatural immutable *reason* that are the criterion.

Heart of Midlothian

[Ch. XV. Robertson begs Jeanie to perjure herself to save her innocent sister's life, arguing that she would be exculpated by her motive.]

This is admirably wrought up, and I confess with deep awe that there has been a time when this sophistry would have weighed with me in a similar instance ; but God be praised ! I was not exposed to the temptation. S. T. C.

[Ch. XXXI.

Bunyan was, indeed, a rigid Calvinist.]

Calvinism never put on a less rigid form, never smoothed its brow and softened its voice more winningly than in the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

[Ch. XLV.

O, if the puir prodigal wad return, sae blythely as the goodman wad kill the fatted calf !—though Brockie's calf will no be fit for killing this three weeks yet !]

This is *wit*, *head-work*, a falsetto imitation of Shakespeare's Dame Quickly. Half a dozen read-worthy sentences might be written on the difference Sir Walter Scott forgot or never had learnt, that it is the weak memory that is discursive, not the strong feeling. Shakespeare would have made May leave off with "the fatted calf" and given the line following to a second character, Simple, Davy, or Shallow.

[End of *The Heart of Midlothian*.]

Perhaps the very error of the Romish Church for which the heart pleads most strongly and which the mere understanding finds most equitable, is of all others the error that has produced most evil—fruits most poisonous—the doctrine of purgatory, I mean—as if Providence warned us by a proof which all men can understand, how dangerous every addition to revealed truth is, however plausible it may appear to our narrow intellect. The heart of man, conscious of its imperfections, is *naturally* too narrow to contain a full faith in the absoluteness of God's love to us in Christ !

S. T. COLERIDGE.

A Legend of Montrose

[Ch. I.

Leaving it to casuists to determine whether one contracting party is justified in breaking a solemn treaty upon the suspicion that, in certain future contingencies, it might be infringed by the other. . . .]

On this ground I should rest the vindication of the Parliamentarians in publishing the king's private correspondence captured at Naseby (or Marston Moor ? ¹). In these letters they found positive proofs of the king's hollowness and perfidy, of which, indeed, they had sufficient evidence before, but not such evidence as they could publish with safety, or without breach of good faith towards the furnishers and informants.

[*Ibid.*

The Presbyterians, a numerous and powerful party in the English Parliament, had hitherto taken the lead in opposition to the King.]

A mistake. The *Anti-prelatists* indeed did ; but of Presbyterians, *i.e.*, anti-episcopists, there were at that time but few. See Baxter's *Life*. S. T. C.

[*Ibid.*

. . . the independents . . . under Cromwell . . . overset the Presbyterian model both in Scotland and England. . . .]

¹ Naseby.

Cromwell restrained and curbed, but did not *overset*, the Presbyterian Church in *Scotland*. Had the coalition of the two forms, each modifying the other, been *practicable*, it *would* have been a *most* desirable event, an irresistible arm of strength to both countries and the solid foundation of their future union as *one* state. That which in an intenser form has rendered the union with Ireland a calamitous mockery, delayed the blessings of union more than a century for Scotland.

[Ch. V.

'Gentlemen cavaliers,' he said, 'I drink these healths *primo*, both out of respect to this honourable and hospitable roof-tree, and *secundo*, because I hold it not good to be preceese in such matters, *inter pocula* ; but I protest, agreeable to the warrandice granted by this honourable lord, that it shall be free to me, notwithstanding my present complaisance, to take service with the Covenanters to-morrow, providing I shall be so minded.']

If Sir Walter Scott could on any fair ground be compared with Shakespeare, I should select the character of Dalgetty as best supporting the claim. Brave, enterprising, intrepid, brisk to act, stubborn in endurance : these qualities, virtues in a soldier, grounded on wrong principles, but yet *principles*. Wrong [?] indeed, but clear, intelligible, and of precalculable influence and in all circumstances coercive ; and unbent by accident. I exceedingly admire Captain Dalgetty. S. T. C.

[Ch. VI. Allan M'Aulay's supposed powers of 'second-sight.']

I am not (tho' perhaps I ought to be) ashamed to say, that I am rather an *unbeliever* than a *disbeliever* of this semi-maniacal faculty of second-sight, akin to the *clairvoyance* in certain forms of catalepsy and in women under the excitement of the ganglionic system induced by animal magnetism.

Ivanhoe

[Ch. VII. Isaac is richly dressed, and because in a public placc, unafraid.]

The reason or rather excuse assigned is too weak to remove the improbability of this ostentation of *wealth*.

[End of *Ivanhoe*.] I do not myself know how to account for it, but so the fact is, that tho' I have read, and again and again turned to, sundry chapters of *Ivanhoe* with an untired interest, I have never read the whole—the pain or the perplexity or whatever it was always outweighed the curiosity. Perhaps the foreseen hopelessness of Rebecca—the comparatively feeble interest excited by Rowena, the from the beginning foreknown bride of *Ivanhoe*—perhaps the unmixed atrocity of the Norman nobles, and our utter indifference to the feuds of Norman and Saxon (*N.B.* what a contrast to our interest in the Cavaliers and Jacobites and the Puritans, Commonwealthmen, and Covenanters from Charles I to the Revolution)—these may, or may not have been the causes, but *Ivanhoe* I never have been able to summon fortitude to read thro'. Doubtless, the want of any one predominant interest aggravated by the want of any one continuous thread of events is a grievous defect in a novel. Therefore the charm of Scott's *Guy Mannering*, which I am far from admiring the most but yet read with the greatest delight—spite of the *false* *falsetto* of Meg Merrilies, and the absurdity of the tale. But it contains an amiable character, tho' a very commonplace and easily manufactured compound, Dandy Dinmont—and in all Walter Scott's novels I know of no other. Cuddy in *Old Mortality* is the nearest to it, and certainly much more of a *character* than Dinmont. But Cuddy's consenting not to see and recognise his old master at his selfish wife's instance,¹ is quite inconsistent with what is meant by a *good heart*. No wife could have influenced *Strap*² to such an act. I have no doubt, however, that this very absence of *heart* is one and not the least operative of the causes of Scott's unprecedented favour with the higher classes.

The Monastery

[Ch. XII. The supernatural figure of the Lady of Avenel appears to Halbert Glendinning.]

¹ *Old Mortality*, ch. xxxviii. ² In Smollett's *Roderick Random*.

This chapter might be chosen by a philosophic critic to point out and exemplify the difference of fancy and imagination. Here is abundance of the former with the blankest absence of the latter. Hence the "*incredulus odi*" which it leaves on the mind—the imperious sense of the *absurdity* of the arbitrary *fiction*.

[Ch. XXVIII.] The sudden transposition of Mysie into a heroine with all the tremulous delicacy and sensitive proprieties of a damsel of quality—and this too without the aid which in after times a Jeanie Dean might have received from an austere religious education—draws somewhat too largely on the belief of the reader.

The Abbot

[Ch. I. The dog Wolf is hostile to Roland.]

It seems to me clear that at this time Sir Walter Scott intended to *make something* of this dog and his prophetic instinct; but, I suppose, it did not *come out* as kindly and easily as the contract with the impatient publisher required.

[Ch. II. Magdalen Graeme receives with scorn the suggestion that Roland should become a page.]

How grossly unnatural is not this speech! What mere head-work of a sentimental dramatist of the Kotzebue school! How uniformly Sir Walter Scott fails in his attempt at imaginative characters! They are all alike from Meg Merrilies to Norna!

[*Ibid.* Magdalen Graeme, the Catholic fanatic, insists hypocritically that Roland must receive a Calvinist education.]

Roland being ten years old, this piece of desperate and useless hypocrisy is as incredible as her vulgar . . . [?] rudeness is disgusting.

[*Ibid.* As Magdalen departs, she refuses to make an obeisance to the lady of Avenel.]

Again, this is not the language of a woman of high birth, whose mind had been unsettled by calamities; but of a mad oysterwoman who fancied herself a duchess.

[Ch. III. Sir Halbert chafes over his humble origin.]

Sir Walter Scott should never have meddled with the supernatural, for he cannot blend it with the natural. Imagine the supposed experiences of Halbert in *The Monastery*—and you feel how impossible these in themselves justly delineated natural feelings become. The *supernaturalist's* must be a transitory character, never *carried on*. He must exist only in and for the supernatural tale.

[*Ibid.* Sir Halbert unceremoniously reverses his wife's order that the dog should be kept chained up.]

And yet Sir Walter would describe Sir Halbert as an amiable character, a kind husband. But the truth probably is, that the whole of this *Abbot* was written because a novel for £2,000 or £3,000 was engaged for. S. T. C.

[*Ibid.* Sir Halbert prefers the dog Wolf to his wife's page.]

Surely a very cruel and unamiable speech for the peasant's son to the Lady of Avenel.

[Ch. XXVII. Roland makes love to the supposed Catherine Seyton, who is really her twin brother dressed as a woman.]

Shakespeare has left us one *farce*—the classical model of that *genus* of the drama which begins by taking some improbability for granted and then works a comic interest out of it. But even in the *Comedy of Errors* Shakespeare would not have made a *male* after close examination and excited doubt indistinguishable from a female. The improbability of this scene is so monstrous, and Roland's stupidity so inconceivable, that even its actual occurrence would not have justified its introduction in such a work.

Kenilworth

[Ch. IV. Tressilian assumes that Amy has not been married by her lover.]

Sir Walter gives to his characters an occasional happy obtuseness, a felicity in *not* under-, or misunderstanding things plain as pike-staves, that is as convenient to himself as it seems surprising to his readers. *Ex. gr.*, Tressilian's "You have said enough," etc.

The Pirate[*Advertisement.*]

Surely, nothing more injudicious than this advertisement can well be conceived, as the introduction to a tale which imitates the tones of an historical memoir ! But this is one of the distinguishing characters of Sir Walter Scott's novels—best explained, perhaps, as the contrary to the "*most believing mind*" which Collins so happily attributes to Spenser,¹ who wept as he wrote and did in tears indite. Sir Walter relates ghost stories, prophecies, presentiments, all *praeter-supernaturally* fulfilled ; but is most anxious to let his readers know, that he himself is far too enlightened not to be assured of the folly and falsehood of all that he yet relates as *truth*, and for the purpose of exciting the interest and the emotions attached to the belief of their truth—and all this, not with the free life and most happy judgment of Ariosto, as a neutral tint or shooting light, but soberly, to save his own (Sir Walter's) character as an enlightened man. If Sir Walter thought it necessary by this previous assurance of the falsehood of all the pretended facts, characters, and incidents to prevent the pathos and interest of his tale from overpassing the bounds of pleasurable excitement, I can only say that in this novel at least it was a needless alarm and that generally Sir Walter's merit does not lie in this quarter. S. T. C.

[Ch. II.]

Many prodigious stories of these marine monsters (the Kraken and the sea-snake) . . . were then universally received among the Zetlanders, whose descendants have not as yet by any means abandoned faith in them.]

¹ Collins refers not to Spenser, but to Fairfax,

—" whose undoubting mind
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung."
*Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of
Scotland*, stanza xii.

Coleridge's sentence ends with an iambic verse which seems to be, but is not, a further quotation from Collins. I have left it as I found it, printed as prose, without being able to identify it.

No wonder ! for *I* believe in the Sea-snake ; Robert Southey in the Viraker ; and Linnaeus in both.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

[Ch. XV.

In this process of reasoning it is probable that a little mortified vanity, or some indescribable shade of selfish regret, might be endeavouring to assume the disguise of disinterested generosity ; but there is so much of base alloy in our best (unassisted) thoughts, that it is melancholy work to criticise too closely the motives of our most worthy actions ; at least we would recommend to every one to let those of his neighbours pass current, however narrowly he may examine the purity of his own.]

Different men will assent to this position in different degrees. *Some* truth the vainest heads will admit, and the purest hearts find, therein. But it is likewise true that the blameless interpolations of the associative memory are not seldom by misanthropes misconstrued into impulses of a corrupt will or motives of self-love.

[Ch. XIX. The narrative of Norna.]

Was it *auri sacra fames* ? Or is it to be classed among the instances of self-nescience that Sir Walter Scott enters in competition with Mrs. Radcliffe ? Alas ! This Norna Δειμόστε φοβόσστε, has not even the ordinary merit of failures in the horrible line—to be laughable. I would call the failure pitiable, but that the attempt was pitiful.

The Fortunes of Nigel

[Ch. VI. The Duke of Buckingham.]

In order not to exaggerate Buckingham's monopoly of patronage and his imperious deportment, it must be remembered that the king's favorite was likewise what we call the premier. We must think of Mr. Pitt as well as the Marquis or Marchioness of Cunningham. S. T. C.

[Ch. XXXII.

I grieve to say it, but your son Dalgarno, whom I thought a very saint, as he was so much with Steenie and Baby Charles, hath turned out a very villain.]

Burlesque ; not character. James I wrote as a pedant of learning in a learned and pedantic age ; but he did not talk like a fool. Sir Walter Scott copies Shakespeare's Holofernes and calls him King James.

Peveril of the Peak

[Ch. I. Sir Geoffrey Peveril's daily greeting, brief but friendly, becomes the chief consolation of the unhappy Bridgenorth.

Most men have known the influence of such brief but ruling moments at some periods of their lives. The moment when a lover passes the window of his mistress, the moment when the epicure hears the dinner-bell, is that into which is crowded the whole interest of the day ; the hours which precede it are spent in anticipation, the hours which follow in reflection on what has passed ; and fancy, dwelling on each brief circumstance, gives to seconds the duration of minutes, to minutes that of hours.]

Worthy of Shakespeare ;¹ and to men in sickness and sound morality valuable [?]

[Ch. III. The party of Puritans invited to the feast at Martindale Castle.]

Sir Walter Scott is universally deemed a first-rate historical scholar ; and yet this portrait puzzles me, it is so utterly unlike the character of the Bridgenorths, or so called Presbyterian party. It is that of the wildest party of the Independents.

[Ch. XVI., etc. Note from fly-leaves.]

A man so pre-eminent in literary and contemporary reputation as Sir Walter Scott, ought not to have transferred a character from Goethe at all ; a man of such accredited frankness of temper as Sir Walter Scott ought still less to have transferred it *without acknowledgement* ; and lastly, so worldly-wise a man, a man of, among authors, such unexampled, strong, shrewd good sense as Sir Walter Scott—

¹ The rest of this comment is illegible and uncertain.

ought least of all to have appropriated Goethe's *Mignon* from the *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre* and thus have placed himself in rivalry with Goethe in, probably, the only point in which he had no possible chance of succeeding—*i.e.*, in the imaginative, as contra-distinguished from the fanciful. Hence Goethe's *Mignon*, an embodied and impassioned Ariel, the most exquisite of all Goethe's conceptions, becomes this [?] repulsive nondescript grotesque of mechanical fancy-artistry, the *incredulus odi*, absurd, and yet disgusting 'Ερμαφρόδιτος [?] Fenella. Of all Scott's literary sins, this is the grossest.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

[Ch. XLVII.] Unworthy of Sir Walter Scott as was this pilfering imitation of Goethe's *Mignon*, it was still more *unwise*. For it flashes upon us the difference in kind between the cabnetwork of talent, and the offspring of genius!

[Fly-leaves.] The absence of the higher beauties and excellencies of style, character, and plot has done more for Sir Walter Scott's European, yea, plusquam-Europæan popularity, than ever the abundance of them effected for any former writer. His age is an age of *anxiety* from the crown to the hovel, from the cradle to the coffin; all is an anxious straining to maintain life, or *appearances*—to *rise*, as the only condition of not falling.—Interest? A few girls may crave purity, and weep over *Clarissa Harlowe*, and the old novelists! For the public at large, every man (for every man is now a reader) has too much of it in his own needs and embarrassments. He reads, as he smokes, takes snuff, swings [?] a chair, goes to a concert, or a pantomime, to be *amused*, and forget himself.—When the desire is to be *a musas* how can it be gratified *apud musas*?

The great felicity of Sir Walter Scott is that his own intellect supplies the place of all intellect and all character in his heroes and heroines, and *representing* the intellect of his readers, supersedes all motive for its exertion, by never appearing alien, whether as above or below. S. T. C.

Quentin Durward

[*Introduction to first edition.*

... I have ... had the pleasure to excite general sympathy for my decayed circumstances among those who, if my revenue had continued to be spent among them, would have cared little if I had been hanged.]

For the sake of young readers of this, my ever circulating copy of Scott's novels, I feel it a duty to say, that this is written in a *bad* spirit. Why *should* the butcher, the barber, etc., feel any deeper regard for a customer, than as a customer?

[Ch. XI. The king commands Quentin to feign ignorance of French before the ladies.]

Did Quentin then talk Scotch to Maître Pierre and the young Countess at the inn? ¹ But this is only one and among the least palpable of the inconsistencies and improbabilities in Sir Walter Scott's fictions.

[Ch. XVI. Quentin's conversation with the Bohemian.]

Characterless or anti-characteristic as Scott's dialogues too commonly are, this is ultra-improbable, superlatively inappropriate.

[Ch. XXVIII.

... '*finis*'—I should have said '*funis*'—*coronat opus*.]

Funis—a rope. In Louis's state of mind not a very probable joke.

[Ch. XXIX.

'And how know'st thou,' answered the astrologer, boldly, 'the secret influence of yonder blessed lights? Speak'st thou of their inability to influence waters, when yet thou know'st that even the weakest, the moon herself,—weakest because nearest to this wretched earth of ours,—holds under her domination, not such poor streams as the Somme, but the tides of the mighty ocean itself, which ebb and increase as her disk waxes and wanes, and watch her influence as a slave waits the nod of a sultana?']

¹ Ch. iv.

From *The Ancient Mariner* ¹ stolen and (as usual) *spoilt* in the attempt to disguise the theft.

[Ch. XXIX.

... the stately form, handsome mien, and commanding features of the astrologer, ... who put both talents, learning, and the advantages of eloquence, and a majestic person, to the mean purposes of a cheat and an impostor.]

Why necessarily an impostor? In a far more enlightened age even Erasmus condemned the too great hardihood of Mirandola for his work against astrology. Doubtless, many of these celebrated astrologers were sincere believers in their own jargon.

[Fly-leaves Vol. I, *Novels and Romances* (1825)].

Semi-breve ; Breve ; Plusquā breve ; Long ; Plusquā long.

In the Iambic Pentameter of the *Paradise Lost*, I assume fifteen breves as the total quantity of each line—this isochrony being the identity or element of sameness, the varying quality of the isochronous feet constituting the difference; and from that harmony or fine balance of the two opposite (*N.B. not* contrary) forces, viz., identity and difference, results the likeness; and again, this likeness (*quicquid simile est, non est idem*) [is] reducible to a law or principle and therefore anticipable, and, in fact, tho' perhaps unconsciously expected by the reader or auditor, constitutes poetic metre. Each line is a metre—*ex. gr.*, we should not say, that an hexameter is a line of six metres, but that it is a metre of six feet. But the harmonious relation of the metres to each other, the fine medium between division and continuity, distinction without disjunction, which a good reader expresses by a pause with-

¹ Part VI. 'Second Voice.'

"Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast
If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim."

out a cadence, constitutes rhythm. And it is this harmonious opposition and balance of metre and rhythm, superadded to the former balance of the same in quantity with the difference in quality, the one belonging to the lines, the other to the paragraphs, that makes the peculiar charm, the *excellency*, of the Miltonic poesy. The Greek epic poets left rhythm to the orators. The metre all but precluded rhythm. But the ancients *sang* their poetry. Now for a nation who, like the English, have substituted *reading*, impassioned and tuneful reading, I grant, but still *reading*, for *recitative*, this counter-action, this inter-penetration, as it were, of metre and rhythm is the dictate of a sound judgment and like all other excellencies in the fine arts, a postulate of common sense fulfilled by genius, the *needful* at once contained and . . . [?] in the beautiful.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

P.S. Milton must be scanned by the *Pedes Compositae*, as the Choriambus, Ionics, Paeons, Epitrites, etc., taking the five metres ∪ | ∪ ∪ | ∪ ∪ ∪ | - | ∪ - | as the ground.¹

A Letter on Scott

. . . I² occasioned you to misconceive me respecting Sir Walter Scott. My purpose was to bring proofs of the ener-

¹ This is perhaps as appropriate a place as any other to quote another brief comment on Scott from one of Coleridge's letters. "Of Sir Walter's powers I have as high admiration as you can have, but assuredly polish of style, and that sort of prose which is in fact only another kind of poetry, nay, of metrical composition, the metre incognito, such as Sterne's *Le Fevre*, *Maria*, *Monk*, &c., or the finest things in the *Mirror*—this is not Sir Walter's excellence. He needs sea-room, space for development of character by dialogue, &c., &c., and even in his most successful works the tale is always the worst part, clumsily evolved and made up of incidents that are purely accidental." A letter of 1828, probably to Alaric Watts, printed in part in Catalogue No. 548 (1930) of Maggs Bros. I have corrected the punctuation in several places.

² Reprinted from *Letters, Conversations and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*, ed. by Thomas Allsop, second edition (1858), pp. 25-29. The letter was to Allsop himself and bore the date of April 8, 1820. It has not previously been printed with Coleridge's criticism, but it definitely belongs there. The same ideas, somewhat more condensed, appear in another letter to Allsop under the date of January, 1821. *Letters*, etc. (second edition), p. 79. One new phrase attracts attention: Coleridge speaks harshly of "the two wretched abortions, *Ivanhoe* and the *Bride of Ravensmuir*, or whatever its name may be."

getic or inenergetic state of the minds of men, induced by the excess and unintermitted action of stimulating events and circumstances,—revolutions, battles, *newspapers*, mobs, sedition and treason trials, public harangues, meetings, dinners ; the necessity in every individual of ever increasing activity and anxiety in the improvement of his estate, trade, &c., in proportion to the decrease of the actual value of money, to the multiplication of competitors, and to the almost compulsory expedience of expense, and prominence, even as the means of obtaining or retaining competence ; the consequent craving after amusement as proper *relaxation*, as *rest* freed from the tedium of vacancy ; ¹ and, again, after such knowledge and such acquirements as are *ready coin*, that will pass *at once*, unweighed and unassayed ; to the unexampled facilities afforded for this end by reviews, magazines, &c., &c. The theatres, to which few go to see *a play*, but to see Master Betty or Mr. Kean, or some one individual in some *one* part : and the single fact that our neighbour, Mathews, has taken more, night after night, than both the regular theatres conjointly, and when the best comedies or whole plays have been acted at each house, and those by excellent comedians, would have yielded a striking instance, and illustration of my position. But I chose an example in literature, as more in point for the subject of my particular remarks, and because every man of genius, who is born for his age, and capable of acting *immediately* and widely on that age, must of necessity *reflect* the age in the first instance, though as far as he is a man of genius, he will doubtless be himself reflected by it reciprocally. Now I selected Scott for the very reason, that I do hold him for a man of *very extraordinary* powers ; and when I say that I have read the far greater part of his novels twice, and several three times over, with undiminished pleasure and interest ; and that, in my reprobation of the *Bride of Lammermoor* (with the exception, however, of the almost Shakspearian old witch-wives at the funeral) and of

¹ Remarks similar to these may be found in Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 247 ; ii. 57 ; in *Biographia Literaria* (Oxford), i. 34, note ; and in *The Friend, Works* (Shedd), ii. 31.

the *Ivanhoe*,¹ I mean to imply the grounds of my admiration of the others, and the permanent nature of the interest which they excite. In a word, I am far from thinking that *Old Mortality* or *Guy Mannering* would have been less admired in the age of Sterne, Fielding, and Richardson, than they are in the present times; but only that Sterne, &c., would not have had the same *immediate* popularity in the present day as in their own less stimulated and, therefore, less languid reading world.

Of Sir Walter Scott's poems I cannot speak so highly, still less of the Poetry in his Poems; ² though even in these the power of presenting the most numerous figures, and figures with the most complex movements, and under rapid succession, in *true picturesque unity*, attests true and peculiar genius. You cannot imagine with how much pain I used, many years ago, to hear ——'s contemptuous assertions respecting Scott; and if I mistake not, I have yet the fragments of the rough draft of a letter written by me so long ago as my first lectures at the London Philosophical Society, Fetter Lane, and on the backs of the unused admission tickets.³

One more remark. My criticism was *confined* to the one point of the higher degree of intellectual activity implied in the reading and admiration of Fielding, Richardson, and Sterne;—in moral, or, if that be too high and inwardly a word, in *mannerly* manliness of taste the present age and its *best* writers have the decided advantage, and I sincerely trust that Walter Scott's readers would be as little disposed to relish the stupid lechery of the courtship of Widow Wadman, as Scott himself would be capable of presenting it. And, that though I cannot pretend to have found in any of these novels a character that even approaches in genius, in truth of conception, or boldness and freshness of execution, to Parson

¹ Cf. p. 338, n. 2.

² "Not twenty lines of Scott's poetry will ever reach posterity; it has relation to nothing." S. T. C., quoted by Allsop, *Letters*, etc. (second edition), p. 104.

³ This was a letter defending Scott against the charge of plagiarism from Coleridge's "*Christabel*." It may be found in my edition of Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 231-39.

Adams, Blifil, Strap, Lieutenant Bowling, Mr. Shandy, Uncle Toby and Trim, and Lovelace ; and though Scott's *female* characters will not, even the very best, bear a comparison with Miss Byron, Clementina, Emily, in Sir Charles Grandison ; nor the comic ones with Tabitha Bramble, or with Betty (in Mrs. Bennet's Beggar Girl) ; and though, by the use of the Scotch dialect, by Ossianic mock-highland motley-heroic, and by extracts from the printed sermons, memoirs, &c., of the fanatic preachers, there is a good deal of *false effect* and stage trick : still the number of characters *so good* produced by one man, and in so rapid a succession, must ever remain an illustrious phenomenon in literature, after all the subtractions for those borrowed from English and German sources, or compounded by blending two or three of the old drama into one—*ex.gr.*, the Caleb in the Bride of Lammermoor.

Scott's great merit, and, at the same time, his *felicity*, and the true solution of the long-sustained *interest* novel after novel excited, lie in the nature of the subject ; not merely, or even chiefly, because the struggle between the Stuarts and the Presbyterians and sectaries, is still in lively memory, and the passions of the adherency to the former, if not the adherency itself, extant in our own fathers' or grandfathers' times ; nor yet (though this is of great weight) because the language, manners, &c., introduced are sufficiently different from our own for *poignancy*, and yet sufficiently near and similar for sympathy ; nor yet because, for the same reason, the author, speaking, reflecting, and descanting in his own person, remains still (to adopt a painter's phrase) in sufficient *keeping* with his subject matter, while his characters can both talk and feel interesting to *us* as men, without recourse to *antiquarian* interest, and nevertheless without moral anachronism (in all which points the Ivanhoe is so wofully the contrary, for what Englishman cares for Saxon or Norman, both brutal invaders, more than for Chinese and Cochinchinese ?)—yet great as all these causes are, the essential wisdom and happiness of the subject consists in this,—that the contest between the loyalists and their opponents can never be *obsolete*, for it is the contest between the two great

moving principles of social humanity ; religious adherence to the past and the ancient, the desire and the admiration of permanence, on the one hand ; and the passion for increase of knowledge, for truth, as the offspring of reason—in short, the mighty instincts of *progression* and *free agency*, on the other. In all subjects of deep and lasting interest, you will detect a struggle between two opposites, two polar forces, both of which are alike necessary to our human well-being, and necessary each to the continued existence of the other. Well, therefore, may we contemplate with intense feelings those whirlwinds which are for free agents the appointed means, and the only possible condition of that equilibrium in which our moral Being subsists ; while the disturbance of the same constitutes our sense of life. Thus in the ancient Tragedy, the lofty struggle between irresistible fate and unconquerable free will, which finds its equilibrium in the Providence and the future retribution of Christianity. If, instead of a contest between Saxons and Normans, or the Fantees and Ashantees,—a mere contest of indifferents ! of minim surges in a boiling fish-kettle,—Walter Scott had taken the struggle between the men of arts and the men of arms in the time of Becket, and made us feel how much to claim our well-wishing there was in the cause and character of the priestly and papal party, no less than in those of Henry and his knights, he would have opened a new mine, instead of translating into Leadenhall Street Minerva Library sentences, a cento of the most common incidents of the stately self-congruous romances of D'Urfé, Scudéri, &c. N.B. I have not read the Monastery, but I suspect that the thought or element of the faery work is from the German. I perceive from that passage in the Old Mortality, where Morton is discovered by old Alice in consequence of calling his dog Elphin, that Walter Scott has been reading Tieck's Phantasies¹ (a collection of faery or witch tales), from which both the incident and name² is borrowed.

¹ Read *Phantasia*.

² A similar incident occurs in "Der Blonde Eckbert," in Tieck's *Phantasia*, but the similarity of the two incidents is only sufficient to

BARRY CORNWALL ¹

Barry Cornwall is a poet, *me saltem judice* : and in that sense of the term in which I apply it to Charles Lamb and William Wordsworth.^a There are poems of great merit, the authors of which I should yet not feel impelled so to designate.

The faults of these poems are no less things of hope than the beauties. Both are just what they ought to be : *i.e.*, NOW.

If B. C. be faithful to his genius, it in due time will warn him that as poetry is the *identity* of all other knowledge, so a poet cannot be a *great* poet but as being likewise and inclusively an historian and naturalist in the light as well as the life of philosophy. All other men's worlds (κόσμοι) are *his* chaos.

Hints *obiter* are—Not to permit delicacy and exquisiteness to seduce into effeminacy.

Not to permit beauties by repetition to become mannerism.

To be jealous of *fragmentary* composition—as epicurism of genius, and apple-pie made all of quinces.

Item, that dramatic poetry must be poetry *hid* in thought and passion, not thought or passion disguised in the dress of poetry.

Lastly, to be economic and withholding in similes, figures, &c.—They will all find their place sooner or later, each as the luminary of a sphere of its own. There can be no *galaxy* in poetry ; because it is language, *ergo*, successive, *ergo*, every the smallest star must be seen singly.

suggest coincidence, and hardly borrowing. Coleridge's memory failed him regarding the names of the dogs, which are not the same.

^a *MS.*, *Initials only*.

¹ This note was sent me by Miss Alice D. Snyder, who copied it from the fly-leaves at the end of a copy of the *Dramatic Scenes and Other Poems*, by Barry Cornwall, London, 1819. The note was printed in *L.R.* practically as it appears here except for italics, paragraphing, punctuation, and the postscript, which H. N. C. omitted. The copy of the *Dramatic Scenes* in which the note appears is in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. H. N. C. says that it formerly belonged to Lamb.

There are not five metrists in the kingdom, whose works are known by me, to whom I could have held myself allowed to have spoken so plainly. But B. C. is a man of genius, and it depends on himself (competence protecting him from gnawing or distracting cares) to become a rightful *poet*—i.e., a great man.

O ! for such a man worldly prudence is transfigured into the highest spiritual duty. How generous is self-interest in *him*, whose true self is equal to "all that is good and hopeful in all ages, as far as the language of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton shall become the mother tongue !

A map of the road to Paradise drawn in Purgatory on the confines of Hell by

S. T. C. July 30, 1819.

P.S. The pause after the second syllable in pentameter iambic blank verse is frequent in the poems of Mr. Southey and his imitators. But should it be imitated ? Milton uses it, when the weight of the first iambic, trochee, or spondee of the second line requires a pause of preparation at the last foot of the preceding.

JOHN GALT

*The Provost*¹

This work is not for the many ; but in the unconscious, perfectly natural irony of self-delusion, in all parts intelligible to the intelligent reader, without the slightest suspicion on the part of the autobiographer, I know of no equal in our literature. The governing trait in the Provost's character is

^a *MS.*, *The symbol, not the words.*

¹ This note, from the dedication page of *The Provost*, was communicated to the *Times Literary Supplement*, September 25, 1930, by Mr. A. J. Ashley, the Vicarage, Farnley Tyas, Huddersfield. The copy of *The Provost* which Coleridge thus annotated was among the books in Coleridge's possession at his death says Mr. Ashley, who points out that the date must be after the beginning of 1823, since *The Entail* is mentioned.—I have, as usual, normalized spelling, punctuation, and capitalization.

nowhere caricatured. In the character of Betty, John's wife, or the beggar girl, intense selfishness without malignity, as a *nature*, and with all the innocence of a nature, is admirably portrayed. In the Provost a similar *selfness* is united with a *slyness* and a plausibility eminently successful in cheating the man himself into a happy state of constant self-applause. This and *The Entail* would alone suffice to place Galt in the first rank of contemporary novelists—and second only to Sir W. Scott in technique.

SONNETS OF CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER

These marginalia, which have not before appeared in Coleridge's works, are derived from a copy in the British Museum of *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces* by Charles Tennyson (afterwards Turner), Cambridge, 1830. The pressmark is C. 43. a. 19. Coleridge's comments were included in the footnotes of the *Collected Sonnets*, London, 1880. As Charles Tennyson Turner's poems are not always easily accessible, I have quoted with some fullness. I have not indicated Tennyson Turner's revisions of the text in 1864, etc. See the notes of the 1880 volume.

A curious fact about these marginalia should be noted. Several years ago, while working on these notes at the British Museum with Coleridge's annotated copy before me, I received from a friend an undated newspaper clipping reporting the sale in New York (Anderson Galleries), to Mr. A. J. Scheuer, of a copy of the same book with the same annotations by Coleridge, the marginalia being briefly reported. Apparently Coleridge sometimes copied his own marginalia in another book. The variations of the notes as published in *Collected Sonnets* indicate that these marginalia were more probably taken from the copy now in New York. And some of the notes here published suggest that the British Museum notes are copies, not the original marginalia. But the handwriting seems to be that of Coleridge himself.

Sonnet V

To The Lark

[And am I up with thee, light-hearted minion !
Who never dost thine early flight forego,
Catching for aye upon thy gamesome pinion
What was to fill some lily's cup below,

The matin dew-fall ? What is half so thrilling
 As thy glad voice i' th' argent prime of light ?
 Whether, in grassy nest, when thou art billing,
 Or thus aloft and mocking human sight ?
 Peace dwells with thee for ever, *not the peace*
Of cool reflection, but redundant glee,
 And with such vocal token of wild ease
 Thou dost reveal thy proud immunity
 From mortal care, that thou perforce must please :
 Fair fall thy rapid song, sweet bird, and thee !]

With this [italicized] sentence excepted (and it may be easily altered by substituting a positive and [potentative ^a] attribute of peace for the somewhat smileworthy truism in the negative) this [Sonnet] V is, ^b *me judice*, among the best sonnets in our language. S. T. C.

Sonnet VI

[The ocean at the bidding of the moon
 For ever changes with his restless tide ;
 Flung shoreward now, to be regather'd soon
 With kingly pauses of reluctant pride
 And semblance of return :—Anon from home
 He issues forth anew, high ridg'd and free—
 The gentlest murmur of his seething foam
 Like armies whispering where great echoes be !
 O leave me here upon this beach to rove,
 Mute listener to that sound so grand and lone—
 A glorious sound, deep drawn and strongly thrown,
 And reaching those on mountain heights above,
 To British ears, (as who shall scorn to own ?)
 A tutelar fond voice, a saviour-tone of Love !]

A noble sonnet, but the last distich is inferior to my

And ocean mid his uproar wild
 Speaks safety to his island child.

Ode on D[eparting] Y[ear].

^a Blank left in note : here supplied from *Collected Sonnets* version. An indication that the *British Museum* marginalia are copies.

^b *Collected Sonnets*, 'is' transposed before 'among.'

I notice this only because it is too inferior for the resemblance; the parenthesis is weak, and of an *alien* tone of feeling; a μετάβασις εἰς ἄλλο γένεσις,^a tho' I admit not εἰς ἕτερον.^b

S. T. C.

Might I recommend Mr. T. to substitute [for lines 10-12],

To that lone sound mute listener and alone
And yet a sound of commune strongly thrown
That meets the pine grove on the cliffs above.

S. T. C.

[Then Coleridge deletes 'fond' in the last line.]

Sonnet IX

[When flung into the calm of sightless speed :]

A noble image, but obscurely and inadequately, or rather unprecisely, conveyed. Mr.^c Shakespeare has something to answer^d for, for that word "sightless" used indifferently, now as unseeing, now as unseeable. S. T. C.

P.S. I know of no adequate compensation for the mischief of an equivocal term. S. T. C.

Sonnet X

[Whene'er I view it softly folded *there*.]

Where? S. T. C.

[Lifeless and *listless* like a treasure's key.]

A listless key! S. T. C.

"Languid and listless" I understand: doubtless so I might have interpreted "lifeless," but for the "key," which fixes it in the primary sense. I would not have inserted this sonnet¹ in^e so small a volume. The feeling seems to me

^a *Collected Sonnets*, 'γενος.'

^b *Collected Sonnets*, 'but it is a noble strain, non obstante' and omit 'S. T. C.'

^c *Collected Sonnets*, 'Master.'

^d *Collected Sonnets*, '(to answer).'

^e *Collected Sonnets*, 'into.'

¹ Considerations of space prevent me from quoting the full sonnet in every case. I have preferred the sonnets praised to those dispraised in my selection.

fluttering and unsteady pouncing and skimming on a succession of truisms. S. T. C.

Sonnet XI

[It is a summer's gloaming, faint and sweet,
A gloaming brighten'd by an infant moon
Fraught with the fairest light of middle June ;
The garden path rings hard beneath my feet,
And hark, O hear I not the gentle dews
Fretting the silent forest in his sleep ?
Or does the stir of housing insects creep
Thus faintly on mine ear ? day's many hues
Wan'd with the paling light and are no more,
And none but drowsy pinions beat the air—
The bat is circling softly by my door,
And silent as the snow-flake leaves his lair,
In the dank twilight flitting here and there
Wheeling the self-same circuit o'er and o'er.]

This (and indeed a large proportion of these sonnets) stands between Wordsworth's and Southey's and partakes of the excellencies of both. S. T. C.

Scotch or English : " gloaming." ^a . . . At ¹ all events I would have spelt the word like an Englishman—" glooming." S. T. C.

Sonnet XII

That Tennyson possesses poetic taste, with both the feeling and plastic ^b power of a poet (the poetic *Bildungstrieb*) is to me evident. Whether he will be a great poet, a poet, is the same ^c as whether he will be a philosopher and pure from the world. And T. must not be *very* angry with me if I ask him *sotto voce* whether this [Sonnet] XII was not interpolated by

^a *Collected Sonnets*, 'Gloaming, Scotch or English.'

^b *Collected Sonnets*, 'the plastic.'

^c *Collected Sonnets*, 'same question.'

¹ I have omitted a Latin sentence, of which I can decipher only two words with confidence : ' Sulpt [?] sat vite [?] misceantur ' is as near as I can come.

his grandmother. Alas ! The heir-apparent is not more exposed to flattery than " Squire Dickens."¹

Sonnet XIII

I admire this sonnet, but I doubt whether the converse would not be ^b equally just—*viz.*, that the deadness to truth occasions the blindness to beauty. S. T. C.²

Sonnet XV

[Go, mourner, to the Muses, haste thee, haste,
And bring thy gifts where Peter's shadow falls
To heal thee in his passing :]

The Muses, pagan damsels, with Peter's shadow ? Perhaps I do not understand the passage, but the thought which the place seems to me to demand is this : " Haste, mourner, to the world within thee, haste ; there wait thy own spirit, that, like Peter's shadow, will heal ^c thee in his passing, etc."^d By the bye, " past " and " haste " ! My old master used on such rhymes to exclaim, " Table and teaspoon,^e boy." S. T. C.

Sonnet XVI

[I do confess thou wert so good and fair
That thou, if none beside, wert never born to die.³]

It were morose not to approve of these lines—but alas ! I am too old, weak, and suffering to have any taste for this

^a *Collected Sonnets*, ' than Peasants and Dickens,' an obvious error.

^b *Collected Sonnets*, ' be at least.'

^c *Collected Sonnets*, ' will fall and heal.'

^d *Collected Sonnets*, ' etc.' omitted.

^e *Collected Sonnets*, ' Marble and Tea-spoon,' an error, I should think.

¹ The sonnet warns royalty against flattery.

² Before writing this comment, Coleridge wrote and then deleted the first paragraph of the comment on Sonnet XI : ' This . . . both.' The mistake seems to indicate that he was copying the notes.

³ " This, and the following, are supposed to be written by one, on whom the death of an excellent woman has forced the conviction of a future state."—Tennyson Turner.

filagree religion, or for any other ground of a hope ^a of resurrection ^b to life but that which I breathe forth in the prayer, "Almighty Father, of thy free, unmerited, yea demerited, love and goodness, have mercy on me thy poor, infirm, sinful, and most miserable creature, for Christ's sake." S. T. C.

Sonnet XVII

[The bliss of heaven, Maria, shall be thine,
 Joy link'd to joy by amaranthine bond,
 And a fair harp of many strings divine
 Shall meet thy touch with unimagined sound !
 Divinity shall dwell within thine eye,
 Fed by the presence of a loftier soul :
 Thy brow shall beam with fairer dignity,
 No more thy cheek shall blench with care's control,
 Or yield its hues to changes of the heart,
 That beats with plenitude of life and woe,
 Taking all dyes that sorrow can impart,
 Or ever-shifting circumstance bestow—
 The prey of present pangs or after-smart,
 For ever feeling pain or missing bliss below.]

I prefer this much to the ^c XVIth, but both ^d are good.

Sonnet XVIII

What sort of a fruit-tree could this have been, orange or lemon ? These *have* fragrant bunches, and ripe fruit at the same time, but the branches are sadly unfit for swaying in the ^e breeze.

Sonnet XIX

"Swound !" Od's wounds ! Such gipsy jargon suits my "Ancient Mariner," but surely not this highly polished and classical diction.

[Sink deeply in my thought, surpassing *scene* !]

^a *Collected Sonnets*, 'the hope.' ^b *Collected Sonnets*, 'a resurrection.'

^c *Collected Sonnets*, 'the' omitted.

^d *Collected Sonnets*, 'though both.'

^e Twice here, and twice elsewhere, Coleridge uses the archaic 'y' to represent the letters 'th.' *Collected Sonnets*, 'a' for 'the.'

Suffer me, dear young poet, to conjure you never to use this Covent Garden and Drury Lane word, unless some distinct allusion or reference be intended ^a to a theatre. This "scene" and "scenery" I class among the ^b villainous slang fineries of the last century.^c

Sonnet XX

[O that those blessed days should ne'er return
When Christ was ready at the gates of death
To bid them back whom widow'd souls would mourn !¹]

I could almost envy young Tennyson the feeling of this sonnet—but ^d alas ! my stern reflection on reading it was, "Restore the crew ¹ to life ! for what ? a few perhaps to be hung : and how many to deserve hanging !" But it is constitutional with me that I cannot, I never could, sympathize with the fear of death as death. S. T. C.

Sonnet XXI

On Startling Some Pigeons

[A hundred wings are dropt as soft as one
Now ye are lighted—lovely to my sight
The fearful circle of your gentle flight,
Rapid and mute, and drawing homeward soon :
And then the sober chiding of your tone
As there ye sit from your own roofs arraigning
My trespass on your haunts, so boldly done,
Sounds like a solemn and a just complaining !
O happy, happy race ! for tho' there clings
A feeble fear about your timid clan,
Yet are ye blest ! with not a thought that brings
Disquietude, while proud and sorrowing man,
An Eagle, weary of his mighty wings,
With anxious inquest fills his little span.]

^a *Collected Sonnets*, 'made.'

^b *Collected Sonnets*, '(are),' omitting 'I class among the.'

^c *Collected Sonnets*, 'day' for 'last century.'

^d *Collected Sonnets*, 'but' omitted.

¹ Of a ship sunk in an accident.

A sweet sonnet, and with the exception of one ^a word, "little," ¹ faultless. "Little" might have been ^b a proper word if man had been ^c contemplated positively. Not so ^d comparatively, in his eagle antithesis ^e to the pigeons. S. T. C.

Sonnet XXII

[If lapse of faith or dark misdoubt should be,
'Twill ² steal into the blenching face of wo,
Chide back thy pulse to its remitted flow,
And tinge despondent thought and misery.]

I do not understand these four last lines ; perhaps the fault is in myself, but to me they are obscure. S. T. C.³

^a *Collected Sonnets*, 'the one.'

^b *Collected Sonnets*, 'may be' for 'might have been.'

^c *Collected Sonnets*, 'been here.'

^d *Collected Sonnets*, 'He is not so.'

^e *Collected Sonnets*, 'Eagle-relation.'

¹ Last line.

² 'It' (in 'Twill) is the promise of love in a blush, which will console the lover in doubt. The lines do not seem to be very obscure.

³ According to the notes of *Collected Sonnets*, Coleridge marks to indicate approval these sonnets or parts of sonnets: I, 5-8; V, 1-6; VI, 1-8; VIII, 1-5; IX, 5-12; XI, 1-14; XV, 1-14; XVII, 1-14; XXX, 1-14; XLII, 1-14; XLIV, 1-11; XLVI, 1-14; XLVII, 9-12; XLVIII, 9-11; XLIX, 1-14.

These marks do not appear in the British Museum copy. It should be remembered that the text of the 1830 volume which Coleridge used was from time to time much altered by Tennyson Turner's revisions.

SECTION III
EARLY REVIEWS

EARLY REVIEWS

These four reviews of Gothic romances were first discovered and published by Garland Greever in *A Wiltshire Parson and his Friends* (London, 1926), pp. 165-200. Since the text of the present editor varies from that of Mr. Greever in a few trivial points, it may be well to state that I am reprinting after collating with the *Critical Review*. These reviews were discovered by Mr. Greever as the result of a reference made by Coleridge in a letter to Bowles of March (?), 1797 (*A Wiltshire Parson*, p. 30). Coleridge there refers to his reviews in the *Critical Review* of *The Monk*, *The Italian*, and *Hubert de Sevrac*. In his review of *The Italian*, he indicates that he was also the author of the review of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. Thus four reviews of rather high quality and considerable length were identified by Mr. Greever, who justly emphasizes the evidence which these articles offer of Coleridge's early development as a critic.

The ¹ Mysteries of Udolpho, a Romance

By Ann Radcliffe, 1794

'Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
This can unlock the gates of joy,
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'²

SUCH were the presents of the Muse to the infant Shakspeare, and though perhaps to no other mortal has she been so lavish of her gifts, the keys referring to the third line Mrs. Radcliffe must be allowed to be completely in possession of. This, all who have read the Romance of the Forest will willingly bear witness to. Nor does the present production require the name of its author to ascertain that it comes from

¹ *Critical Review*, August 1794. Vol. ii, pp. 361-72. The editor has shortened the heading of the review to give the title, author, and date only, both here and in the following reviews.

² Gray's *Progress of Poesy*, III, ll. 9-12 (lines 91-94 of the poem).

the same hand. The same powers of description are displayed, the same predilection is discovered for the wonderful and the gloomy—the same mysterious terrors are continually exciting in the mind the idea of a supernatural appearance, keeping us, as it were, upon the very edge and confines of the world of spirits, and yet are ingeniously explained by familiar causes ; curiosity is kept upon the stretch from page to page, and from volume to volume, and the secret, which the reader thinks himself every instant on the point of penetrating, flies like a phantom before him, and eludes his eagerness till the very last moment of protracted expectation. This art of escaping the guesses of the reader has been improved and brought to perfection along with the reader's sagacity ; just as the various inventions of locks, bolts, and private drawers, in order to secure, fasten, and hide, have always kept pace with the ingenuity of the pickpocket and house-breaker, whose profession is to unlock, unfasten, and lay open what you have taken so much pains to conceal. In this contest of curiosity on one side, and invention on the other, Mrs. Radcliffe has certainly the advantage. She delights in concealing her plan with the most artificial contrivance, and seems to amuse herself with saying, at every turn and doubling of the story, ' Now you think you have me, but I shall take care to disappoint you.' This method is, however, liable to the following inconvenience, that in the search of what is new, an author is apt to forget what is natural ; and, in rejecting the more obvious conclusions, to take those which are less satisfactory. The trite and the extravagant are the Scylla and Charybdis of writers who deal in fiction. With regard to the work before us, while we acknowledge the extraordinary powers of Mrs. Radcliffe, some readers will be inclined to doubt whether they have been exerted in the present work with equal effect as in the *Romance of the Forest*. Four volumes cannot depend entirely on terrific incidents and intricacy of story. They require character, unity of design, a delineation of the scenes of real life, and the variety of well supported contrast. The *Mysteries of Udolpho* are indeed relieved by much elegant description

and picturesque scenery ; but in the descriptions there is too much of sameness : the pine and the larch tree wave, and the full moon pours its lustre through almost every chapter. Curiosity is raised oftener than it is gratified ; or rather, it is raised so high that no adequate gratification can be given it ; the interest is completely dissolved when once the adventure is finished, and the reader, when he is got to the end of the work, looks about in vain for the spell which had bound him so strongly to it. There are other little defects, which impartiality obliges us to notice. The manners do not sufficiently correspond with the æra the author has chosen ; which is the latter end of the sixteenth century. There is, perhaps, no direct anachronism, but the style of accomplishments given to the heroine, a country young lady, brought up on the banks of the Garonne ; the mention of botany ; of little circles of infidelity, &c. give so much the air of modern manners, as is not counterbalanced by Gothic arches and antique furniture. It is possible that the manners of different ages may not differ so much as we are apt to imagine, and more than probable that we are generally wrong when we attempt to delineate any but our own ; but there is at least a style of manners which our imagination has appropriated to each period, and which, like the costume of theatrical dress, is not departed from without hurting the feelings.—The character of Annette, a talkative waiting-maid, is much worn, and that of the aunt, madame Cheron, is too low and selfish to excite any degree of interest, or justify the dangers her niece exposes herself to for her sake. We must likewise observe, that the adventures do not sufficiently point to one centre : we do not, however, attempt to analyse the story ; as it would have no other effect than destroying the pleasure of the reader, we shall content ourselves with giving the following specimen of one of those picturesque scenes of terror, which the author knows so well to work up :

‘ During ¹ the remainder of the day, Emily’s mind was

¹ This long quotation is from vol. iii, ch. 3. Since the chapter numbers begin anew with each volume, I should specify my reference to the third edition, 1795. I was not able to get the first edition.

agitated with doubts and fears and contrary determinations, on the subject of meeting this Barnardine on the rampart, and submitting herself to his guidance, she scarcely knew whither. Pity for her aunt and anxiety for herself alternately swayed her determination, and night came, before she had decided upon her conduct. She heard the castle clock strike eleven—twelve—and yet her mind wavered. The time, however, was now come, when she could hesitate no longer : and then the interest she felt for her aunt overcame other considerations, and bidding Annette follow her to the outer door of the vaulted gallery, and there await her return, she descended from her chamber. The castle was perfectly still, and the great hall, where so lately she had witnessed a scene of dreadful contention, now returned only the whispering footsteps of the two solitary figures gliding fearfully between the pillars, and gleamed only to the feeble lamp they carried. Emily, deceived by the long shadows of the pillars, and by the catching lights between, often stopped, imagining she saw some person, moving in the distant obscurity of the perspective ; and, as she passed these pillars, she feared to turn her eyes towards them, almost expecting to see a figure start out from behind their broad shaft. She reached, however, the vaulted gallery, without interruption, but unclosed its outer door with a trembling hand, and, charging Annette not to quit it, and to keep it a little open, that she might be heard if she called, she delivered to her the lamp, which she did not dare to take herself because of the men on watch, and, alone, stepped out upon the dark terrace. Every thing was so still, that she feared lest her own light steps should be heard by the distant sentinels, and she walked cautiously towards the spot, where she had before met Barnardine, listening for a sound, and looking onward through the gloom in search of him. At length, she was startled by a deep voice, that spoke near her, and she paused, uncertain whether it was his, till it spoke again, and she then recognized the hollow tones of Barnardine, who had been punctual to the moment, and was at the appointed place, resting on the rampart wall. After chiding her for not coming sooner, and saying, that he

had been waiting nearly half an hour, he desired Emily, who made no reply, to follow him to the door through which he had entered the terrace.

‘ While he unlocked it she looked back to that she had left, and observing the rays of the lamp stream through a small opening, was certain that Annette was still there. But her remote situation could little befriend Emily, after she had quitted the terrace ; and, when Barnardine unclosed the gate, the dismal aspect of the passage beyond, shewn by a torch burning on the pavement, made her shrink from following him alone, and she refused to go, unless Annette might accompany her. This, however, Barnardine absolutely refused to permit, mingling at the same time with his refusal such artful circumstances to heighten the pity and curiosity of Emily towards her aunt, that she, at length, consented to follow him alone to the portal.

‘ He then took up the torch, and led her along the passage, at the extremity of which he unlocked another door, whence they descended, a few steps, into a chapel, which, as Barnardine held up the torch to light her, Emily observed to be in ruins, and she immediately recollected a former conversation of Annette, concerning it, with very unpleasant emotions. She looked fearfully on the almost roofless walls, green with damp, and on the Gothic points of the windows, where the ivy and the briony had long supplied the place of glass, and ran mantling among the broken capitals of some columns, that had once supported the roof. Barnardine stumbled over the broken pavement, and his voice, as he uttered a sudden oath, was returned in hollow echoes, that made it more terrific. Emily’s heart sunk : but she still followed him, and he turned out of what had been the principal aisle of the chapel. “ Down these steps, lady,” said Barnardine, as he descended a flight, which appeared to lead into the vaults ; but Emily paused on the top, and demanded, in a tremulous tone, whither he was conducting her.

“ To the portal,” said Barnardine.

“ Cannot we go through the chapel to the portal ? ” said Emily.

“ “ No, Signora ; that leads to the inner court, which I don’t choose to unlock. This way, and we shall reach the outer court presently.”

‘ Emily still hesitated ; fearing not only to go on, but, since she had gone thus far, to irritate Barnardine by refusing to go further.

“ “ Come, lady,” said the man, who had nearly reached the bottom of the flight, “ make a little haste ; I cannot wait here all night.”

“ “ Whither do these steps lead ? ” said Emily, yet pausing.

“ “ To the portal,” repeated Barnardine, in an angry tone, “ I will wait no longer.” As he said this, he moved on with the light, and Emily, fearing to provoke him by further delay, reluctantly followed. From the steps, they proceeded through a passage adjoining the vaults, the walls of which were dropping with unwholesome dews, and the vapours, that crept along the ground, made the torch burn so dimly, that Emily expected every moment to see it extinguished, and Barnardine could scarcely find his way. As they advanced, these vapours thickened, and Barnardine believing the torch was expiring, stopped for a moment to trim it. As he then rested against a pair of iron gates, that opened from the passage, Emily saw, by uncertain flashes of light, the vaults beyond, and, near her, heaps of earth, that seemed to surround an open grave. Such an object, in such a scene, would, at any time, have disturbed her ; but now she was shocked by an instantaneous presentiment, that this was the grave of her unfortunate aunt, and that the treacherous Barnardine was leading herself to destruction. The obscure and terrible place, to which he had conducted her, seemed to justify the thought ; it was a place suited for murder, a receptacle for the dead, where a deed of horror might be committed, and no vestige appear to proclaim it. Emily was so overwhelmed with terror, that, for a moment, she was unable to determine what conduct to pursue. She then considered, that it would be vain to attempt an escape from Barnardine, by flight, since the length and the intricacy of the way she had passed, would soon enable him to overtake

her, who was unacquainted with the turnings, and whose feebleness would not enable her to run long with swiftness. She feared equally to irritate him by a disclosure of her suspicions, which a refusal to accompany him further certainly would do ; and, since she was already as much in his power as it was possible she could be, if she proceeded, she, at length, determined to suppress, as far as she could, the appearance of apprehension, and to follow silently whither he designed to lead her. Pale with horror and anxiety, she now waited till Barnardine had trimmed the torch, and, as her sight glanced again upon the grave, she could not forbear enquiring for whom it was prepared. He took his eyes from the torch, and fixed them upon her face without speaking. She faintly repeated the question, but the man, shaking the torch, passed on ; and she followed, trembling, to a second flight of steps ; having ascended which, a door delivered them into the first court of the castle. As they crossed it, the light showed the high black walls around them, fringed with long grass and dank weeds, that found a scanty soil among the mouldering stones ; the heavy buttresses, with, here and there, between them, a narrow grate, that admitted a freer circulation of air to the court, the massy iron gates that led to the castle, whose clustering turrets appeared above, and, opposite, the huge towers and arch of the portal itself. In this scene the large, uncouth person of Barnardine, bearing the torch, formed a characteristic figure. This Barnardine was wrapt in a long dark cloak, which scarcely allowed the kind of half-boots, or sandals, that were laced upon his legs, to appear, and shewed only the point of a broad sword, which he usually wore, slung in a belt across his shoulders. On his head was a heavy flat velvet cap, somewhat resembling a turban, in which was a short feather ; the visage beneath it shewed strong features, and a countenance furrowed with the lines of cunning, and darkened by habitual discontent.

‘ The view of the court, however, reanimated Emily, who, as she crossed silently towards the portal, began to hope, that her own fears, and not the treachery of Barnardine, had deceived her. She looked anxiously up at the first casement,

that appeared above the lofty arch of the portcullis ; but it was dark, and she enquired whether it belonged to the chamber, where Madame Montoni was confined. Emily spoke low, and Barnardine, perhaps, did not hear her question, for he returned no answer ; and they, soon after, entered the postern door of the gate-way, which brought them to the foot of a narrow staircase, that wound up one of the towers.

“ “ Up this staircase the Signora lies,” said Barnardine.

“ “ Lies ! ” repeated Emily faintly, as she began to ascend.

“ “ She lies in the upper chamber,” said Barnardine.

‘ As they passed up, the wind, which poured through the narrow cavities in the wall, made the torch flare, and it threw a stronger gleam upon the grim and sallow countenance of Barnardine, and discovered more fully the desolation of the place—the rough stone walls, the spiral stairs, black with age, and a suit of ancient armour, with an iron visor, that hung upon the walls, and appeared a trophy of some former victory.

‘ Having reached a landing-place, “ You may wait here, lady,” said he, applying a key to the door of a chamber, “ while I go up, and tell the Signora you are coming.”

“ “ That ceremony is unnecessary,” replied Emily, “ my aunt will rejoice to see me.”

“ “ I am not so sure of that,” said Barnardine, pointing to the room he had opened. “ Come in here, lady, while I step up.”

‘ Emily, surprised and somewhat shocked, did not dare to oppose him further, but, as he was turning away with the torch, desired he would not leave her in darkness. He looked around, and, observing a tripod lamp, that stood on the stairs, lighted and gave it to Emily, who stepped forward into a large old chamber, and he closed the door. As she listened anxiously to his departing steps, she thought he descended, instead of ascended, the stairs ; but the gusts of wind, that whistled round the portal, would not allow her to hear distinctly any other sound. Still, however, she listened, and, perceiving no step in the room above, where he had

affirmed Madame Montoni to be, her anxiety increased, though she considered that the thickness of the floor in this strong building might prevent any sound reaching her from the upper chamber. The next moment, in a pause of the wind, she distinguished Barnardine's step descending to the court, and then thought she heard his voice ; but, the rising gust again overcoming other sounds, Emily, to be certain on this point, moved softly to the door, which, on attempting to open it, she discovered was fastened. All the horrid apprehensions, that had lately assailed her, returned at this instant with redoubled force, and no longer appeared like the exaggerations of a timid spirit, but seemed to have been sent to warn her of her fate. She now did not doubt, that Madame Montoni had been murdered, perhaps in this very chamber ; or that she herself was brought hither for the same purpose. The countenance, the manners, and the recollected words of Barnardine, when he had spoken of her aunt, confirmed her worst fears. For some moments, she was incapable of considering of any means, by which she might attempt an escape. Still she listened, but heard footsteps neither on the stairs nor in the room above ; she thought, however, that she again distinguished Barnardine's voice below, and went to a grated window, that opened upon the court, to enquire further. Here, she plainly heard his hoarse accents, mingling with the blast, that swept by, but they were lost again so quickly, that their meaning could not be interpreted ; and then the light of a torch, which seemed to issue from the portal below, flashed across the court, and the long shadow of a man, who was under the archway, appeared upon the pavement. Emily, from the hugeness of this sudden portrait, concluded it to be that of Barnardine ; but other deep tones, which passed in the wind, soon convinced her he was not alone, and that his companion was not a person very liable to pity.

‘ When her spirits had overcome the first shock of her situation, she held up the lamp to examine if the chamber afforded a possibility of an escape. It was a spacious room, whose walls, wainscoted with rough oak, showed no case-ment but the grated one, which Emily had left, and no other

door than that by which she had entered. The feeble rays of the lamp, however, did not allow her to see at once its full extent ; she perceived no furniture, except, indeed, an iron chair, fastened in the centre of the chamber, immediately over which, depending on a chain from the ceiling, hung an iron ring. Having gazed upon these, for some time, with wonder and horror, she next observed iron bars below, made for the purpose of confining the feet, and on the arms of the chair were rings of the same metal. As she continued to survey them, she concluded that they were instruments of torture, and it struck her, that some poor wretch had once been fastened in this chair, and had there been starved to death. She was chilled by the thought ; but, what was her agony when, in the next moment, it occurred to her, that her aunt might have been one of these victims, and that she herself might be the next ! An acute pain seized her head, she was scarcely able to hold the lamp, and, looking round for support, was seating herself, unconsciously, in the iron chair itself ; but suddenly perceiving where she was, she started from it in horror, and sprung towards a remote end of the room. Here again she looked round for a seat to sustain her, and perceived only a dark curtain, which, descending from the ceiling to the floor, was drawn along the whole side of the chamber. Ill as she was, the appearance of this curtain struck her, and she paused to gaze upon it, in wonder and apprehension.

‘ It seemed to conceal a recess of the chamber ; she wished, yet dreaded, to lift it, and to discover what it veiled : twice she was withheld by a recollection of the terrible spectacle her daring hand had formerly unveiled in an apartment of the castle, till, suddenly conjecturing that it concealed the body of her murdered aunt, she seized it, in a fit of desperation, and drew it aside. Beyond, appeared a corpse, stretched on a kind of low couch, which was crimsoned with human blood, as was the floor beneath. The features, deformed by death, were ghastly and horrible, and more than one livid wound appeared in the face. Emily, bending over the body, gazed, for a moment, with an eager, frenzied eye ; but, in the

next, the lamp dropped from her hand, and she fell senseless at the foot of the couch.

‘ When her senses returned, she found herself surrounded by men, among whom was Barnardine, who was lifting her from the floor, and then bore her along the chamber. She was sensible of what passed, but the extreme languor of her spirits did not permit her to speak, or move, or even to feel any distinct fear. They carried her down the stair-case, by which she had ascended ; when, having reached the archway, they stopped, and one of the men, taking the torch from Barnardine, opened a small door, that was cut in the great gate, and, as he stepped out upon the road, the light he bore shewed several men on horseback, in waiting. Whether it was the freshness of the air, that revived Emily, or that the objects she now saw roused the spirit of alarm, she suddenly spoke, and made an ineffectual effort to disengage herself from the grasp of the ruffians, who held her.

‘ Barnardine, meanwhile, called loudly for the torch, while distant voices answered, and several persons approached, and, in the same instant, a light flashed upon the court of the castle. Again he vociferated for the torch, and the men hurried Emily through the gate. At a short distance, under the shelter of the castle walls, she perceived the fellow, who had taken the light from the porter, holding it to a man, busily employed in altering the saddle of a horse, round which were several horsemen, looking on, whose harsh features received the full glare of the torch ; while the broken ground beneath them, the opposite walls, with the tufted shrubs, that overhung their summits, and an embattled watch-tower above, were reddened with the gleam, which, fading gradually away, left the remoter ramparts and the woods below to the obscurity of night.

‘ “ What do you waste time for, there ? ” said Barnardine with an oath, as he approached the horsemen. “ Dispatch—dispatch.”

‘ “ The saddle will be ready in a minute,” replied the man who was buckling it, at whom Barnardine now swore again, for his negligence, and Emily, calling feebly for help, was

hurried towards the horses, while the ruffians disputed on which to place her, the one designed for her not being ready. At this moment a cluster of lights issued from the great gates, and she immediately heard the shrill voice of Annette above those of several other persons, who advanced. In the same moment, she distinguished Montoni and Cavigni, followed by a number of ruffian-faced fellows, to whom she no longer looked with terror, but with hope, for, at this instant, she did not tremble at the thought of any dangers that might await her within the castle, whence so lately and so anxiously she had wished to escape. Those, who threatened her from without, had engrossed all her apprehensions.

‘ A short contest ensued between the parties, in which that of Montoni, however, were presently victors, and the horse-men, perceiving that numbers were against them, and being, perhaps, not very warmly interested in the affair they had undertaken, galloped off, while Barnardine had run far enough to be lost in the darkness, and Emily was led back into the castle. As she re-passed the courts, the remembrance of what she had seen in the portal-chamber came, with all its horror, to her mind ; and when, soon after, she heard the gate close, that shut her once more within the castle walls, she shuddered for herself, and, almost forgetting the danger she had escaped, could scarcely think that any thing less precious than liberty and peace was to be found beyond them.’

These volumes are interspersed with many pieces of poetry, some beautiful, all pleasing, but rather monotonous. We cannot resist the temptation of giving our readers the following charming one, more especially as poetical beauties have not a fair chance of being attended to, amidst the stronger interest inspired by such a series of adventures. The love of poetry is a taste ; curiosity is a kind of appetite, and hurries headlong on, impatient for its complete gratification :

' THE SEA-NYMPH ¹

' Down, down a thousand fathom deep,
Among the sounding seas I go ;
Play round the foot of every steep
Whose cliffs above the ocean grow.

There, within their secret caves,
I hear the mighty rivers roar ;
And guide their streams through Neptune's waves
To bless the green earth's inmost shore :

And bid the freshen'd waters glide,
For fern-crown'd nymphs of lake, or brook,
Through winding woods and pastures wide,
And many a wild, romantic nook.

For this the nymphs, at fall of eve,
Oft dance upon the flow'ry banks,
And sing my name, and garlands weave
To bear beneath the wave their thanks.

In coral bow'rs I love to lie,
And hear the surges roll above,
And through the waters view on high
The proud ships sail, and gay clouds move.

And oft at midnight's stillest hour,
When summer seas the vessel lave,
I love to prove my charming pow'r
While floating on the moon-light wave.

And when deep sleep the crew has bound,
And the sad lover musing leans
O'er the ship's side, I breathe around
Such strains as speak no mortal means !

O'er the dim waves his searching eye
Sees but the vessel's lengthen'd shade ;
Above—the moon and azure sky ;
Entranc'd he hears, and half afraid !

¹ Vol. ii, ch. 2 (third edition, 1795).

Sometimes, a single note I swell,
That, softly sweet, at distance dies ;
Then wake the magic of my shell,
And choral voices round me rise !

The trembling youth, charm'd by my strain,
Calls up the crew, who, silent, bend
O'er the high deck, but list in vain ;
My song is hush'd, my wonders end !

Within the mountain's woody bay,
Where the tall bark at anchor rides,
At twilight hour, with tritons gay,
I dance upon the lapsing tides :

And with my sister-nymphs I sport,
Till the broad sun looks o'er the floods ;
Then, swift we seek our crystal court,
Deep in the wave, 'mid Neptune's woods.

In cool arcades and glassy halls,
We pass the sultry hours of noon,
Beyond wherever sun-beam falls,
Weaving sea-flowers in gay festoon.

The while we chant our ditties sweet
To some soft shell that warbles near ;
Join'd by the murmuring current, fleet,
That glide along our halls so clear.

There, the pale pearl and sapphire blue,
And ruby red, and em'rald green,
Dart from the domes a changing hue,
And sparry columns deck the scene.

When the dark storm scowls o'er the deep,
And long, long peals of thunder sound,
On some high cliff my watch I keep
O'er all the restless seas around :

Till on the ridgy wave afar
Comes the lone vessel, labouring slow,
Spreading the white foam in the air,
With sail and top-mast bending low.

Then, plunge I mid the ocean's roar,
My way by quiv'ring lightnings shewn,
To guide the bark to peaceful shore,
And hush the sailor's fearful groan.

And if too late I reach its side
To save it from the 'whelming surge,
I call my dolphins o'er the tide,
To bear the crew where isles emerge.

Their mournful spirits soon I cheer,
While round the desert coast I go,
With warbled songs they faintly hear,
Oft as the stormy gust sinks low.

My music leads to lofty groves,
That wild upon the sea-bank wave ;
Where sweet fruits bloom, and fresh spring roves,
And closing boughs the tempest brave.

Then, from the air spirits obey
My potent voice they love so well,
And, on the clouds, paint visions gay,
While strains more sweet at distance swell.

And thus the lonely hours I cheat,
Soothing the ship-wreck'd sailor's heart,
Till from the waves the storms retreat,
And o'er the east the day-beams dart.

Neptune for this oft binds me fast
To rocks below, with choral chain,
Till all the tempest's over-past,
And drowning seamen cry in vain.

Whoe'er ye are that love my lay,
Come, when red sun-set tints the wave,
To the still sands, where fairies play ;
There, in cool seas, I love to lave.'

If, in consequence of the criticisms impartiality has obliged us to make upon this novel, the author should feel disposed to ask us, Who will write a better ? we boldly answer her, *Yourself* ; when no longer disposed to sacrifice

excellence to quantity, and lengthen out a story for the sake of filling an additional volume.

The Monk,¹ A Romance

By M. G. Lewis, Esq. M.P. 1796

The horrible and the preternatural have usually seized on the popular taste, at the rise and decline of literature. Most powerful stimulants, they can never be required except by the torpor of an unawakened, or the languor of an exhausted, appetite. The same phaenomenon, therefore, which we hail as a favourable omen in the belles lettres of Germany, impresses a degree of gloom in the compositions of our countrymen. We trust, however, that satiety will banish what good sense should have prevented; and that, wearied with fiends, incomprehensible characters, with shrieks, murders, and subterraneous dungeons, the public will learn, by the multitude of the manufacturers, with how little expense of thought or imagination this species of composition is manufactured. But, cheaply as we estimate romances in general, we acknowledge, in the work before us, the offspring of no common genius. The tale is similar to that of Santon Barsista² in the *Guardian*. Ambrosio, a monk, surnamed the Man of Holiness, proud of his own undeviating rectitude, and severe to the faults of others, is successfully assailed by the tempter of mankind, and seduced to the perpetration of rape and murder, and finally precipitated into a contract in which he consigns his soul to everlasting perdition.

The larger part of the three volumes is occupied by the underplot, which, however, is skilfully and closely connected with the main story, and is subservient to its development. The tale of the bleeding nun is truly terrific; and we could not easily recollect a bolder or more happy conception than that of the burning cross on the forehead of the wandering

¹ *Critical Review*, February 1797, vol. xiz, pp. 194-200.

² Read 'Santon Barsisa,' *Guardian*, No. 148, August 31, 1713. In his "Advertisement" Lewis tells the reader that this tale gave him the first hint for his romance.

Jew (a mysterious character, which, though copied as to its more prominent features from Schiller's incomprehensible Armenian,¹ does, nevertheless, display great vigour of fancy). But the character of Matilda, the chief agent in the seduction of Ambrosio,^a appears to us to be the author's master-piece. It is, indeed, exquisitely imagined, and as exquisitely supported. The whole work is distinguished by the variety and impressiveness of its incidents; and the author everywhere discovers an imagination rich, powerful, and fervid. Such are the excellencies;—the errors and defects are more numerous, and (we are sorry to add) of greater importance.

All events are levelled into one common mass, and become almost equally probable, where the order of nature may be changed whenever the author's purposes demand it. No address is requisite to the accomplishment of any design; and no pleasure therefore can be received from the perception of *difficulty surmounted*. The writer may make us wonder, but he cannot surprise us. For the same reasons a romance is incapable of exemplifying a moral truth. No proud man, for instance, will be made less proud by being told that Lucifer once seduced a presumptuous monk. *Incredulus odit*. Or even if, believing the story, he should deem his virtue less secure, he would yet acquire no lessons of prudence, no feelings of humility. Human prudence can oppose no sufficient shield to the power and cunning of supernatural beings; and the privilege of being proud might be fairly conceded to him who could rise superior to all earthly temptations, and whom the strength of the spiritual world alone would be adequate to overwhelm. So falling, he would fall with glory, and might reasonably welcome his defeat with the haughty emotions of a conqueror. As far, therefore, as the story is concerned, the praise which a romance can claim, is simply that of having given pleasure during its perusal; and so many are the calamities of life, that he who has done this, has not written uselessly. The

¹ A kind of wandering Jew in Schiller's story of *The Ghostseer*.

^a *Critical Review*, 'Antonio.'

children of sickness and of solitude shall thank him.—To this praise, however, our author has not entitled himself. The sufferings which he describes are so frightful and intolerable, that we break with abruptness from the delusion, and indignantly suspect the man of a species of brutality, who could find a pleasure in wantonly imagining them; and the abominations which he portrays with no hurrying pencil, are such as the observation of character by no means demanded, such as ‘no observation of character can justify, because no good man would willingly suffer them to pass, however transiently, through his own mind.’ The merit of a novelist is in proportion (not simply to the effect, but) to the *pleasurable* effect which he produces. Situations of torment, and images of naked horror, are easily conceived; and a writer in whose works they abound, deserves our gratitude almost equally with him who should drag us by way of sport through a military hospital, or force us to sit at the dissecting-table of a natural philosopher. To trace the nice boundaries, beyond which terror and sympathy are deserted by the pleasurable emotions,—to reach those limits, yet never to pass them,—*hic labor, hic opus est*. Figures that shock the imagination, and narratives that mangle the feelings, rarely discover *genius*, and always betray a low and vulgar *taste*. Nor has our author indicated less ignorance of the human heart in the management of the principal character. The wisdom and goodness of providence have ordered that the tendency of vicious actions to deprave the heart of the perpetrator, should diminish in proportion to the greatness of his temptations. Now, in addition to constitutional warmth and irresistible opportunity, the monk is impelled to incontinence by friendship, by compassion, by gratitude, by all that is amiable, and all that is estimable; yet in a few weeks after his first frailty, the man who had been described as possessing much general humanity, a keen and vigorous understanding, with habits of the most exalted piety, degenerates into an uglier fiend than the gloomy imagination of Dante would have ventured to picture. Again, the monk is described as feeling and acting under the influence of an

appetite which could not co-exist with his other emotions. The romance-writer possesses an unlimited power over situations ; but he must scrupulously make his characters act in congruity with them. Let him work *physical* wonders only, and we will be content to *dream* with him for a while ; but the first *moral* miracle which he attempts, he disgusts and awakens us. Thus our judgment remains unoffended, when, announced by thunders and earthquakes, the spirit appears to Ambrosio involved in blue fires that increase the cold of the cavern ; and we acquiesce in the power of the silver myrtle which made gates and doors fly open at its touch, and charmed every eye into sleep. But when a mortal, fresh from the impression of that terrible appearance, and in the act of evincing for the first time the witching force of this myrtle, is represented as being at the same moment agitated by so fleeting an appetite as that of lust, our own feelings convince us that this is not improbable, but impossible ; not preternatural, but contrary to nature. The extent of the powers that may exist, we can never ascertain ; and therefore we feel no great difficulty in yielding a temporary belief to any, the strangest, situation of *things*. But that situation once conceived, how beings like ourselves would feel and act in it, our own feelings sufficiently instruct us ; and we instantly reject the clumsy fiction that does not harmonise with them.¹ These are the two *principal* mistakes in *judgment*, which the author has fallen into ; but we cannot wholly pass over the frequent incongruity of his style with his subjects. It is gaudy where it should have been severely simple ; and too often the mind is offended by phrases the most trite and colloquial, where it demands and had expected a sternness and solemnity of diction.

A more grievous fault remains,—a fault for which no literary excellence can atone,—a fault which all other excellence does but aggravate, as adding subtlety to a poison by

¹ This critical analysis of the supernatural element in romance deserves to rank among Coleridge's best achievements in criticism, and its personal interest increases when we remember that *The Ancient Mariner* was begun in the very year during which this review was published.

the elegance of its preparation. Mildness of censure would here be criminally misplaced, and silence would make us accomplices. Not without reluctance then, but in full conviction that we are performing a duty, we declare it to be our opinion, that the *Monk* is a romance, which if a parent saw in the hands of a son or daughter, he might reasonably turn pale. The temptations of Ambrosio are described with a libidinous minuteness, which, we sincerely hope, will receive its best and only adequate censure from the offended conscience of the author himself. The shameless harlotry of Matilda, and the trembling innocence of Antonia, are seized with equal avidity, as vehicles of the most voluptuous images; and though the tale is indeed a tale of horror, yet the most painful impression which the work left on our minds was that of great acquirements and splendid genius employed to furnish a *mormo*¹ for children, a poison for youth, and a provocative for the debauchee. Tales of enchantments and witchcraft can never be *useful*: our author has contrived to make them *pernicious*, by blending, with an irreverent negligence, all that is most awfully true in religion with all that is most ridiculously absurd in superstition. He takes frequent occasion, indeed, to manifest his sovereign contempt for the latter, both in his own person, and (most incongruously) in that of his principal characters; and that his respect for the *former* is not excessive, we are forced to conclude from the treatment which its inspired writings receive from him. Ambrosio discovers Antonia reading²—

‘He examined the book which she had been reading, and had now placed upon the table. It was the Bible.

“How!” said the friar to himself, “Antonia reads the Bible, and is still so ignorant?”

‘But, upon a further inspection, he found that Elvira had made exactly the same remark. That prudent mother, while she admired the beauties of the sacred writings, was convinced that, unrestricted, no reading more improper could be permitted a young woman. Many of the narratives can only tend to excite ideas the worst calculated for a female breast:

¹A bugbear.

²Ch. vii.

every thing is called plainly and roundly by its name ; and the *annals of a brothel would scarcely furnish a greater choice of indecent expressions*. Yet this is the book which young women are recommended to study, which is put into the hands of children, able to comprehend little more than those passages of which they had better remain ignorant, and which but too frequently inculcates the first rudiments of vice, and gives the first alarm to the still sleeping passions. Of this was Elvira, so fully convinced, that she would have preferred putting into her daughter's hands " *Amadis de Gaul*," or " *The Valiant Champion, Tirant le Blanc*," and would sooner have authorised her studying the lewd exploits of *Don Galaor*, or the lascivious jokes of the *Damsel Plazer di mi vida*.' Vol. II, p. 247.

The impiety of this falsehood can be equalled only by its impudence. This is indeed as if a Corinthian harlot, clad from head to foot in the transparent thinness of the Coan vest, should affect to view with prudish horror the naked knee of a Spartan matron ! If it be possible that the author of these blasphemies is a Christian, should he not have reflected that the only passage in the scriptures,¹ which could give a shadow of plausibility to the *weakest* of these expressions, is represented as being spoken by the Almighty himself ? But if he be an infidel, he has acted consistently enough with that character, in his endeavours first to influence the fleshly appetites, and then to pour contempt on the only book which would be adequate to the task of recalming them. We believe it not absolutely impossible that a mind may be so deeply depraved by the habit of reading lewd and voluptuous tales, as to use even the Bible in conjuring up the spirit of uncleanness. The most innocent expressions might become the first link in the chain of association, when a man's soul had been so poisoned ; and we believe it not absolutely impossible that he might extract pollution from the word of purity, and, in a literal sense, *turn the grace of God into wantonness*.²

¹ "Ezekiel, chap. xxiii." Coleridge's note.

² Cf. *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii, 126-27, for Coleridge's use of these reflections for his lectures. They are mentioned again, more casually, in *The Friend*, Essay IV, *Works* (Shedd), ii 38.

We have been induced to pay particular attention to this work, from the unusual success which it has experienced. It certainly possesses much real merit, in addition to its meretricious attractions. Nor must it be forgotten that the author is a man of rank and fortune.—Yes ! the author of the *Monk* signs himself a *LEGISLATOR* !—We stare and tremble.

The poetry interspersed through the volumes is, in general, far above mediocrity. We shall present our readers with the following exquisitely tender elegy, which, we may venture to prophesy, will melt and delight the heart, when ghosts and hobgoblins shall be found only in the lumber-garret of a circulating library.

“ THE EXILE ¹

‘ Farewell, oh native Spain ! farewell for ever !
These banished eyes shall view thy coasts no more :
A mournful presage tells my heart, that never
Gonzalvo’s steps again shall press thy shore.

‘ Hushed are the winds ; while soft the vessel sailing
With gentle motion plows the unruffled main,
I feel my bosom’s boasted courage failing,
And curse the waves which bear me far from Spain.

‘ I see it yet ! Beneath yon blue clear heaven
Still do the spires, so well-beloved, appear.
From yonder craggy point the gale of even
Still wafts my native accents to mine ear.

‘ Propped on some moss-crowned rock, and gaily singing,
There in the sun his nets the fisher dries ;
Oft have I heard the plaintive ballad, bringing
Scenes of past joys before my sorrowing eyes.

‘ Ah ! happy swain ! he waits the accustomed hour,
When twilight-gloom obscures the closing sky ;
Then gladly seeks his loved paternal bower,
And shares the feast his native fields supply.

‘ Friendship and Love, his cottage guests, receive him
With honest welcome and with smile sincere :

¹ Ch. v.

No threatening woes of present joys bereave him ;
No sigh his bosom owns, his cheek no tear.

‘ Ah ! happy swain ! such bliss to me denying,
Fortune thy lot with envy bids me view ;
Me, who, from home and Spain an exile flying,
Bid all I value, all I love, adieu.

‘ No more mine ear shall list the well-known ditty
Sung by some mountain-girl, who tends her goats,
Some village-swain imploring amorous pity,
Or shepherd chanting wild his rustic notes.

‘ No more my arms a parent’s fond embraces,
No more my heart domestic calm must know ;
Far from these joys, with sighs which memory traces,
To sultry skies and distant climes I go.

‘ Where Indian suns engender new diseases,
Where snakes and tigers breed, I bend my way,
To brave the feverish thirst no art appeases,
The yellow plague, and madding blaze of day.

‘ But not to feel slow pangs consume my liver,
To die by piece-meal in the bloom of age,
My boiling blood drank by insatiate fever,
And brain delirious with the day-star’s rage,

‘ Can make me know such grief, as thus to sever,
With many a bitter sigh, dear land ! from thee ;
To feel this heart must dote on thee for ever,
And feel that all thy joys are torn from me !

‘ Ah me ! how oft will fancy’s spells, in slumber,
Recall my native country to my mind !
How oft regret will bid me sadly number
Each lost delight, and dear friend left behind !

‘ Wild Murcia’s vales and loved romantic bowers,
The river on whose banks a child I played,
My castle’s antient halls, its frowning towers,
Each much-regretted wood, and well-known glade ;

‘ Dreams of the land where all my wishes centre,
Thy scenes, which I am doomed no more to know,

Full oft shall memory trace, my soul's tormentor,
And turn each pleasure past to present woe.

' But, lo ! the sun beneath the waves retires ;
Night speeds apace her empire to restore !
Clouds from my sight obscure the village-spires,
Now seen but faintly, and now seen no more.

' Oh, breathe not, winds ! Still be the water's motion !
Sleep, sleep, my bark, in silence on the main !
So, when to-morrow's light shall gild the ocean,
Once more mine eyes shall see the coast of Spain.

' Vain is the wish ! My last petition scorning,
Fresh blows the gale, and high the billows swell :
Far shall we be before the break of morning :
Oh ! then, for ever, native Spain, farewell ! '

Vol. II, p. 165.

The¹ Italian, or the Confessional of the Black Penitents
A Romance. By Ann Radcliffe, 1797

It was not difficult to foresee that the *modern romance*, even supported by the skill of the most ingenious of its votaries, would soon experience the fate of every attempt to please by what is unnatural, and by a departure from that observance of real life, which has placed the works of Fielding, Smollett, and some other writers, among the permanent sources of amusement. It might for a time afford an acceptable variety to persons whose reading is confined to works of fiction, and who would, perhaps, be glad to exchange dullness for extravagance ; but it was probable that, as its constitution (if we may so speak) was maintained only by the passion of terror, and that excited by trick, and as it was not conversant in incidents and characters of a natural complexion, it would degenerate into repetition, and would disappoint curiosity. So many cries ' that the wolf is coming,' must at last lose their effect. In reviewing the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, we hazarded an opinion, that, if a better production could appear, it must come only from the pen of Mrs. Radcliffe ;

¹ *Critical Review*, June 1798, vol. xxiii, pp. 166-69.

but we were not totally blind to the difficulties which even she would have to encounter, in order to keep up the interest she had created in that work, and in the Romance of the Forest ; and the present publication confirms our suspicions. The Mysteries of Udolpho fell short of the Romance of the Forest, by the tedious protraction of events, and by a redundancy of description : the Italian falls short of the Mysteries of Udolpho, by reminding us of the same characters and the same scenes ; and, although the descriptive part is less prolix, the author has had recourse to it in various instances, in which it has no natural connexion with the story. There are, however, some scenes that powerfully seize the imagination, and interest the passions. Among these we prefer the interview between the marchesa and Schedoni in the church, and the discovery made by Schedoni that Ellena was his daughter. On the latter subject, we will gratify our readers with an extract.¹ Schedoni approached Ellena with an intention of murdering her ; but, ‘ as often as he prepared to plunge the poignard in her bosom, a shuddering horror restrained him. Astonished at his own feelings, and indignant at what he termed a dastardly weakness, he found it necessary to argue with himself, and his rapid thoughts said, “ Do I not feel the necessity of this act ! Does not what is dearer to me than existence—does not my consequence depend on the execution of it ? Is she not also beloved by the young Vivaldi ?—have I already forgotten the church of the Spirito Santo ? ” This consideration re-animated him ; vengeance nerved his arm, and drawing aside the lawn from her bosom, he once more raised it to strike ; when, after gazing for an instant, some new cause of horror seemed to seize all his frame, and he stood for some moments aghast and motionless like a statue. His respiration was short and laborious, chilly drops stood on his forehead, and all his faculties of mind seemed suspended. When he recovered, he stooped to examine again the miniature, which had occasioned this revolution, and which had lain concealed beneath the lawn that he withdrew. The terrible certainty was almost con-

¹ Vol. ii, ch. 9.

firmed, and forgetting, in his impatience to know the truth, the imprudence of suddenly discovering himself to Ellena at this hour of the night, and with a dagger at his feet, he called loudly "Awake ! awake ! Say, what is your name ? Speak ! speak quickly !"

'Ellena, aroused by a man's voice, started from her mattress, when, perceiving Schedoni, and, by the pale glare of the lamp, his haggard countenance, she shrieked, and sunk back on the pillow. She had not fainted ; and believing that he came to murder her, she now exerted herself to plead for mercy. The energy of her feelings enabled her to rise and throw herself at his feet, "Be merciful, O father ! be merciful !" said she, in a trembling voice.

"Father !" interrupted Schedoni, with earnestness ; and then, seeming to restrain himself, he added, with unaffected surprise, "Why are you thus terrified ?" for he had lost, in new interests and emotions, all consciousness of evil intention, and of the singularity of his situation. "What do you fear ?" he repeated.

"Have pity, holy father !" exclaimed Ellena in agony.

"Why do you not say whose portrait that is ?" demanded he, forgetting that he had not asked the question before.

"Whose portrait ?" repeated the confessor in a loud voice.

"Whose portrait !" said Ellena, with extreme surprise.

"Ay, how came you by it ? Be quick—whose resemblance is it ?"

"Why should you wish to know ?" said Ellena.

"Answer my question," repeated Schedoni, with increasing sternness.

"I cannot part with it, holy father," replied Ellena, pressing it to her bosom, "you do not wish me to part with it !"

"Is it impossible to make you answer my question ?" said he, in extreme perturbation, and turning away from her, "has fear utterly confounded you !" Then, again stepping towards her, and seizing her wrist, he repeated the demand in a tone of desperation.

“ Alas ! he is dead ! or I should not now want a protector,” replied Ellena, shrinking from his grasp, and weeping.

“ You trifle,” said Schedoni, with a terrible look, “ I once more demand an answer—whose picture ? ”

Ellena lifted it, gazed upon it for a moment, and then pressing it to her lips said, “ This was my father.”

“ Your father ! ” he repeated in an inward voice, “ your father ! ” and shuddering, turned away.

Ellena looked at him with surprise. “ I never knew a father’s care,” she said, “ nor till lately did I perceive the want of it.—But now.”—

“ His name ? ” interrupted the confessor.

“ But now,” continued Ellena—“ if you are not as a father to me—to whom can I look for protection ? ”

“ His name ? ” repeated Schedoni, with sterner emphasis.

“ It is sacred,” replied Ellena, “ for he was unfortunate ! ”

“ His name ? ” demanded the confessor, furiously.

“ I have promised to conceal it, father.”

“ On your life, I charge you to tell it ; remember, on your life ! ”

Ellena trembled, was silent, and with supplicating looks implored him to desist from enquiry, but he urged the question more irresistibly. “ His name then,” said she, “ was Marinella.”

Schedoni groaned and turned away ; but in a few seconds, struggling to command the agitation that shattered his whole frame, he returned to Ellena, and raised her from her knees, on which she had thrown herself to implore mercy.

“ The place of his residence ? ” said the monk.

“ It was far from hence,” she replied ; but he demanded an unequivocal answer, and she reluctantly gave one.

Schedoni turned away as before, groaned heavily, and paced the chamber without speaking ; while Ellena, in her turn, enquired the motive of his questions, and the occasion of his agitation. But he seemed not to notice any thing she said, and, wholly given up to his feelings, was inflexibly

silent, while he stalked, with measured steps, along the room, and his face, half hid by his cowl, was bent towards the ground.

'Ellena's terror began to yield to astonishment, and this emotion increased, when, Schedoni approaching her, she perceived tears swell in his eyes, which were fixt on her's, and his countenance soften from the wild disorder that had marked it. Still he could not speak. At length he yielded to the fulness of his heart, and Schedoni, the stern Schedoni, wept and sighed ! He seated himself on the mattress beside Ellena, took her hand, which she affrighted attempted to withdraw, and when he could command his voice, said, "Unhappy child !—behold your more unhappy father !" As he concluded, his voice was overcome by groans, and he drew the cowl entirely over his face.' Vol. II, p. 294.

Among those parts of the romance which we disapprove, we may reckon the examination before the court of inquisition : it is so improbable, that we should rather have attributed it to one of Mrs. Radcliffe's numerous imitators.

But, notwithstanding occasional objections, the Italian may justly be considered as an ingenious performance ; and many persons will read it with great pleasure and satisfaction.

Hubert de Sevrac,¹ A Romance of the 18th Century

By Mary Robinson, 1796

The character of Mrs. Robinson's novels being generally known, it is perhaps sufficient to say, that Hubert de Sevrac is inferior to her former productions. It is an imitation of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, but without any resemblance that may not be attained by a common pen. There are detached parts, however, of which we may speak with approbation ; and, during the prevalence of the present taste for romances, the whole may afford amusement to the supporters of circulating libraries. But it may be necessary to apprise novel-writers, in general, that this taste is declining, and that real life and manners will soon assert their claims.

¹ *Critical Review*, August 1798, vol. xxiii, p. 472.

SECTION IV
CONVERSATIONS WITH HENRY CRABB
ROBINSON

CONVERSATIONS WITH HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

*Detached Memoranda of H. C. Robinson.*¹ 1810

COLERIDGE ²

14th November, 1810—Saw C. in private for the first time at Charles Lamb's. He remained but half an hour and had scarcely any opportunity to display those powers of conversation for which he is so celebrated, and the expectation of witnessing which I mean hereafter to leave a minute of my interviews with him.

Coleridge gave an account of a visit lately made him by Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. J. assured him that he was a great admirer of Wordsworth's poetry, that his *Lyrical Ballads* were always on his table,³ etc. : that W. had been abused in the *Review* only because the errors of men of genius ought to be exposed. J. was in other respects, said C., grossly flattering; he was like a schoolboy who having tried his man and been beaten becomes contentedly a fag.

¹ Robinson began his regular diary in 1811. The memoranda printed above are taken from his miscellaneous papers (Bundle II, vii. 24) in Dr. Williams' Library, Gordon Square, London. They have not been before collected as a whole in Coleridge's works, but have appeared in Sadler's editions of Robinson's *Diary*, etc., in Miss Morley's *Blake*, *Coleridge*, *Wordsworth*, *Lamb*, etc., and (in selections) in Thomas Ashe's edition of Coleridge's *Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare* for the Bohn Library. Since these texts are a little different from that given above, it is well to emphasize the fact that I have depended upon the manuscripts themselves. For permission to make my collation I wish to thank the Trustees of Dr. Williams' Library. The Trustees require students who use manuscripts in the library to accept sole responsibility for all selections made and to waive all claims of copyright.

² Robinson's heading.

³ Coleridge cited this conversation in *Biographia Literaria* (Oxford), ii. 129.

Jeffrey spoke of Campbell to Coleridge, who had also been visited by him and whom Coleridge called a chicken-breasted fellow. Campbell, said J., is my very intimate friend ; but "dear Campbell" is sadly envious. You outshone him in conversation, and I am sure that he therefore hates you thoroughly.

15th November. A very delightful evening at C. Lamb's—Coleridge, M. Burney, Miss Fenwick, C.'s friend Mr. Morgan. C. very eloquent on German metaphysics and poetry, Wordsworth and Spanish politics,¹ etc. etc.

Of Wordsworth he spoke with great warmth of praise but objected to some of his poems. Wishing to avoid an undue regard to the high and genteel in society, W. had unreasonably attached himself to the low, so that he erred, himself, at last. He should have recollected also that verse being the language of passion, and passion dictating energetic expressions, it became him to raise his style in harmony with his verse. People were entitled to ask why simple tales like his frequently were not in prose. C. censured the disproportion in the machinery of the poem on the "Gipsies." Had the whole world been standing idle, he could not have brought forward more powerful considerations to expose the evil. W. also fixed "with malice prepense" upon objects of reflection which do not naturally excite reflection or call for it.²

Of Kant C. spoke in terms of high admiration. In his *Himmels System* he appears to unite, said he, the genius of Burnet and Newton. He praised also the *Träume eines Geistersehers* and intimated he should one day translate his work on the Sublime and Beautiful. His *Critik der Urtheilskraft* he considered as the most astonishing of his works.

Both Fichte and Schelling he thought would be found at last to have erred where they had deviated from Kant, but he considered F. as a great logician and S. as perhaps a still

¹ A reference to Wordsworth's tract on the Convention of Cintra, published May 1809.

² Cf. all this with ch. xvii of *Biographia Literaria*. The criticism of the "Gipsies" was developed in ch. xxii of *B.L.*

greater man. In both, the want of gratitude toward their master he thought an evidence of the want of highest excellence. S.'s system resolved itself into fanaticism ; not better than that of Jacob Böhme.

Tieck, Coleridge had known in Rome ; he appeared not to have been aware of his high worth as a poet, but to have been acquainted with his philosophical opinions.

Göthe, C. seemed to appreciate too lowly. He seemed however to be fully sensible of his want of moral life and to consider that as the great defect in his poetry. He had otherwise talents for everything.

Of Schiller he seemed to think more highly. He quoted his "*Nimmer, das glaubt mir, erscheinen die Götter, nimmer allein*"¹—and was well acquainted with the pieces I referred to. His prose works, except his histories, he also praised. He censured the Graecomania of Schiller's later dramas.

Wieland's style he spoke highly of, but was severe on the want of purity in his *Oberon*. He preferred *Liebe um Liebe*.

Voss's *Luise* he was fond of. He thought lowly of Voss's general powers of mind.

He spoke highly also of Holtz, Bürger, Ramler as a translator, Stolberg, etc.

Of Jean Paul he made a remark which he also applied to Windham ; viz., that his wit did not consist in pointing out analogies in themselves striking, but such as excited your wonder that they should ever be made, so that you admired not the thing combined but the act of combination.

He made an elaborate and somewhat obscure distinction between fancy and imagination. The excess of fancy is delirium ; of imagination, mania. Fancy is the arbitrary bringing together of things that lie remote, and forming them into a unity. The materials lie ready formed for the mind, and the fancy acts only by a sort of juxtaposition. In imagination, on the contrary, the mind from the excitement of some slight impression generates and produces a form of its

¹ Schiller's "Dithyrambe," which Coleridge imitated (that is, freely translated) in his *Visit of the Gods*, first published in *Sibylline Leaves*. See Oxford edition of Coleridge's *Poems*, i. 310-11 ; ii. 1127.

own. As an instance of fanciful delirium may be cited the well known "seas of milk and ships of amber."¹ To illustrate a sort of disease of the imagination, he related an incident that occurred to himself. Having for some time watched carefully the motions of a kite among the mountains of Westmorland, on a sudden he saw two kites in an opposite direction. This illusion lasted some time till, his attention being revived, he found that the two imagined kites were stray branches from a tree beyond a wall.²

December 20th. Met Coleridge by accident with C. and Miss Lamb. . . .

Also some conversation on literature. I referred to Wordsworth[']s] unentitled ode which he had formerly referred to as his masterpiece, and spoke highly of it. Now he said it contained bombastic thoughts, which he had wished W. would omit ;³ but he still spoke of it as a grand production.

December 23rd. . . . C. dined with us. . . .

We spoke of Milton. He was, said C., a most determined aristocrat, an enemy to popular elections, and he would have been most decidedly hostile to the Jacobins of the present day. He would have thought our popular freedom excessive. He was of opinion that the government belonged to the wise, and he thought the people fools. In all his works there is but *one* exceptionable passage, that in which he vindicates the expulsion of the members from the House of Commons by Cromwell.⁴ C. on this took occasion to express his approbation of the death of Charles.

Of Milton's *Paradise Regained* he observed that, however inferior its kind is to *Paradise Lost*, its execution is superior. This was all Milton meant in the preference he is said to have

¹ Otway's *Venice Preserved*, Act V, sc. ii, last line. Cf. *B.L.*, i. 62, and the discussion by Professor Lowes in *The Road to Xanadu*, pp. 346-47.

² Cf. *Anima Poetae* (London, 1895), pp. 47-48, a note of November 1803, taken from Coleridge's note-book No. 21, pp. 168-69.

³ This is an anticipation of the criticism in ch. xxii of *Biographia Literaria*. The ode to which Coleridge refers is, of course, that on "Intimations of Immortality."

⁴ *Second Defense of the People of England*.

given to his later poem.¹ It is a didactic poem and formed on the model of *Job*.

C. remarked on the lesson of tolerance taught us by the opposite opinions entertained concerning the death of Charles by such great men as Milton and Jeremy Taylor.

J. Taylor's *Holy Dying*, he affirmed, is a perfect poem and in all its particulars. Even the rhythm may be compared with Young's *Night Thoughts*.

In the course of his metaphysical conversation C. remarked on Hartley's theory of association. This doctrine is as old as Aristotle and H. himself after publishing his system, when he wrote his second volume, on religion, built his proofs not on the maxims of his first volume, which he had already learned to appreciate better, but on the principles of other schools.² C. quoted (I forget whom) a description of association as the "law of our imagination." Thought, he observed, is a laborious breaking through the law of association. The natural train of fancy is violently repressed. The free yielding to its power produces dreaming or delirium. The great absurdity committed by those who would build everything on association, that they forget the things associated. These are left out of the account.

It was in a former evening (the 20th, I believe) that C. spoke of Horne Tooke. His system he affirmed to be not at all original; and his success in attacking Harris³ consists, he said, in utterly misrepresenting all they have said by applying

¹ According to the life of Milton published by Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, in 1694, Milton was impatient with any one who expressed a preference for *Paradise Lost* as compared with *Paradise Regained*. Phillips does not, however, go so far as to say that Milton himself preferred the later poem.

² Recollections of remarks made by Coleridge in conversation cannot have full authority, and we may perhaps attribute to Robinson's memory rather than to Coleridge's the mistaken statement that the second volume of Hartley's *Observations on Man* was published later than the first. Both were published in 1749. Admitting this fact of publication, however, Coleridge would probably have continued to hold his opinion regarding the relation of the second volume to the first.

³ James Harris (1709-80), author of *Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Universal Grammar* (1751), which Tooke attacked.

to one subject what was meant of another. He gives the accidental history of words, in which, tho' frequently right, he is also often mistaken, while the other grammarians treated of the essential and logical connection of ideas, which of necessity reflects itself in words.

Of Locke he spoke as usual with great contempt ; that is, in reference to his metaphysical work. He considered him as having led to the destruction of metaphysical science by encouraging the unlearned public to think that with mere common sense they might dispense with disciplined study. He praised Stillingfleet¹ as Locke's opponent. And he ascribed Locke's popularity to his political character, being the advocate of the new against the old dynasty ; to his religious character as a Christian, tho' but an Arian (for both parties, the Christians against the sceptics, and the liberally minded against the orthodox, were glad to raise his reputation) ; and to the nationality of the people who considered him and Newton the adversaries of the German Leibnitz.

Voltaire to depress Leibnitz raised Locke. He assented to my remark that atheism might be demonstrated out of Locke.

Diary of H. C. Robinson

1811

[March] 13th, (Wednesday.) . . . A call on Coleridge and a long chat on German poetry and literature. . . . He read passages from Jean Paul in illustration of his absurd accumulation of images and his unpicturesque and incongruous collection of features in one picture.

Speaking of Southey, he said he deemed him not qualified to appreciate Spanish poetry. He wanted modifying power. He was a jewel setter ; whatever he read [?] he instantly applied to the formation or adorning of a story.

Coleridge spoke of himself. He alluded to sufferings endured *from* the North² and to his difficulties in publishing

¹ Edward Stillingfleet (1635-99), Bishop of Worcester.

² A reference to the quarrel with Wordsworth and his family.

The Friend. He said none of his works had been popular ; and it was only from his connection with Southey, he supposed, that he was so much known.

29. . . . Spent evening with W. Hazlitt. . . . Coleridge and afterwards Lamb were there. . . . Before Lamb came Coleridge had spoken with warmth of his excellent serious conversation. Hazlitt imputed his puns to humility.

Coleridge declaimed about Rogers, whom he represented as most feelingly alive to criticism and public opinion. At first he warmly eulogized Bloomfield,¹ whom he neglected the moment he saw the world neglect him. . . .

30, Saturday. . . . In returning to Charles Lamb's found Coleridge and W. Hazlitt there. A half hour's chat. Coleridge spoke feelingly of Godwin and the unjust treatment he has met with. Godwin, it seems, is severely wounded by Southey's review of his *Life of Chaucer* in the *Annual Review*. Coleridge did not justify the review but observed in apology ^a that persons who are themselves very pure are on that very account *blunt* in their moral feelings. This I believe to be a very true remark indeed. . . . Coleridge spoke with severity of those who were once the extravagant admirers of G. and afterwards when his fame declined became his most angry opponents. . . . I noticed the infinite superiority of Godwin over the French writers in moral tendency and feeling. I had learned to hate Helvetius and Mirabeau and retained my love for Godwin. This was agreed to as a just sentiment by Coleridge, etc. Coleridge said there was more in Godwin after all than he was once willing to admit, though not so much as his enthusiasts fancied. He had declaimed against Godwin openly but visited him notwithstanding. He could not approve even of Wordsworth's feelings and language respecting Godwin. Southey's severity he ascribed to the habit of reviewing. Southey had said of Coleridge's poetry that he was a Dutch imitator of the

^a *MS.*, 'observed in apology ingeniously observed.'

¹ This is the shoemaker poet, whose first poem, *The Farmer's Boy* (1800), was very successful.

Germans.¹ Coleridge quoted this not to express any displeasure but to shew in what way Southey could speak even of him. . . .

[July,] Sunday 28th. . . . After dinner walked to Morgan's, beyond Kensington, to see Coleridge. . . . Coleridge talked of German poetry; represented Klopstock as compounded of everything bad in Young, Harvey, and Richardson.² He praised warmly an essay on Hogarth by C. Lamb and spoke of *wrongers* of subjects as well as *writers* on them. . . .

[October] 20th. . . . Coleridge spoke of poetry and gave an opinion of Southey, seemingly with reluctance and not before he was urged to it, even more unfavorable than I expected. He had before denied all merit to Scott, saying that to judge of his beauties you must strike out all the names of places, of ancient armour—all the interesting *names*, in fact, and seek for his images and sentiments. You would then perceive how little or nothing is in him. He nevertheless did not seem inclined to place Southey above Scott. He considered neither of them as poets. Coleridge spoke of his own poems with seeming disesteem. He published his first volume from poverty merely; he wanted £20. Yet the Edinburgh Reviewers had considered him as the head of a class. By the bye there was self-complacency in this.^a He mentioned that when his poems were first published he was accused of being inflated and bombastical in his style; but now he is ranked with those who delight in false simplicity.

Coleridge *wurde eingeladen etwas aus Christabel herzusagen, aber er konnte die Worte nicht erinnern. Zum [?] ersten Mahl*

^a MS., 'this complacent.'

¹ "Many of the stanzas are laboriously beautiful; but in connection they are absurd or unintelligible. . . . We do not sufficiently understand the story to analyse it. It is a Dutch attempt at German sublimity." *Critical Review*, xxiv. 201-02 (October, 1798).

² The references to Edward Young and Samuel Richardson require no explanation. But few now remember the very minor meditative and religious poet James Hervey (1714-58). For other references to the German influence of these three English writers, cf. p. 438 and *B.L.*, ii. 183.

sah ich ihn offenbar von Getränk affezirt. Doch sagte er nichts unschickliches. The company remained till twelve.

1812

Thursday, 13th August. . . . I went by appointment to Coleridge, with whom I spent several hours most agreeably alone. I read to him a number of scenes out of the new *Faust*.¹ He had read before the earlier edition.² And he now acknowledged the genius of Göthe in a manner he never did before. At the same time the want of religion and enthusiasm in Göthe is in Coleridge's mind an irreparable defect. The beginning of *Faust* does not please Coleridge, nor does he think Mephistopheles a character. I urged that M. ought to be a mere abstraction and no character, and Coleridge had nothing satisfactory to oppose to this remark. I read to Coleridge the "Zueignung" and he seemed to admire it greatly. He had been reading Stolberg lately, of whom he seems to have a sufficiently high opinion. He considers Göthe's *Mahomet's Gesang* as but an imitation of Stolberg's *Felsenstrom*, not considering that the *Felsenstrom* is but a piece of animated description without any higher import, while Göthe's poem is a profound and significant allegory, exhibiting the nature of religious enthusiasm. The prologue in heaven to *Faust* did not offend Coleridge as I thought it would, notwithstanding it is a parody on *Job*. Coleridge said of *Job*, this incomparable poem has been most absurdly interpreted. *Job*, far from being the most patient of men, was the most impatient of men. And he was rewarded for his impatience; his integrity and sincerity had their recompense because he was superior to the hypocrisy of his friends.

¹ The complete edition of the first part of *Faust* was published in 1808.

² The 'earlier edition' is that of 1790. *Faust* then appeared in Göschen's Leipzig edition of Goethe's works as "A Fragment." The fragment included Scenes I-XX of the present drama, with the exception of Scenes II, III, XIX, and the latter part of Scene I, and the first part of Scene IV. The parts added in 1808 were, therefore, the scenes just mentioned, the concluding scenes from XXI to XXV, and the Dedication, Prelude, and Prologue in Heaven.

Coleridge praised *Wallenstein* but censured Schiller for a sort of ventriloquism¹ in poetry. By the bye, a happy term to express that common fault of throwing the feelings of the writer into the body, as it were, of other personages—the characters of the poem. In “Ruth,” as it stands at present, there is the same fault. Wordsworth had not originally put into the mouth of the lover many of the sentiments he now entertains and which would better have become the poet himself.

Coleridge spoke of Schelling in terms of greater praise than I ever heard him use before, but without giving up any part of Kantianism to him. Yet he says Schelling alone understands Kant (*Wirgman* [?], he says, knows nothing about K. He is a mere formalist, a *Buchstäbler*). Schelling, he says, appears greatest in his last work on *Freiheit*. His is, however, altogether the philosophy of Jacob Böhme. But I suspect Coleridge himself is now floating between Kant and Schelling with a greater uncertainty than he is himself aware of.

Coleridge said he had been reading *Lear* again. And he thinks the Fool in *Lear* unlike all the other fools of Shakespeare and one of the profoundest and most astonishing of his characters.

20th, Thursday. . . . Evening, walked to Captain Burney's with Miss Lamb. . . . Coleridge came. With him I had a very interesting conversation about *Faust*. The additions in the last edition he thinks the finest parts.² He thinks the character of Faust himself not *motivirt*. He would have it explained how he was thrown into a state of mind which led to the catastrophe. This does not seem to me a powerful objection—the last stage of the process is given. . . . Coleridge talks of writing a new *Faust* !!! . . .

¹ For other uses of this favourite term cf. pp. 54, 90, 411; *B.L.*, ii. 109; *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 82; ii. 162, 245.

² See p. 393, n. 2, above. The additions included the greater part of the introductory scenes up to the middle of Scene IV, all of the last five scenes, and Scene XIX.

1813

[March] 2nd.¹ . . . In the evening accompanied Aders to see *Coleridge*. Coleridge was very eloquent and on music, of which he seemed to speak with more feeling than knowledge. Purcell was his hero. He spoke with more than usual candour of Göthe—and said if he spoke in seeming depreciation of him, it was only because he compared him with the very greatest poets. He said that Göthe appeared to him from a sort of caprice to have underrated the kind of talent he had in his youth so eminently displayed by the power of exhibiting man in a state of exalted sensibility, as in *Werther*. Afterwards he delighted to exhibit objects with which a pure sense of the beautiful was chiefly called into exercise. These purely *beautiful* objects—not objects of desire or passion—he coldly delighted to exhibit as a sculptor ^a does his succession of marble figures; and therefore, he called Göthe picturesque. He spoke of Lessing's *Laocoon* as very unequal and in its parts contradictory, his examples destroying his theory. He spoke of *Reineke Fuchs* and said the moral of the piece is that if there be a conflict between dull blundering knaves such as Isegrim the Wolf and Bruin the Bear and such complete clever scoundrels as Reynard, Reynard ought to be victorious. It is the prize due to his talents, and tho' poor and defenceless creatures like the hare, the hens, etc., must perish, for such is the constitution of nature, and such creatures do not excite our sympathy. I never before heard him argue in favour of Buonaparte. He accused Schlegel of *Einseitigkeit* in his exclusive admiration of Shakespeare and in his former work about the Greek poetry.¹

20. . . . In the evening a short call on Flaxman and on

^a MS., 'statue.'

¹ In his *Reminiscences*, Robinson copied this date incorrectly as February. As Miss Morley has printed this passage from the *Reminiscences*, she has naturally reproduced this trivial error. Morley, *Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, etc.* (Manchester, 1922), p. 63.

¹ Schlegel's 'former work about the Greek poetry' is, apparently, the first volume and the 'first part of the second volume' of the lectures on the history of drama. These two volumes were largely devoted to Greek drama.

Coleridge, whom I found in raptures with *Wilhelm Meister* ; but he thinks the conclusion very bad, the death of Mignon and the incidents in the Castle a sort of Radcliffe scenes unworthy the exquisite earlier parts. He repeated "*Kennst du das Land*" with tears in his eyes. And he praised the song of the harper, which Walter Scott told Coleridge was the *original of his Minstrel* (a favourite scene) in the *Lay*. . . .¹

1816

[December] 21. . . . I proposed to Cargil, as the day was inviting, a walk to Highgate. . . . We found Coleridge at home, and we enjoyed his conversation for an hour and [a] half. . . . Coleridge talked easily and well, with less than his usual declamation. He explained, at our request and as I anticipated, his idea of fancy, styling [?] it memory without judgment ; and of course not filling that place in a chart of the mind which imagination holds, and which in his *Lay Sermon* ² he has admirably described as the "reconciling and mediatory power which, incorporating the reason in images of the sense, and organizing, as it were, the flux of the senses by the permanence and self-circling energies of the reason, gives birth to a system of symbols," etc. V[ide] p. 35. Wordsworth's obscure discrimination between fancy and imagination in his last preface ³ is greatly illustrated by what Coleridge has here said and written. Coleridge read us some

¹ Robinson's reference does not make clear which particular song of the harper is meant. The song in *Wilhelm Meister*, Book II, chapter xi, may be compared with the end of Canto II and beginning of Canto III in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The likeness of theme here is slight, but there can be no question regarding the general likeness between Scott's harper and Goethe's. If Robinson had not just mentioned Mignon's song, "*Kennst du das Land*," I should have supposed that this was given by Scott as the inspiration of the two first stanzas of Canto VI, with their praise of "Caledonia, stern and wild" to echo Mignon's song of Italy. I still think this explanation at least possible.

² *The Statesman's Manual ; or the Bible the Best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight : A Lay Sermon, Addressed to the Higher Classes of Society*, 1816, p. 35. Cf. *Works* (Shedd), i. 436.

³ Preface to the *Poems* of 1815.

extracts from his new poem,¹ etc. and spoke of his German reading. He praised Steffens and complains of the Catholicism of Schlegel and Tieck, etc.

He mentioned Hazlitt's attack ² with far greater moderation than I expected. He complains, and with reason, I think, of Lamb, who he says, ought not to admit a man into his house who abuses the confidence of private intercourse so scandalously. He denies Hazlitt, however, originality and ascribes to Lamb the best ideas in Hazlitt's articles. He was not displeased to hear of his being knocked down by John Lamb lately.³

1822

[December] 21st. . . . The afternoon I spent at Aders. . . . Coleridge was the *star* of the evening. He talked in his usual way, but as well with more liberality and in seemingly better health than when I saw him last, some years ago ; but he was somewhat less animated and brilliant and paradoxical. He had not seen Wordsworth's last works and spoke less highly of his immediately preceding writings than he used and still does of his earlier works. He reproaches him with a vulgar attachment to orthodoxy in its literal sense. The latter end of the *Excursion*, he says, is distinguished from the former ; and *he* can ascertain by internal evidence the recent from the early compositions among his works. He reproaches Wordsworth with a disregard to the mechanism of his verse, and in general insinuates a decline of his faculties. Of Southey's politics he spoke also depreciatingly. He is intellectually a very dependent, but morally an independent man. In the

¹ Probably "The Pains of Sleep" or "Kubla Khan," both published, with "Christabel," in February of this year. Robinson already knew "Christabel."

² Coleridge attributed to Hazlitt not only the attack on *The Statesmen's Manual* published in the *Examiner* (September 8, 1816), but also that in the *Edinburgh Review* (December, 1816). See Campbell, *Coleridge, A Narrative* (1896), p. 225.

³ See the *Life of William Hazlitt*, by P. P. Howe (London, 1922), pp. 212-13.

judgment of S. I concur altogether. Of W. I believe C. judges under personal feelings of unkindness. . . .

1824

[June] 10. . . . I dined at Lamb's and then walked with him to Highgate uninvited. . . . It was a *rich* evening. Coleridge talked his best. . . .

The less agreeable part of Coleridge's talk was about German literature. He called Herder a coxcomb and set Göthe far below Schiller, allowing G. no other merit than that of exquisite taste, repeating his favourite reproach that Göthe wrote from an idea that a certain thing was to be done in a certain style—not from the fullness of sentiment on a certain subject. He treats Göthe with more plausibility as utterly *unprincipled*.

SECTION V

SELECTIONS FROM TABLE TALK

SELECTIONS FROM TABLE TALK¹

DECEMBER 29, 1822

I think Old Mortality and Guy Mannering the best of the Scotch novels.

It seems, to my ear, that there is a sad want of harmony in Lord Byron's verses. Is it not unnatural to be always connecting very great intellectual power with utter depravity? Does such a combination often really exist *in rerum natura*?

JANUARY 4, 1823

In Aeschylus religion appears terrible, malignant, and persecuting: Sophocles is the mildest of the three tragedians, but the persecuting aspect is still maintained: Euripides is like a modern Frenchman, never so happy as when giving a slap at the gods altogether.

The very greatest writers write best when calm, and exerting themselves upon subjects unconnected with party. Burke rarely shows all his powers, unless where he is in a passion. The French Revolution was alone a subject fit for him. We are not yet aware of all the consequences of that event. We are too near it.

MAY 8, 1824

Milton's Latin style is, I think, better and easier than his English. His style, in prose, is quite as characteristic of him

¹ The selections from *Table Talk* are indispensable to any collection of Coleridge's criticism. They are here reprinted from the first (1835) edition of *Table Talk*. The text is in some cases slightly different from that of the second edition and later reprints. I have omitted H. N. C.'s subject-headings under the dates and have included only a few of his notes.

as a philosophic republican, as Cowley's is of *him* as a first-rate gentleman.

If you take from Virgil his diction and metre, what do you leave him ?

JUNE 7, 1824

How lamentably the *art* of versification is neglected by most of the poets of the present day !—by Lord Byron, as it strikes me, in particular, among those of eminence for other qualities. Upon the whole, I think the part of Don Juan in which Lambro's return to his home, and Lambro himself, are described, is the best, that is, the most individual, thing in all I know of Lord B.'s works. The festal abandonment puts one in mind of Nicholas Poussin's pictures.¹

JUNE 24, 1827

Spenser's Epithalamion is truly sublime ; and pray mark the swan-like movement of his exquisite Prothalamion. His attention to metre and rhythm is sometimes so extremely minute as to be painful even to my ear, and you know how highly I prize good versification.

I am inclined to consider The Fox as the greatest of Ben Jonson's works. But his smaller works are full of poetry.

Monsieur Thomas and the Little French Lawyer are great favourites of mine amongst Beaumont and Fletcher's plays.

¹ " Mr. Coleridge particularly noticed, for its classical air, the 32d stanza of this Canto (the third) :—

‘ A band of children, round a snow-white ram,
There wreath his venerable horns with flowers,
While, peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb,
The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
His sober head, majestically tame,
Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
His brow, as if in act to butt, and then
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.’

But Mr. C. said that *then*, and *again*, made no rhyme to his ear. Why should not the old form *agen* be lawful in verse ? We wilfully abridge ourselves of the liberty which our great poets achieved and sanctioned for us in innumerable instances.”—H. N. C.

How those plays overflow with wit ! And yet I scarcely know a more deeply tragic scene any where than that in *Rollo*, in which Edith pleads for her father's life, and then, when she cannot prevail, rises up and imprecates vengeance on his murderer.¹

JULY 12, 1827

In my judgment Bolingbroke's style is not in any respect equal to that of Cowley or Dryden. Read Algernon Sidney ; his style reminds you as little of books as of blackguards. What a gentleman he was !

Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful seems to me a poor thing ; and what he says upon Taste is neither profound nor accurate.

Well ! I am for Ariosto against Tasso ; though I would rather praise Ariosto's poetry than his poem.

I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry ; that is, prose = words in their best order ; — poetry = the *best* words in the best order.

AUGUST 29, 1827

Jeremy Taylor is an excellent author for a young man to study, for the purpose of imbibing noble principles, and at the same time of learning to exercise caution and thought in detecting his numerous errors.

I must acknowledge, with some hesitation, that I think Hooker has been a little over-credited for his judgment.

APRIL 18, 1830

In the present age, it is next to impossible to predict from specimens, however favourable, that a young man will turn out a great poet, or rather a poet at all. Poetic taste, dex-

¹ Act iii, sc. 1.

terity in composition, and ingenious imitation, often produce poems that are very promising in appearance. But genius, or the power of doing something new, is another thing. Tennyson's ¹ sonnets, such as I have seen, have many of the characteristic excellencies of those of Wordsworth and Southey.

MAY 3, 1830

What an excellent character is the black Colonel in Mrs. Bennett's "Beggar Girl!" ²

MAY 9, 1830

I must acknowledge I never could see much merit in the Persian poetry, which I have read in translation. There is not a ray of Imagination in it, and but a glimmering of Fancy. It is, in fact, so far as I know, deficient in truth. Poetry is certainly something more than good sense, but it must be good sense, at all events, just as a palace is more than a house, but it must be a house, at least.

Arabian poetry is a different thing. I cannot help surmising that there is a good deal of Greek fancy in the Arabian Nights' Tales. No doubt we have had a great loss in the Milesian Tales. The book of Job is pure Arab poetry of the highest and most antique cast.

Think of the sublimity, I should rather say the profundity, of that passage in Ezekiel,³ "Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest." I know nothing like it.

¹ Charles Tennyson, afterwards Tennyson Turner. See Coleridge's marginalia on his 1830 volume of sonnets, pp. 345-52 above.

² "This character was frequently a subject of pleasant description and enlargement with Mr. Coleridge, and he generally passed from it to a high commendation of Miss Austen's novels, as being in their way perfectly genuine and individual productions."—H. N. C.

³ "Chap. xxxvii, v. 3."—H. N. C.

MAY 12, 1830

I have no doubt whatever that *Homer* is a mere concrete name for the rhapsodies of the *Iliad*. Of course there was *a* Homer, and twenty besides. I will engage to compile twelve books with characters just as distinct and consistent as those in the *Iliad*, from the metrical ballads, and other chronicles of England, about Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. I say nothing about moral dignity, but the mere consistency of character. The different qualities were traditional. Tristram is always courteous, Lancelot invincible, and so on. The same might be done with the Spanish romances of the *Cid*. There is no subjectivity whatever in the Homeric poetry. There is a subjectivity of the poet, as of Milton, who is himself before himself in everything he writes ; and there is a subjectivity of the *persona*, or dramatic character, as in all Shakspeare's great creations, Hamlet, Lear, &c.

MAY 31, 1830

Mrs. Barbauld once told me that she admired the Ancient Mariner very much, but that there were two faults in it,—it was improbable, and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question ; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my own judgment the poem had too much ; and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the Arabian Nights' tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo ! a genie starts up, and says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant, *because* one of the date shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genie's son.¹

Undine is a most exquisite work. It shows the general want of any sense for the fine and the subtle in the public

¹ This is Scheherezade's very first tale.

taste, that this romance made no deep impression. Undine's character, before she receives a soul, is marvellously beautiful.¹

The Pilgrim's Progress is composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. For works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are the more necessary it is to be plain.

This wonderful work is one of the few books which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and a different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian—and let me assure you, that there is great theological acumen in the work—once with devotional feelings—and once as a poet. I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colours.

JUNE 10, 1830

Southey's *Life of Bunyan* is beautiful. I wish he had illustrated that mood of mind which exaggerates, and still more, mistakes, the inward depravation, as in Bunyan, Nelson, and others, by extracts from Baxter's *Life of himself*. What genuine superstition is exemplified in that bandying of texts and half texts, and demi-semi texts, just as memory happened to suggest them, or chance brought them before Bunyan's mind! His tract, entitled, "Grace

¹ "Mr. Coleridge's admiration of this little romance was unbounded. He read it several times in German, and once in the English translation, made in America, I believe; the latter he thought inadequately done. . . . Mr. C. said that there was something in Undine even beyond Scott,—that Scott's best characters and conceptions were *composed*; by which I understood him to mean that Baillie Nicol Jarvie, for example, was made up of old particulars, and received its individuality from the author's power of fusion, being in the result an admirable product, as Corinthian brass was said to be the conflux of the spoils of a city. But Undine, he said, was one and single in projection, and had presented to his imagination, what Scott had never done, an absolutely new idea."—H. N. C.

abounding to the Chief of Sinners," is a study for a philosopher. Is it not, however, an historical error to call the Puritans dissenters? Before St. Bartholomew's day, they were essentially a part of the church, and had as determined opinions in favour of a church establishment as the bishops themselves.

JUNE 15, 1830

Rabelais is a most wonderful writer. Pantagruel is the Reason; Panurge the Understanding,—the pollarded man, the man with every faculty except the reason. I scarcely know an example more illustrative of the distinction between the two. Rabelais had no mode of speaking the truth in those days but in such a form as this; as it was, he was indebted to the King's protection for his life. Some of the commentators talk about his book being all political; there are contemporary politics in it, of course, but the real scope is much higher and more philosophical. It is in vain to look about for a hidden meaning in all that he has written; you will observe that, after any particularly deep thrust, as the Papimania,¹ for example, Rabelais, as if to break the blow, and to appear unconscious of what he has done, writes a chapter or two of pure buffoonery. He, every now and then, flashes you a glimpse of a real face from his magic lantern, and then buries the whole scene in mist. The morality of the work is of the most refined and exalted kind; as for the manners, to be sure, I cannot say much.

Swift was *anima Rabelaisii habitans in sicco*,—the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place.

Yet Swift was rare. Can anything beat his remark on King William's motto,—*Recepit, non rapuit*,—"that the Receiver was as bad as the Thief?"

¹ "B. iv, c. 48. 'Comment Pantagruel descendit en l'Isle de Papi-manes.' See the five following chapters, especially c. 50; and note also c. 8 of the fifth book; 'Comment nous fut monstré Papegaut à grande difficulté.'"—H. N. C.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1830

A poet ought not to pick nature's pocket : let him borrow, and so borrow as to repay by the very act of borrowing. Examine nature accurately, but write from recollection ; and trust more to your imagination than to your memory.

Really the metre of some of the modern poems I have read, bears about the same relation to metre properly understood, that dumb bells do to music ; both are for exercise, and pretty severe too, I think.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1831

Drayton is a sweet poet, and Selden's notes to the early part of the *Polyolbion* are well worth your perusal. Daniel is a superior man ; his diction is pre-eminently pure,—of that quality which I believe has always existed somewhere in society. It is just such English, without any alteration, as Wordsworth or Sir George Beaumont might have spoken or written in the present day.

Yet there are instances of sublimity in Drayton. When deploring the cutting down of some of our old forests, he says, in language which reminds the reader of Lear, written subsequently, and also of several passages in Mr. Wordsworth's poems :—

—“ our trees so hack'd above the ground,
That where their lofty tops the neighbouring countries crown'd,
Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and naked stand,
As for revenge to Heaven each held a wither'd hand.”¹

That is very fine.

APRIL 28, 1832

The destruction of Jerusalem is the only subject now remaining for an epic poem ; a subject which, like Milton's *Fall of Man*, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric *War of Troy* interested all Greece. There would be difficulties, as there are in all subjects ; and they must be miti-

¹ *Polyolbion*, VII. Read ‘ their neighbouring.’

gated and thrown into the shade, as Milton has done with the numerous difficulties in the *Paradise Lost*. But there would be a greater assemblage of grandeur and splendour than can now be found in any other theme. As for the old mythology, *incredulus odi*; and yet there must be a mythology, or a *quasi*-mythology, for an epic poem. Here there would be the completion of the prophecies—the termination of the first revealed national religion under the violent assault of Paganism, itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew, and the awfulness, the completeness, the justice. I schemed it at twenty-five; but, alas! *venturum expectat*.

APRIL 30, 1832

I know no genuine Saxon English superior to Asgill's. I think his and De Foe's irony often finer than Swift's.

MAY 25, 1832

Six volumes of translated selections from Luther's works, two being from his Letters, would be a delightful work. The translator should be a man deeply imbued with his Bible, with the English writers from Henry the Seventh to Edward the Sixth, the Scotch Divines of the 16th century, and with the old racy German.¹ . . .

JUNE 9, 1832

If you take Sophocles, Catullus, Lucretius, the better parts of Cicero, and so on, you may, with just two or three exceptions arising out of the different idioms as to cases, translate page after page into good mother English, word by word, without altering the order; but you cannot do so with Virgil or Tibullus: if you attempt it, you will make nonsense.

There is a remarkable power of the picturesque in the fragments we have of Ennius, Actius, and other very old

¹ This is a paraphrase of a footnote in *The Friend*, First Landing-Place, Essay II. *Works* (Shedd), ii. 130.

Roman writers. This vivid manner was lost in the Augustan age.

Much as the Romans owed to Greece in the beginning, whilst their mind was, as it were, tuning itself to an after-effort of its own music, it suffered more in proportion by the influence of Greek literature subsequently, when it was already mature and ought to have worked for itself. It then became a superfetation upon, and not an ingredient in, the national character. With the exception of the stern pragmatic historian and the moral satirist, it left nothing original to the Latin Muse.

JULY 9, 1832

I have the firmest conviction that *Homer* is a mere traditional synonyme with, or figure for, the *Iliad*. You cannot conceive for a moment any thing about the poet, as you call him, apart from that poem. Difference in men there was in degree, but not in kind ; one man was, perhaps, a better poet than another ; but he was a poet upon the same ground and with the same feelings as the rest.

The want of adverbs in the *Iliad* is very characteristic. With more adverbs there would have been some subjectivity, or subjectivity would have made them.

The Greeks were then just on the verge of the bursting forth of individuality.

JULY 21, 1832

I have often wished that the first two books of the *Excursion* had been published separately, under the name of "The Deserted Cottage."¹ They would have formed, what indeed they are, one of the most beautiful poems in the language.

¹ The story of Margaret, to which Coleridge refers, was originally intended as a separate poem. It does not, however, occupy all of Book I or any part of Book II of *The Excursion*.

Can dialogues in verse be defended? I cannot but think that a great philosophical poet ought always to teach the reader himself as from himself. A poem does not admit argumentation, though it does admit development of thought. In prose there may be a difference; though I must confess that, even in Plato and Cicero, I am always vexed that the authors do not say what they have to say at once in their own persons. The introductions and little urbanities are, to be sure, very delightful in their way; I would not lose them: but I have no admiration for the practice of ventriloquizing¹ through another man's mouth.

I cannot help regretting that Wordsworth did not first publish his thirteen² books on the growth of an individual mind—superior, as I used to think, upon the whole, to the *Excursion*. You may judge how I felt about them by my own poem upon the occasion. Then the plan laid out, and, I believe, partly suggested by me, was, that Wordsworth should assume the station of a man in mental repose, one whose principles were made up, and so prepared to deliver upon authority a system of philosophy. He was to treat man as man,—a subject of eye, ear, touch, and taste, in contact with external nature, and informing the senses from the mind, and not compounding a mind out of the senses; then he was to describe the pastoral and other states of society, assuming something of the Juvenalian spirit as he approached the high civilization of cities and towns, and opening a melancholy picture of the present state of degeneracy and vice; thence he was to infer and reveal the proof of, and necessity for, the whole state of man and society being subject to, and illustrative of, a redemptive process in operation, showing how this idea reconciled all the anomalies, and promised future glory and restoration. Something of this sort

¹ Cf. pp. 54, 90, 394; *B.L.*, ii. 109; *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 82; ii. 162, 245.

² Fourteen, when published in 1850, by the division of Book X into two books.

was, I think, agreed on. It is, in substance, what I have been all my life doing in my system of philosophy.

I think Wordsworth possessed more of the genius of a great philosophic poet than any man I ever knew, or, as I believe, has existed in England since Milton ; but it seems to me that he ought never to have abandoned the contemplative position which is peculiarly—perhaps I might say exclusively—fitted for him. His proper title is *Spectator ab extra*.

JULY 25, 1832

Could you ever discover anything sublime, in our sense of the term, in the classic Greek literature ? I never could. Sublimity is Hebrew by birth.

AUGUST 6, 1832

You will find this a good gage or criterion of genius,—whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself. Take Dryden's Achitophel and Zimri,—Shaftesbury and Buckingham ; every line adds to or modifies the character, which is, as it were, a-building up to the very last verse ; whereas, in Pope's Timon, &c., the first two or three couplets contain all the pith of the character, and the twenty or thirty lines that follow are so much evidence or proof of overt acts of jealousy, or pride, or whatever it may be that is satirised. In like manner compare Charles Lamb's exquisite criticisms on Shakspeare with Hazlitt's round and round imitations of them.

AUGUST 7, 1832

It is very remarkable that in no part of his writings does Milton take any notice of the great painters of Italy, nor, indeed, of painting as an art ; whilst every other page breathes his love and taste for music. Yet it is curious that, in one passage in the *Paradise Lost*, Milton has certainly copied the *fresco* of the Creation in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. I mean those lines—

—" now half appear'd
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane ;"—&c.¹

an image which the necessities of the painter justified, but which was wholly unworthy, in my judgment, of the enlarged powers of the poet. Adam bending over the sleeping Eve, in the *Paradise Lost*,² and Dalilah approaching Samson, in the *Agonistes*, are the only two proper pictures I remember in Milton.

AUGUST 11, 1832

I like reading Hesiod, meaning the *Works and Days*. If every verse is not poetry, it is, at least, good sense, which is a great deal to say.

There is nothing real in the *Georgics*, except, to be sure, the verse. Mere didactics of practice, unless seasoned with the personal interests of the time or author, are inexpressibly dull to me. Such didactic poetry as that of the *Works and Days* followed naturally upon legislation and the first ordering of municipalities.

All genius is metaphysical ; because the ultimate end of genius is ideal, however it may be actualised by incidental and accidental circumstances.

¹ " *Par. Lost*, book vii. ver. 463."—H. N. C.

² " —' so much the more
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
 With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
 As through unquiet rest : he on his side
 Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces ; then, with voice
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus : Awake,
 My fairest,' &c.

Book v. ver. 8."—H. N. C.

Don Quixote is not a man out of his senses, but a man in whom the imagination and the pure reason are so powerful as to make him disregard the evidence of sense when it opposed their conclusions. Sancho is the common sense of the social man-animal, unenlightened and unsanctified by the reason. You see how he reverences his master at the very time he is cheating him.

FEBRUARY 16, 1833

The intended theme of the Faust is the consequences of a misology, or hatred and depreciation of knowledge caused by an originally intense thirst for knowledge baffled. But a love of knowledge for itself, and for pure ends, would never produce such a misology, but only a love of it for base and unworthy purposes. There is neither causation nor progression in the Faust ; he is a ready-made conjuror from the very beginning ; the *incredulus odi* is felt from the first line. The sensuality and the thirst after knowledge are unconnected with each other. Mephistopheles and Margaret are excellent ; but Faust himself is dull and meaningless. The scene in Auerbach's cellars is one of the best, perhaps the very best ; that on the Brocken is also fine ; and all the songs are beautiful. But there is no whole in the poem ; the scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the work is to me very flat. The German is very pure and fine.

The young men in Germany and England, who admire Lord Byron, prefer Goethe to Schiller ; but you may depend upon it, Goethe does not, nor ever will, command the common mind of the people of Germany as Schiller does. Schiller had two legitimate phases in his intellectual character :—the first as author of the Robbers—a piece which must not be considered with reference to Shakspeare, but as a work of the mere material sublime, and in that line it is undoubtedly very powerful indeed. It is quite genuine, and deeply imbued with Schiller's own soul. After this he outgrew the composition of such plays as the Robbers, and at once took his true and only rightful stand in the grand

historical drama—the Wallenstein ;—not the intense drama of passion,—he was not master of that—but the diffused drama of history, in which alone he had ample scope for his varied powers. The Wallenstein is the greatest of his works : it is not unlike Shakspeare's historical plays—a species by itself. You may take up any scene, and it will please you by itself ; just as you may in Don Quixote, which you read *through* once or twice only, but which you read *in* repeatedly. After this point it was, that Goethe and other writers injured by their theories the steadiness and originality of Schiller's mind ; and in every one of his works after the Wallenstein you may perceive the fluctuations of his taste and principles of composition. He got a notion of re-introducing the characterlessness of the Greek tragedy with a chorus, as in the Bride of Messina, and he was for infusing more lyric verse into it. Schiller sometimes affected to despise the Robbers and the other works of his first youth ; whereas he ought to have spoken of them as of works not in a right line, but full of excellence in their way. In his ballads and lighter lyrics Goethe is most excellent. It is impossible to praise him too highly in this respect. I like the Wilhelm Meister the best of his prose works. But neither Schiller's nor Goethe's prose style approaches to Lessing's, whose writings, for *manner*, are absolutely perfect.

Although Wordsworth and Goethe are not much alike to be sure, upon the whole ; yet they both have this peculiarity of utter non-sympathy with the subjects of their poetry. They are always, both of them, spectators *ab extra*,—feeling *for*, but never *with*, their characters. Schiller is a thousand times more *heartly* than Goethe.

I was once pressed—many years ago—to translate the Faust ; and I so far entertained the proposal as to read the work through with great attention, and to revive in my mind my own former plan of Michael Scott. But then I considered with myself whether the time taken up in executing the translation might not more worthily be devoted to the composi-

tion of a work which, even if parallel in some points to the Faust, should be truly original in motive and execution, and therefore more interesting and valuable than any version which I could make ;—and, secondly, I debated with myself whether it became my moral character to render into English—and so far, certainly, lend my countenance to language—much of which I thought vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous. I need not tell you that I never put pen to paper as a translator of Faust.

I have read a good deal of Mr. Hayward's version, and I think it done in a very manly style ; but I do not admit the argument for prose translations. I would in general rather see verse attempted in so capable a language as ours. The French can't help themselves, of course, with such a language as theirs.

FEBRUARY 17, 1833

In the romantic drama Beaumont and Fletcher are almost supreme. Their plays are in general most truly delightful. I could read the Beggar's Bush from morning to night. How sylvan and sunshiny it is ! The Little French Lawyer is excellent. Lawrit is conceived and executed from first to last in genuine comic humour. Monsieur Thomas is also capital. I have no doubt whatever that the first act and the first scene of the second act of the Two Noble Kinsmen are Shakspeare's. Beaumont and Fletcher's plots are, to be sure, wholly inartificial ; they only care to pitch a character into a position to make him or her talk ; you must swallow all their gross improbabilities, and, taking it all for granted, attend only to the dialogue. How lamentable it is that no gentleman and scholar can be found to edit these beautiful plays ! Did the name of criticism ever descend so low as in the hands of those two fools and knaves, Seward and Simpson ? There are whole scenes in their edition which I could with certainty put back into their original verse and more that could be replaced in their native prose. Was there ever such an absolute disregard of literary fame as that displayed by Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher ?

In Ben Jonson you have an intense and burning art. Some of his plots, that of the *Alchemist*, for example, are perfect. Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher would, if united, have made a great dramatist indeed, and yet not have come near Shakspeare ; but no doubt Ben Jonson was the greatest man after Shakspeare in that age of dramatic genius.

The styles of Massinger's plays and the *Samson Agonistes* are the two extremes of the arc within which the diction of dramatic poetry may oscillate. Shakspeare in his great plays is the midpoint. In the *Samson Agonistes*, colloquial language is left at the greatest distance, yet something of it is preserved, to render the dialogue probable : in Massinger the style is differenced, but differenced in the smallest degree possible, from animated conversation by the vein of poetry.

APRIL 5, 1833

The first act of the *Virgin Martyr* is as fine an act as I remember in any play. The *Very Woman* is, I think, one of the most perfect plays we have. There is some good fun in the first scene, between Don John, or Antonio, and Cuculo, his master ;¹ and can any thing exceed the skill and sweetness of the scene between him and his mistress, in which he relates his story ?² The *Bondman* is also a delightful play. Massinger is always entertaining ; his plays have the interest of novels.

But, like most of his contemporaries, except Shakspeare, Massinger often deals in exaggerated passion. Malefort senior, in the *Unnatural Combat*, however he may have had the moral will to be so wicked, could never have actually done all that he is represented as guilty of, without losing his senses. He would have been, in fact, mad. . . .

APRIL 7, 1833

Gifford has done a great deal for the text of Massinger, but not as much as might easily be done. His comparison of

¹ " Act iii, sc. 2."—H. N. C.

² Act iv, sc. 3.—H. N. C. quotes at length.

Shakspeare with his contemporary dramatists is obtuse indeed.

APRIL 8, 1833

Burke was, indeed, a great man. No one ever read history so philosophically as he seems to have done. Yet, until he could associate his general principles with some sordid interest, panic of property, jacobinism, &c., he was a mere dinner bell. Hence you will find so many half truths in his speeches and writings. Nevertheless, let us heartily acknowledge his transcendent greatness. He would have been more influential if he had less surpassed his contemporaries, as Fox and Pitt, men of much inferior minds in all respects.

APRIL 24, 1833

Except in Shakspeare, you can find no such thing as a pure conception of wedded love in our old dramatists. In Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, it really is on both sides little better than sheer animal desire. There is scarcely a suitor in all their plays, whose *abilities* are not discussed by the lady or her waiting-women. In this, as in all things, how transcendent over his age and his rivals was our sweet Shakspeare !

I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson's¹ poems, which have been sent to me ; but I think there are some things of a good deal of beauty in what I have seen. The misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is. Even if you write in a known and approved metre, the odds are, if you are not a metrist yourself, that you will not write harmonious verses ; but to deal in new metres without considering what metre means and requires, is preposterous. What I would, with many wishes for success, prescribe to Tennyson,—indeed without it he can never be a poet in act,—is to write for the next two or three years in none but one or two well known

¹ This is Alfred Tennyson, not Charles, to whom Coleridge has referred before, p. 404.

and strictly defined metres, such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or the octo-syllabic measure of the Allegro and Penseroso. He would, probably, thus get imbued with a sensation, if not a sense, of metre without knowing it, just as Eton boys get to write such good Latin verses by conning Ovid and Tibullus. As it is, I can scarcely scan his verses.

MAY 1, 1833

I think with some interest upon the fact that Rabelais and Luther were born in the same year.¹ Glorious spirits ! glorious spirits !

—“ Hos utinam inter
Heroas natum me ! ”

“ Great wits are sure to madness near allied,” says Dryden,² and true so far as this, that genius of the highest kind implies an unusual intensity of the modifying power, which, detached from the discriminative and reproductive power, might conjure a platted straw into a royal diadem : but it would be at least as true, that great genius is most alien from madness,—yea, divided from it by an impassable mountain,—namely, the activity of thought and vivacity of the accumulative memory, which are no less essential constituents of “ great wit.”

MAY 18, 1833

Goethe's small lyrics are delightful. He showed good taste in not attempting to imitate Shakspeare's Witches, which are threefold,—Fates, Furies, and earthly Hags o' the caldron.

JULY 1, 1833

If I could ever believe that Mandeville really meant any thing more by his Fable of the Bees than a *bonne bouche*

¹ “ They were born within twelve months of each other, I believe ; but Luther's birth was in November, 1484, and that of Rabelais is generally placed at the end of the year preceding.”—H. N. C.

² *Absalom and Achitophel*, i. 163.

of solemn raillery, I should like to ask those man-shaped apes who have taken up his suggestions in earnest, and seriously maintained them as bases for a rational account of man and the world—how they explain the very existence of those dexterous cheats, those superior charlatans, the legislators and philosophers, who have known how to play so well upon the peacock-like vanity and follies of their fellow-mortals.

By the by, I wonder some of you lawyers (*sub rosa*, of course) have not quoted the pithy lines in Mandeville upon this Registration question :—

“ The lawyers, of whose art the basis
Was raising feuds and splitting cases,
Oppos'd all Registers, that cheats
Might make more work with dipt estates;
As't were unlawful that one's own
Without a lawsuit should be known !
They put off hearings wilfully,
To finger the refreshing fee ;
And to defend a wicked cause
Examined and survey'd the laws,
As burglars shops and houses do,
To see where best they may break through.”

There is great Hudibrastic vigour in these lines ; and those on the doctors are also very terse.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedies the comic scenes are rarely so interfused amidst the tragic as to produce a unity of the tragic on the whole, without which the intermixture is a fault. In Shakspeare, this is always managed with transcendent skill. The Fool in *Lear* contributes in a very sensible manner to the tragic wildness of the whole drama. Beaumont and Fletcher's serious plays or tragedies are complete hybrids,—neither fish nor flesh,—upon any rules, Greek, Roman, or Gothic ; and yet they are very delightful notwithstanding. No doubt, they imitate the ease of gentlemanly conversation better than Shakspeare, who was unable *not* to be too much associated to succeed perfectly in this.

When I was a boy, I was fondest of Aeschylus ; in youth and middle age, I preferred Euripides ; now in my declining years I admire Sophocles. I can now at length see that Sophocles is the most perfect. Yet he never rises to the sublime simplicity of Aeschylus—simplicity of design, I mean—nor diffuses himself in the passionate outpourings of Euripides. I understand why the ancients called Euripides the most tragic of their dramatists : he evidently embraces within the scope of the tragic poet many passions,—love, conjugal affection, jealousy, and so on, which Sophocles seems to have considered as incongruous with the ideal statuesqueness of the tragic drama. Certainly Euripides was a greater poet in the abstract than Sophocles. His choruses may be faulty as choruses, but how beautiful and affecting they are as odes and songs ! I think the famous *Εὐίππου, ξένε* in the *Oedipus Coloneus*,¹ cold in comparison with many of the odes of Euripides, as that song of the chorus in the *Hippolytus*—"*Ερως*," *Ερως*,² and so on ; and I remember a choric ode in the *Hecuba*, which always struck me as exquisitely rich and finished ;—I mean, where the Chorus speaks of Troy and the night of the capture.

There is nothing very surprising in Milton's preference of Euripides, though so unlike himself. It is very common—very natural—for men to *like* and even admire an exhibition of power very different in kind from any thing of their own. No jealousy arises. Milton preferred Ovid too, and I dare say he admired both as a man of sensibility admires a lovely woman, with a feeling into which jealousy or envy cannot enter. With Aeschylus or Sophocles he might perchance have matched himself.

¹ " *Εὐίππου, ξένε, τᾶσδε χώρας
ἵκου τὰ κράτιστα γᾶς ἔπαυλα,
τὸν ἀργῆτα κολωνόν*—κ.τ.λ. v. 668."—H. N. C.

² " *Ερως, Ερως, ὁ κατ' ὀμμάτων
στάζεις πόθον, εἰσάγων γλυκεῖαν
ψυχῇ χάριν οὗς ἐπιστρατεύση,
μή μοι ποτε σὺν κακῷ φανείης
μηδ' ἄρ' ῥυθμος ἔλθοις*—κ.τ.λ. v. 527 [525]."—H. N. C.

In Euripides you have oftentimes a very near approach to comedy, and I hardly know any writer in whom you can find such fine models of serious and dignified conversation.

JULY 3, 1833

The collocation of words is so artificial in Shakspeare and Milton that you may as well think of pushing a brick out of a wall with your fore-finger, as attempt to remove a word out of any of their finished passages.

A good lecture upon style might be composed, by taking, on the one hand the slang of L'Estrange, and perhaps, even of Roger North,¹ which became so fashionable after the Restoration as a mark of loyalty ; and on the other, the Johnsonian magniloquence or the balanced metre of Junius ; and then showing how each extreme is faulty, upon different grounds.

It is quite curious to remark the prevalence of the Cavalier slang style in the divines of Charles the Second's time. Barrow could not of course adopt such a mode of writing throughout, because he could not in it have communicated his elaborate thinkings and lofty rhetoric ; but even Barrow not unfrequently lets slip a phrase here and there in the regular Roger North way—much to the delight, no doubt, of the largest part of his audience and contemporary readers. See particularly, for instances of this, his work on the Pope's supremacy. South is full of it.

The style of Junius is a sort of metre, the law of which is a balance of thesis and antithesis. When he gets out of this aphorismic metre into a sentence of five or six lines long, nothing can exceed the slovenliness of the English. Horne Tooke and a long sentence seem the only two antagonists that were too much for him. Still the antithesis of Junius is a real antithesis of images or thought ; but the antithesis of Johnson is rarely more than verbal.

The definition of good Prose is—proper words in their proper places ;—of good Verse—the most proper words in

¹ Cf. the comments on North in *The Friend, Works* (Shedd), ii. 329.

their proper places. The propriety is in either case relative. The words in prose ought to express the intended meaning, and no more ; if they attract attention to themselves, it is, in general, a fault. In the very best styles, as Southey's, you read page after page, understanding the author perfectly, without once taking notice of the medium of communication ;—it is as if he had been speaking to you all the while. But in verse you must do more ;—there the words, the *media*, must be beautiful, and ought to attract your notice—yet not so much and so perpetually as to destroy the unity which ought to result from the whole poem. This is the general rule, but, of course, subject to some modifications, according to the different kinds of prose or verse. Some prose may approach towards verse, as oratory, and therefore a more studied exhibition of the *media* may be proper ; and some verse may border more on mere narrative, and there the style should be simpler. But the great thing in poetry is, *quocunque modo*, to effect a unity of impression upon the whole ; and a too great fulness and profusion of point in the parts will prevent this. Who can read with pleasure more than a hundred lines or so of Hudibras at one time ? Each couplet or quatrain is so whole in itself, that you can't connect them. There is no fusion,—just as it is in Seneca.

JULY 4, 1833

Dr. Johnson's fame now rests principally upon Boswell. It is impossible not to be amused with such a book. But his *bow-wow* manner must have had a good deal to do with the effect produced ;—for no one, I suppose, will set Johnson before Burke,—and Burke was a great and universal talker ;—yet now we hear nothing of this except by some chance remarks in Boswell. The fact is, Burke, like all men of genius who love to talk at all, was very discursive and continuous ; hence he is not reported ; he seldom said the sharp short things that Johnson almost always did, which produce a more decided effect at the moment, and which are so much more easy to carry off. Besides, as to Burke's testimony to Johnson's powers, you must remember that Burke was a

great courtier ; and after all, Burke said and wrote more than once that he thought Johnson greater in talking than in writing, and greater in Boswell than in real life.¹

JULY 6, 1833

I could write as good verses now as ever I did, if I were perfectly free from vexations, and were in the *ad libitum* hearing of fine music, which has a sensible effect in harmonising my thoughts, and in animating and, as it were, lubricating my inventive faculty. The reason of my not finishing *Christabel* is not, that I don't know how to do it—for I have, as I always had, the whole plan entire from beginning to end in my mind ; but I fear I could not carry on with equal success the execution of the idea, an extremely subtle and difficult one. Besides, after this continuation of *Faust*, which they tell me is very poor, who can have courage to attempt a reversal of the judgment of all criticism against continuations? Let us except *Don Quixote*, however, although the second part of that transcendent work is not exactly *uno flatu* with the original conception.

AUGUST 15, 1833

I consider the two works of Sallust which have come down to us entire, as romances founded on facts ; no adequate causes are stated, and there is no real continuity of action. In *Thucydides*, you are aware from the beginning that you are reading the reflections of a man of great genius and experience upon the character and operation of the two great political principles in conflict in the civilised world in his time : his narrative of events is of minor importance, and it is evident that he selects for the purpose of illustration. It is *Thucydides* himself whom you read throughout under the names of *Pericles*, *Nicias*, &c. But in *Herodotus* it is just the reverse. He has as little subjectivity as *Homer* ; and, delighting in the great fancied epic of events, he narrates them without impressing any thing as of his own mind upon

¹ " This was said, I believe, to the late Sir James Mackintosh."—H. N. C.

the narrative. It is the charm of Herodotus that he gives you the spirit of his age—that of Thucydides, that he reveals to you his own, which was above the spirit of his age.

The difference between the composition of a history in modern and ancient times is very great ; still there are certain principles upon which a history of a modern period may be written, neither sacrificing all truth and reality, like Gibbon, nor descending into mere biography and anecdote.

Gibbon's style is detestable, but his style is not the worst thing about him. His history has proved an effectual bar to all real familiarity with the temper and habits of imperial Rome. Few persons read the original authorities, even those which are classical ; and certainly no distinct knowledge of the actual state of the empire can be obtained from Gibbon's rhetorical sketches. He takes notice of nothing but what may produce an effect ; he skips on from eminence to eminence, without ever taking you through the valleys between : in fact, his work is little else but a disguised collection of all the splendid anecdotes which he could find in any book concerning any persons or nations from the Antonines to the capture of Constantinople. When I read a chapter in Gibbon, I seem to be looking through a luminous haze or fog :—figures come and go, I know not how or why, all larger than life, or distorted or discoloured ; nothing is real, vivid, true ; all is scenical, and, as it were, exhibited by candlelight. And then to call it a *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* ! Was there ever a greater misnomer ? I protest I do not remember a single philosophical attempt made throughout the work to fathom the ultimate causes of the decline or fall of that empire. How miserably deficient is the narrative of the important reign of Justinian ! And that poor scepticism, which Gibbon mistook for Socratic philosophy, has led him to misstate and mistake the character and influence of Christianity in a way which even an avowed infidel or atheist would not and could not have done. Gibbon was a man of immense reading ; but he had no philosophy ; and he never fully understood the principle upon which the

best of the old historians wrote. He attempted to imitate their artificial construction of the whole work—their dramatic ordonnance of the parts—without seeing that their histories were intended more as documents illustrative of the truths of political philosophy than as mere chronicles of events.

The true key to the declension of the Roman empire—which is not to be found in all Gibbon's immense work—may be stated in two words :—the *imperial* character overlaying, and finally destroying, the *national* character. Rome under Trajan was an empire without a nation.

AUGUST 16, 1833

Johnson had neither eye nor ear ; for nature, therefore, he cared, as he knew, nothing. His knowledge of town life was minute ; but even that was imperfect, as not being contrasted with the better life of the country.

AUGUST 18, 1833

In the *Paradise Lost*—indeed in every one of his poems—it is Milton himself whom you see ; his Satan, his Adam, his Raphael, almost his Eve—are all John Milton ; and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives me the greatest pleasure in reading Milton's works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit.

Claudian deserves more attention than is generally paid to him. He is the link between the old classic and the modern way of thinking in verse. You will observe in him an oscillation between the objective poetry of the ancients and the subjective mood of the moderns. His power of pleasingly reproducing the same thought in different language is remarkable, as it is in Pope. Read particularly the *Phoenix*, and see how the single image of renascence is varied.¹

I think highly of Sterne—that is, of the first part of *Tristram Shandy* : for as to the latter part about the widow Wadman, it is stupid and disgusting ; and the *Sentimental*

¹ First Idyll.

Journey is poor sickly stuff. There is a great deal of affectation in Sterne, to be sure ; but still the characters of Trim and the two Shandies ¹ are most individual and delightful. Sterne's morals are bad, but I don't think they can do much harm to any one whom they would not find bad enough before. Besides, the oddity and erudite grimaces under which much of his dirt is hidden take away the effect for the most part ; although, to be sure, the book is scarcely readable by women.

AUGUST 20, 1833

I quite agree with Strabo, as translated by Ben Jonson in his splendid dedication of the Fox—that there can be no great poet who is not a good man, though not, perhaps, a *goody* man. His heart must be pure ; he must have learned to look into his own heart, and sometimes to look *at* it ; for how can he who is ignorant of his own heart know anything of, or be able to move, the heart of any one else ?

I think there is a perceptible difference in the elegance and correctness of the English in our versions of the Old and New Testament. I cannot yield to the authority of many examples of usages which may be alleged from the New Testament version. St. Paul is very often most inadequately rendered, and there are slovenly phrases which would never have come from Ben Jonson, or any other good prose writer of that day.

AUGUST 28, 1833

. . . I said a few words remarking how a great image may be reduced to the ridiculous and contemptible by bringing the constituent parts into prominent detail, and mentioned

¹ " Mr. Coleridge considered the character of the father, the elder Shandy, as by much the finer delineation of the two. I fear his low opinion of the *Sentimental Journey* will not suit a thorough Sterneist ; but I could never get him to modify his criticism. He said, ' The oftener you read Sterne, the more clearly will you perceive the *great* difference between Tristram Shandy and the *Sentimental Journey*. There is truth and reality in the one, and little beyond a clever affectation in the other.' "

—H. N. C.

the grandeur of the deluge and the preservation of life in Genesis and the *Paradise Lost*,¹ and the ludicrous effect produced by Drayton's description in his *Noah's Flood* :—

“ And now the beasts are walking from the wood,
As well of ravine, as that chew the cud.
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,
And to the Ark leads down the lioness ;
The bull for his beloved mate doth low,
And to the Ark brings on the fair-eyed cow,” &c.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1833

I cannot quite understand the grounds of the high admiration which the ancients expressed for Propertius, and I own that Tibullus is rather insipid to me. Lucan was a man of great powers ; but what was to be made of such a shapeless fragment of party warfare, and so recent too ! He had fancy rather than imagination, and passion rather than fancy. His taste was wretched, to be sure ; still the *Pharsalia* is in my judgment a very wonderful work for such a youth as Lucan was.

I think Statius a truer poet than Lucan, though he is very extravagant sometimes. Valerius Flaccus is very pretty in particular passages. I am ashamed to say, I have never read Silius Italicus. Claudian I recommend to your careful perusal, in respect of his being properly the first of the moderns, or at least the transitional link between the Classic and the Gothic mode of thought.

I call Persius hard—not obscure. He had a bad style ; but I dare say, if he had lived, he would have learned to express himself in easier language. There are many passages in him of exquisite felicity, and his vein of thought is manly and pathetic.

Prudentius is curious for this,—that you see how Christianity forced allegory into the place of mythology. Mr. Frere [*ὁ φιλόκαλος, ὁ καλοκαγαθὸς*] used to esteem the Latin Christian poets of Italy very highly, and no man in our times was a more competent judge than he.

¹ “ Genesis, c. vi., vii. Par. Lost, book xi., v. 728, &c.”—H. N. C.

How very pretty are those lines of Hermesianax in Athenaeus about the poets and poetesses of Greece !¹

SEPTEMBER 4, 1833

I have already told you that in my opinion the destruction of Jerusalem is the only subject now left for an epic poem of the highest kind. Yet, with all its great capabilities, it has this one grand defect—that, whereas a poem, to be epic, must have a personal interest,—in the destruction of Jerusalem no genius or skill could possibly preserve the interest for the hero from being merged in the interest for the event. The fact is, the event itself is too sublime and overwhelming.

In my judgment, an epic poem must either be national or mundane. As to Arthur, you could not by any means make a poem on him national to Englishmen. What have *we* to do with him ? Milton saw this, and with a judgment at least equal to his genius, took a mundane theme—one common to all mankind. His Adam and Eve are all men and women inclusively. Pope satirises Milton for making God the Father talk like a school divine.² Pope was hardly the man to criticise Milton. The truth is, the judgment of Milton in the conduct of the celestial part of his story is very exquisite. Wherever God is represented as directly acting as Creator, without any exhibition of his own essence, Milton adopts the simplest and sternest language of the Scriptures. He ventures upon no poetic diction, no amplification, no pathos, no affection. It is truly the Voice or the Word of the Lord coming to, and acting on, the subject Chaos. But, as some personal interest was demanded for the purposes of poetry,

¹ “ See the fragment from the Leontium :—

Οἶν μὲν φίλος υἱὸς ἀνήγαγεν Οἰάγοιο
 Ἀγριόπην Θρήσσαν στειλάμενος κιθάρην
 Ἀιδόθεν κ.τ.λ. *Athen. xiii. s. 71.*—H. N. C.

² Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
 Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground ;
 In quibbles angel and archangel join,
 And God the Father turns a school divine.
 HOR., *Epist.*, II. i. 99-102.

Milton takes advantage of the dramatic representation of God's address to the Son, the Filial Alterity, and in *those addresses* slips in, as it were by stealth, language of affection, or thought, or sentiment. Indeed, although Milton was undoubtedly a high Arian in his mature life, he does in the necessity of poetry give a greater objectivity to the Father and the Son, than he would have justified in argument. He was very wise in adopting the strong anthropomorphism of the Hebrew Scriptures at once. Compare the Paradise Lost with Klopstock's Messiah, and you will learn to appreciate Milton's judgment and skill quite as much as his genius.

OCTOBER 23, 1833

Elegy is the form of poetry natural to the reflective mind. It *may* treat of any subject, but it must treat of no subject *for itself*; but always and exclusively with reference to the poet himself. As he will feel regret for the past or desire for the future, so sorrow and love become the principal themes of elegy. Elegy presents every thing as lost and gone, or absent and future. The elegy is the exact opposite of the Homeric epic, in which all is purely external and objective, and the poet is a mere voice.

The true lyric ode is subjective too; but then it delights to present things as actually existing and visible, although associated with the past, or coloured highly by the subject of the ode itself.

I think the *Lavacrum Pallados* ^a of Callimachus very beautiful indeed, especially that part about the mother of Tiresias and Minerva.¹ I have a mind to try how it would bear translation; but what metre have we to answer in feeling to the elegiac couplet of the Greeks?

I greatly prefer the Greek rhythm of the short verse to Ovid's, though, observe, I don't dispute his taste with reference to the genius of his own language. Augustus Schlegel gave me a copy of Latin elegiacs on the King of Prussia's

^a Read '*Palladis*.'

¹ Hymn on the Bath of Pallas, 57, etc.

going down the Rhine, in which he had almost exclusively adopted the manner of Propertius. I thought them very elegant.

You may find a few minute faults in Milton's Latin verses ; but you will not persuade me that, if these poems had come down to us *as* written in the age of Tiberius, we should not have considered them to be very beautiful.

I once thought of making a collection,—to be called “ The Poetical Filter,”—upon the principle of simply omitting from the old pieces of lyrical poetry which we have, those parts in which the whim or the bad taste of the author or the fashion of his age prevailed over his genius. You would be surprised at the number of exquisite *wholes* which might be made by this simple operation, and, perhaps, by the insertion of a single line or half a line, out of poems which are now utterly disregarded on account of some odd or incongruous passages in them ;—just as whole volumes of Wordsworth's poems were formerly neglected or laughed at, solely because of some few wilfulnesses, if I may so call them, of that great man—whilst at the same time five sixths of his poems would have been admired, and indeed popular, if they had appeared without those drawbacks, under the name of Byron or Moore or Campbell, or any other of the fashionable favourites of the day. But he has won the battle now, ay ! and will wear the crown, whilst English is English.

I think there is something very majestic in Gray's Installation Ode ; but as to the Bard and the rest of his lyrics, I must say I think them frigid and artificial. There is more real lyric feeling in Cotton's Ode on Winter.¹

NOVEMBER 1, 1833

Dryden's genius was of that sort which catches fire by its own motion ; his chariot wheels *get* hot by driving fast.

¹ Here H. N. C. quotes Wordsworth's praise of the poem in his preface of 1815.

Dr. Johnson seems to have been really more powerful in discoursing *viva voce* in conversation than with his pen in hand. It seems as if the excitement of company called something like reality and consecutiveness into his reasonings, which in his writings I cannot see. His antitheses are almost always verbal only ; and sentence after sentence in the Rambler may be pointed out to which you cannot attach any definite meaning whatever. In his political pamphlets there is more truth of expression than in his other works, for the same reason that his conversation is better than his writings in general.

When I am very ill indeed, I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can then *read*. I cannot at such times read the Bible ; my mind reflects on it, but I can't bear the open page.

JANUARY 1, 1834

What is it that Mr. Landor wants, to make him a poet ? His powers are certainly very considerable, but he seems to be totally deficient in that modifying faculty, which compresses several units into one whole. The truth is, he does not possess imagination in its highest form,—that of stamping *il più nell' uno*. Hence his poems, taken as wholes, are unintelligible ; you have eminences excessively bright, and all the ground around and between them in darkness. Besides which, he has never learned, with all his energy, how to write simple and lucid English.

After all you can say, I still think the chronological order the best for arranging a poet's works. All your divisions are in particular instances inadequate, and they destroy the interest which arises from watching the progress, maturity, and even the decay of genius.

MARCH 5, 1834

I think Crabbe and Southey are something alike ; but Crabbe's poems are founded on observation and real life—

Southey's on fancy and books. In facility they are equal, though Crabbe's English is of course not upon a level with Southey's, which is next door to faultless. But in Crabbe there is an absolute defect of the high imagination ; he gives me little or no pleasure : yet, no doubt, he has much power of a certain kind, and it is good to cultivate, even at some pains, a catholic taste in literature. I read all sorts of books with some pleasure except modern sermons and treatises on political economy.

I have received a great deal of pleasure from some of the modern novels, especially Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple." That book is nearer Smollett than any I remember. And "Tom Cringle's Log," in Blackwood is also most excellent.

MARCH 15, 1834

I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping ! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakspeare and Chaucer ; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. How well we seem to know Chaucer ! How absolutely nothing do we know of Shakspeare !

I cannot in the least allow any necessity for Chaucer's poetry, especially the Canterbury Tales, being considered obsolete. Let a few plain rules be given for sounding the final *é* of syllables, and for expressing the termination of such words as *ocēan*, and *natiōn*, &c., as dissyllables,—or let the syllables to be sounded in such cases be marked by a competent metrist. This simple expedient would, with a very few trifling exceptions, where the errors are inveterate, enable any reader to feel the perfect smoothness and harmony of Chaucer's verse. As to understanding his language, if you read twenty pages with a good glossary, you surely can find

no further difficulty, even as it is ; but I should have no objection to see this done :—Strike out those words which are now obsolete, and I will venture to say that I will replace every one of them by words still in use out of Chaucer himself, or Gower his disciple. I don't want this myself : I rather like to see the significant terms which Chaucer unsuccessfully offered as candidates for admission into our language ; but surely so very slight a change of the text may well be pardoned, even by black-letterati, for the purpose of restoring so great a poet to his ancient and most deserved popularity.

Shakspeare is of no age. It is idle to endeavour to support his phrases by quotations from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c. His language is entirely his own, and the younger dramatists imitated him. The construction of Shakspeare's sentences, whether in verse or prose, is the necessary and homogeneous vehicle of his peculiar manner of thinking. His is not the style of the age. More particularly, Shakspeare's blank verse is an absolutely new creation. Read Daniel—the admirable Daniel—in his “ Civil Wars,” and “ Triumphs of Hymen.” The style and language are just such as any very pure and manly writer of the present day—Wordsworth, for example—would use ; it seems quite modern in comparison with the style of Shakspeare. Ben Jonson's blank verse is very masterly and individual, and perhaps Massinger's is even still nobler. In Beaumont and Fletcher it is constantly slipping into lyricisms.

As for editing Beaumont and Fletcher, the task would be one *immensi laboris*. The confusion is now so great, the errors so enormous, that the editor must use a boldness quite unallowable in any other case. All I can say as to Beaumont and Fletcher is, that I can point out well enough where something has been lost, and that something so and so was probably in the original ; but the law of Shakspeare's thought and verse is such, that I feel convinced that not only could I detect the spurious, but supply the genuine, word.

MARCH 20, 1834

Lord Byron, as quoted by Lord Dover, says, that the "Mysterious Mother" raises Horace Walpole above every author living in his, Lord Byron's, time. Upon which I venture to remark, first, that I do not believe that Lord Byron spoke sincerely; for I suspect that he made a tacit exception in favour of himself at least; secondly, that it is a miserable mode of comparison which does not rest on difference of kind. It proceeds of envy and malice and detraction to say that A. is higher than B., unless you show that they are *in pari materiâ*;—thirdly, that the "Mysterious Mother" is the most disgusting, detestable, vile composition that ever came from the hand of man. No one with a spark of true manliness, of which Horace Walpole had none, could have written it. As to the blank verse, it is indeed better than Rowe's and Thomson's, which was execrably bad:—any approach, therefore, to the manner of the old dramatists was of course an improvement; but the loosest lines in Shirley are superior to Walpole's best.

JUNE 2, 1834

Schiller's blank verse is bad. He moves in it as a fly in a glue bottle. His thoughts have their connection and variety, it is true, but there is no sufficiently corresponding movement in the verse. How different from Shakspeare's endless rhythms!

There is a nimety—a too-muchness—in all Germans. It is the national fault. Lessing had the best notion of blank verse. The trochaic termination of German words renders blank verse in that language almost impracticable. We have it in our dramatic hendecasyllable; but then we have a power of interweaving the iambic close *ad libitum*.

JUNE 23, 1834

You may conceive the difference in kind between the Fancy and the Imagination in this way,—that if the check of the senses and the reason were withdrawn, the first would be-

come delirium, and the last mania. The Fancy brings together images which have no connection natural or moral, but are yoked together by the poet by means of some accidental coincidence ; as in the well-known passage in Hudibras :—

“ The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And like a lobster boyl’d, the morn
From black to red began to turn.”¹

The Imagination modifies images, and gives unity to variety ; it sees all things in one, *il più nell’ uno*. There is the epic imagination, the perfection of which is in Milton ; and the dramatic, of which Shakspeare is the absolute master. The first gives unity by throwing back into the distance ; as after the magnificent approach of the Messiah to battle, the poet, by one touch from himself—

—“ far off their coming shone ! ”—

makes the whole one image. And so at the conclusion of the description of the appearance of the entranced angels, in which every sort of image from all the regions of earth and air is introduced to diversify and illustrate,—the reader is brought back to the single image by—

“ He call’d so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded.”

The dramatic imagination does not throw back, but brings close ; it stamps all nature with one, and that its own, meaning, as in *Lear* throughout.

JULY 5, 1834

I do not remember a more beautiful piece of prose in English than the consolation addressed by Lord Brooke (Fulke Greville) to a lady of quality on certain conjugal infelicities. The diction is such that it might have been

¹ “ Part II, c. 2, v. 29.”—H. N. C.

written now, if we could find any one combining so thoughtful a head with so tender a heart and so exquisite a taste.

Barrow often debased his language merely to evidence his loyalty. It was, indeed, no easy task for a man of so much genius, and such a precise mathematical mode of thinking, to adopt even for a moment the slang of L'Estrange and Tom Brown ; but he succeeded in doing so sometimes. With the exception of such parts, Barrow must be considered as closing the first great period of the English language. Dryden began the second. Of course there are numerous subdivisions.

What a master of composition Fielding was ! Upon my word, I think the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, the *Alchemist*, and *Tom Jones*, the three most perfect plots ever planned. And how charming, how wholesome, Fielding always is ! To take him up after Richardson, is like emerging from a sick room heated by stoves, into an open lawn, on a breezy day in May.

The following Recollections of Mr. Coleridge, written in May, 1811, have been also communicated to me by my brother, Mr. Justice Coleridge :—

“ 20th APRIL, 1811, at *Richmond*

... “ We then got, I know not how, to German topics. He said that the language of their literature was entirely factitious, and had been formed by Luther from the two dialects, High and Low German ; that he had made it, grammatically, most correct, more so, perhaps, than any other language : it was equal to the Greek, except in harmony and sweetness. And yet the Germans themselves thought it sweet ;—Klopstock had repeated to him an ode of his own to prove it, and really had deceived himself, by the force of association, into a belief that the harsh sounds, conveying, indeed, or being significant of, sweet images or thoughts, were themselves sweet. Mr. C. was asked what he thought of Klopstock. He answered, that his fame was rapidly declining in Germany ; that an Englishman might

form a correct notion of him by uniting the moral epigram of Young, the bombast of Hervey, and the minute description of Richardson.¹ As to sublimity, he had, with all Germans, one rule for producing it ;—it was, to take something very great, and make it very small in comparison with that which you wish to elevate. Thus, for example, Klopstock says,—‘ As the gardener goes forth, and scatters from his basket seed into the garden ; so does the Creator scatter worlds with his right hand.’ Here *worlds*, a large object, are made small in the hands of the Creator ; consequently, the Creator is very great. In short, the Germans were not a poetical nation in the very highest sense. Wieland was their best poet : his subject was bad, and his thoughts often impure ; but his language was rich and harmonious, and his fancy luxuriant. Sotheby’s translation had not at all caught the manner of the original. But the Germans were good metaphysicians and critics : they criticised on principles previously laid down ; thus, though they might be wrong, they were in no danger of being self-contradictory, which was too often the case with English critics.

“ Young, he said, was not a poet to be read through at once. His love of point and wit had often put an end to his pathos and sublimity ; but there were parts in him which must be immortal. He (Mr. C.) loved to read a page of Young, and walk out to think of him. . . .

“ . . . When we got on the subject of poetry and Southey, he gave us a critique of the *Curse of Kehama*, the fault of which he thought consisted in the association of a plot and a machinery so very wild with feelings so sober and tender : but he gave the poem high commendation, admired the art displayed in the employment of the Hindu monstrosities, and begged us to observe the noble feeling excited of the superiority of virtue over vice ; that *Kehama* went on, from the beginning to the end of the poem, increasing in power, whilst *Kailyal* gradually lost her hopes and her protectors ; and yet by the time we got to the end, we had arrived at an utter contempt and even carelessness of the power of evil, as

¹ Cf. p. 392 and *B.L.*, ii. 183.

exemplified in the almighty Rajah, and felt a complete confidence in the safety of the unprotected virtue of the maiden. This he thought the very great merit of the poem. . . .

“APRIL 21.—*Richmond*

“ . . . As we walked up Mr. Cambridge’s meadows towards Twickenham, he criticised Johnson and Gray as poets, and did not seem to allow them high merit. The excellence of verse, he said, was to be untranslatable into any other words without detriment to the beauty of the passage ;—the position of a single word could not be altered in Milton without injury. Gray’s personifications, he said, were mere printer’s devils’ personifications—persons with a capital letter, abstract qualities with a small one. He thought Collins had more genius than Gray, who was a singular instance of a man of taste, poetic feeling, and fancy, without imagination. He contrasted Dryden’s opening of the 10th satire of Juvenal with Johnson’s :—

“ Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from Ganges to Peru.”

which was as much as to say,—

“ Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind.”

¹ Cf. Coleridge’s *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 121-22, 216.

APPENDIX

I. WIT AND HUMOUR ¹

[Reprinted from *Literary Remains*]

ON THE DISTINCTIONS OF THE WITTY, THE DROLL, THE ODD, AND THE HUMOUROUS. THE NATURE AND CONSTITUENTS OF HUMOUR ²

I. PERHAPS ³ the most important of our intellectual operations are those of detecting the difference in similar, and the identity in dissimilar, things. Out of the latter operation it is that wit arises ; ⁴ and it, generically regarded, consists in presenting thoughts or images in an unusual connection with each other, for the purpose of exciting pleasure by the surprise. This connection may be real ; and there is in fact a scientific wit ; though where the object, consciously entertained, is truth, and not amusement, we commonly give it some higher name. But in wit popularly understood, the connection may be, and for the most part is, apparent only, and transitory ; and this connection may be by

¹ This text is evidently based on the MSS. printed above, pp. 117-20. Part of the differences are evidently due to H. N. C.'s garbling, part to the existence of sources now lost. These sources may be either MSS. or, less probably, the report of the lecture by one of Coleridge's hearers. Whatever the correct explanation, the text in *L.R.* is so closely woven that I have found it impossible to disentangle from it the MSS. to which I have had access. The best course of action, it seems to me, is to print the *L.R.* text here, with appropriate textual notes. The editor does not believe that he should apologize for the copiousness of these notes, for if any student of Coleridge uses them to study carefully H. N. C.'s editorial methods, the knowledge will be useful.

² I have omitted the continuation of this sub-title, 'Rabelais-Swift-Sterne,' since the notes referred to are printed elsewhere.

³ This introductory paragraph, which is evidently authentic, is not to be found in my MSS.

⁴ So says Richter in the *Vorschule der Aesthetik*, section 43.

thoughts, or by words, or by images.¹ The first is our Butler's especial eminence; the second, Voltaire's; the third, which we oftener call fancy, constitutes the larger and more peculiar part of the wit of Shakspeare. You can scarcely turn to a single speech of Falstaff's without finding instances of it. Nor does wit always cease to deserve the name by being transient, or incapable of analysis. I may add that the wit of thoughts belongs eminently to the Italians, that of words to the French, and that of images to the English.

II. Where the laughable is its own end, and neither inference, nor moral is intended, or where at least the writer would wish it so to appear, there arises what we call drollery.² The pure, unmixed, ludicrous or laughable belongs exclusively to the understanding, and must be presented under the form of the senses; it lies within the spheres of the eye and the ear, and hence is allied to the fancy. It does not appertain to the reason or the moral sense, and accordingly is alien to the imagination. I think Aristotle has already excellently defined the laughable, τὸ γελοῖον, as consisting of, or depending on, what is out of its proper time and place, yet without danger or pain. Here the *impropriety*—τὸ ἄτοπον—is the positive qualification; the *dangerlessness*—τὸ ἀκίνδυνον—the negative. Neither the understanding without an object of the senses, as for example, a mere notional error, or

¹ This distinction is a development of that in Richter's *Vorschule der Aesthetik* (sections 44-50) between the wit which consists of images and that which is without images. In the latter, Richter implicitly recognizes Coleridge's distinction between the wit of words and of thoughts, without Coleridge's explicit statement. He cites Butler (section 44) and Voltaire (sections 45-48) as illustrating imageless (*unbildliche*) wit. He attributes to the French especial excellence in the wit of reflection (imageless), and to the English and Germans excellence in the wit of images (section 50). But he does not, like the Gallophobe Coleridge, confine Voltaire and the French generally to the wit of words, denying them the wit of thoughts. For a similar remark by Coleridge, which may help to prove an early influence of Richter, see the sixth lecture of the 1811-12 series, *Shakespearean Criticism*, ii. 123-24.

² I am inclined to suspect that this introductory sentence may be merely H. N. C.'s development of the fourth sentence from the end of the paragraph. The rest of the paragraph is H. N. C.'s expansion and garbling of Coleridge's MS. (Add. 34, 225, ff. 74-75), with the last paragraph of Coleridge's MS. (see pp. 117-18, above) transposed to a later position (see p. 442, n. 2, below). All of this paragraph of *L.R.* (which includes three of Coleridge's paragraphs) is a paraphrase or free translation of selected passages from Richter, sections 28, 29.

idiocy ;—nor any external object, unless attributed to the understanding, can produce the poetically laughable. Nay, even in ridiculous positions of the body laughed at by the vulgar, there is a subtle personification always going in, which acts on the, perhaps, unconscious mind of the spectator as a symbol of intellectual character. And hence arises the imperfect and awkward effect of comic stories of animals ; because although the understanding is satisfied in them, the senses are not. Hence too, it is, that the true ludicrous is its own end. When serious satire commences, or satire that is felt as serious, however comically drest, free and genuine laughter ceases ; it becomes sardonic. This you experience in reading Young, and also not unfrequently in Butler. The true comic is the blossom of the nettle.

III. When ¹ words or images are placed in unusual juxtaposition rather than connection, and are so placed merely because the juxtaposition is unusual, we have the odd or the grotesque ; the occasional use of which in the minor ornaments of architecture, is an interesting problem for a student in the psychology of the Fine Arts.

IV. In the simply laughable there is a mere disproportion between a definite act and a definite purpose or end, or a disproportion of the end itself to the rank or circumstances of the definite person ; ² but humour is of more difficult description.³ I must try to define it in the first place by its points of diversity from the former species. Humour does not, like the different kinds of wit, which is impersonal, consist wholly in the under-

¹ This paragraph does not appear in the extant MSS., but it seems obviously authentic.

² This sentence is transposed from its proper place at the end of the second paragraph above. In the MS. it continues as follows : " but when we contemplate a finite in reference to the infinite, consciously or unconsciously, *humor*. So says Jean Paul Richter." H. N. C. transposed this conclusion to a still later position. Cf. p. 445, n. 2, below. For the MS. (Add. 34, 225, f. 75), see p. 118 above. H. N. C.'s suppression of Coleridge's reference to Richter was rather disingenuous, like his suppression of Coleridge's references to Schlegel in the Shakespearean criticism (Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 40, 78, 224, 233, note). The result of this policy was to blacken Coleridge's reputation.

³ The conclusion of this sentence, and the entire sentence which follows, are possibly H. N. C.'s patching. I am even inclined to be a little doubtful of the second sentence following, though the rest of the paragraph is obviously authentic.

standing and the senses. No combination of thoughts, words, or images will of itself constitute humour, unless some peculiarity of individual temperament and character be indicated thereby, as the cause of the same. Compare the comedies of Congreve with the Falstaff in Henry IV, or with Sterne's Corporal Trim, Uncle Toby, and Mr. Shandy, or with some of Steele's charming papers in the Tatler, and you will feel the difference better than I can express it. Thus again, (to take an instance from the different works of the same writer), in Smollett's Strap, his Lieutenant Bowling, his Morgan the honest Welshman, and his Matthew Bramble, we have exquisite humour,—while in his Peregrine Pickle we find an abundance of drollery, which too often degenerates into mere oddity; in short, we feel that a number of things are put together to counterfeit humour, but that there is no growth from within. And this indeed is the origin of the word, derived from the humoral pathology, and excellently described by Ben Jonson :

So in every human body,
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition :
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his effects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluents, all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour.¹

Hence we may explain the congeniality of humour with pathos, so exquisite in Sterne and Smollett, and ² hence also the tender feeling which we always have for, and associate with, the humours

¹ "Every Man Out of His Humour. Prologue."—H. N. C.

² After this word, H. N. C. again takes up one of the extant MS. fragments. Add. 34, 225, f. 78. See p. 119, above. His transition is somewhat suspicious: it has little logical connection with what precedes; it reads naturally as the beginning of the paragraph which it introduces, but the MS. is conclusive in forbidding that position; and, finally, the linking of Smollett with Sterne *in this connection* seems uncritical for Coleridge. An *exquisite* congeniality of humour with pathos does not sound like Smollett. Is the association of Sterne and Smollett in this connection due to H. N. C.'s recollection of their association in the preceding paragraph?

or hobby-horses of a man. First, we respect a humourist, because absence of interested motive is the ground-work of the character, although the imagination of an interest may exist in the individual himself, as if a remarkably simple-hearted man should pride himself on his knowledge of the world, and how well he can manage it:—and secondly, there always is in a genuine humour an acknowledgment of the hollowness and farce of the world, and its disproportion to the godlike within us.¹ And it follows immediately from this, that whenever particular acts have reference to particular selfish motives, the humorous bursts into the indignant and abhorring; whilst all follies not selfish are pardoned or palliated. The danger of this habit, in respect of pure morality, is strongly exemplified in Sterne.

This would be enough, and indeed less than this has passed, for a sufficient account of humour, if we did not recollect that not every predominance of character, even where not precluded by the moral sense, as in criminal dispositions, constitutes what we mean by a humourist, or the presentation of its produce, humour. What then is it? Is it manifold? Or is there some one humorific point common to all that can be called humorous?—I am not prepared to answer this fully, even if my time permitted; but I think there is;—and that it consists in a certain reference to the general and the universal, by which² the finite great is brought into identity with the little, or the little with the finite great, so as to make both nothing in comparison with the infinite.³ The little is made great, and the great little, in order to destroy both; because all is equal in contrast with the infinite.⁴

¹ Here ends Add. 34, 225, f. 78, after which H. N. C. passes on, quite correctly, I should think, to another MS. fragment, f. 79. Of this he takes the first paragraph, and then transposes the remainder to a later position (p. 446, n. 2, below). For the MS. see p. 119, above.

² Though the conjecture may seem too bold and incapable of complete proof, the present editor believes that all of the present paragraph to this point is a transitional fabrication (it contains no new idea); and that all which follows is a patchwork from other sources, which I shall identify.

³ The conclusion of this sentence ('the finite great is brought,' etc.) is evidently from the second paragraph of Add. 34, 225, f. 75, from which H. N. C. snipped off the conclusion. See p. 118, above, for the MS., and p. 442, n. 2, for H. N. C.'s text of this paragraph.

⁴ This is the concluding sentence of Add. 34, 225, f. 77 (see p. 119, above). H. N. C. cut off this sentence and then printed the rest of the paragraph with very little change, as the next paragraph of his text: 'That there is some truth,' etc.

"It is not without reason, brother Toby, that learned men write dialogues on long noses."¹ I would suggest, therefore, that whenever a finite is contemplated in reference to the infinite, whether consciously or unconsciously, humour² essentially arises. In the highest humour, at least, there is always a reference to, and a connection with, some general power not finite, in the form of some finite ridiculously disproportionate in our feelings to that of which it is, nevertheless, the representative, or by which it is to be displayed.³ Humorous writers, therefore, as Sterne in particular, delight, after much preparation, to end in nothing, or in a direct contradiction.⁴

That there is some truth in this definition, or origination of humour, is evident; for you cannot conceive a humorous man who does not give some disproportionate generality, or even a universality to his hobby-horse, as is the case with Mr. Shandy; or at least there is an absence of any interest but what arises from the humour itself, as in my Uncle Toby, and it is the idea of the soul, of its undefined capacity and dignity, that gives the sting to any absorption of it by any one pursuit, and this not in respect of the humourist as a mere member of society for a particular, however mistaken, interest, but as a man.⁵

The English humour is the most thoughtful, the Spanish the most ethereal—the most ideal—of modern literature. Amongst the classic ancients there was little or no humour in the foregoing

¹ This illustration was used in Coleridge's notes on Sterne (see p. 126, above), and H. N. C. probably borrowed it, feeling that some illustration was needed.

² See p. 442, n. 2. Here Coleridge's words are more exactly followed.

³ I suspect this dreadful sentence, though it may be authentic.

⁴ This sentence comes from Add. 34, 225, f. 76. See p. 118, above. If any one has been curious enough to follow each of these notes carefully, he will, I think, suspect, as I do, that H. N. C. has sought to avoid S. T. C.'s repetitions by throwing together in a continuous paragraph all of S. T. C.'s various statements of the idea that humour depends upon the juxtaposition of the finite and the infinite. The source of the idea is Richter, sections 32, 33.

⁵ H. N. C. prints this paragraph from Add. 34, 225, f. 77 (see p. 119, above), with very slight alterations, until he reaches the concluding sentence, which he omitted, because he had previously used it for the patchwork of the preceding paragraph. See p. 444, n. 4, above. I believe that this paragraph should be given an earlier position. See my text, p. 119, above. The idea of the paragraph is probably based on Richter's section 32, "humoristic totality," but there is no likeness in details.

sense of the term. Socrates, or Plato under his name, gives some notion of humour in the Banquet, when he argues that tragedy and comedy rest upon the same ground. But humour properly took its rise in the middle ages ; and the Devil, the Vice of the mysteries, incorporates the modern humour in its elements. It is a spirit measured by disproportionate finites. The Devil is not, indeed, perfectly humorous ; but that is only because he is the extreme of all humour.¹

II. MARGINALIA ON SHAKESPEARE

In the preface of my edition of Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism* I referred to a set of Shakespeare with Coleridge marginalia which had been lost from sight. This was Rann's six-volume edition of 1786, and the set with Coleridge marginalia had been mentioned by C. M. Ingleby in *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, 2nd series, vol. ix (1870), p. 133. Since that time there has been, so far as I know, no reference to the books, but they have now appeared in the Folger Shakespeare Library at Washington, D.C. The marginalia are now printed with the kind permission of the director of the Folger Library. They have been much mutilated by the trimming of the margins for re-binding, and the notes on *Macbeth*, which are nearly all in pencil, have been rubbed so that some words are entirely indecipherable ; but most of the notes have been recovered and are here presented with references to the Cambridge Shakespeare of 1891-93.

At the end I have added a note on Shakespeare's sonnets by Wordsworth and Coleridge. This also comes from the Folger Shakespeare Library, but from the set of Anderson's *British Poets* mentioned in the Preface of this volume.

Othello

[II. i. 120. Desdemona to Iago.

Come on, assay—There's one gone to the harbour ?]

The sweet attempt in a lovely and good woman to at once

¹ This last paragraph is H. N. C.'s garbling of the MS. fragment Add. 34, 225, ff. 79-80 (see pp. 119-20, above). He omitted the first paragraph, which he had already printed at its proper place (see p. 444, n. 1). The paragraph, as it stands after this omission, is based on Richter's section 33, with a reminiscence of section 29 (Spanish and English seriousness, combined with humour).

perform the duties of decorum to those present—yet shew the predominance of affection to her . . . [?] duties. S. T. C.¹

Lear

[I. i. 5-6. Gloucester to Kent.

. . . equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.]

The sense is evidently [that] the *shares*, *intended* to be equal, are so equal that the most minute and scrupulous care (*curiositas*) could find *no* ground for choosing one rather than another. This Shakespeare calls "*equalities*," *i.e.*, shares perfectly equal. S. T. C.

[I. i. 54. Goneril to Lear.

Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter.]

This edition and half a score others of this and other great poets by their own countrymen, furnish by their notes and explanations a good ground of analogy for the faith we ought to *pin upon* the old scholiasts of the old Greek poets. *Ex. gr.*, p. 5,² "wield the matter." *Vide* note, "describe, express." What a fine notion a foreigner would gather of the meaning of the plain English word, "wield," from this gloss !! and how unfathomably *bathetic* the line of the poet would become !! This once for all : for all the explanations are of the same character, obsolete words excepted. S. T. C.

[I. i. 127. Lear to Cornwall and Albany.

With my two daughters' dowers *digest* this third.

Rann's note on "digest : " "possess, enjoy." ³]

Digerere ; *i.e.*, bear off between you, or blend into your former portions this third. The metaphor is taken from pharmacy.

Macbeth

[I. iii. 51-52, etc. Banquo to Macbeth and then to the Witches.

Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair ?]

¹ This is followed on p. 452 by a note too much mutilated by trimming to insert in the text : "all [w]ickedness [ap ?]peals to base, and [se]lfish of . . . [na ?]ture." Several intervening words must be lost. The reference is to Iago's speech to Roderigo, II. i. 218-44.

² This note is on the fly-leaf of volume vi.

³ Marked by Coleridge with exclamations.

Strict moral feeling of Shakespeare. Those only are tempted who have tempted the Tempter by former[?] thoughts.

[I. iii. 130-37. Macbeth, *aside*.

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good : if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth ? I amthane of Cawdor :
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ?]

First struggle of conscience, his disobedience to which is to destroy him by the very pangs of conscience. *Remorse*.

[I. iii. 143. Macbeth, *aside*.

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me.]
Superstit[ion].

[I. iii. 149-50. Macbeth to Banquo.

... my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten.]

Absent temper ^a . . . [?]

[I. iv. Duncan greets Macbeth.]

Contrast between the honest king and the already scheming Macbeth.

[I. v. 15-17. Lady Macbeth's soliloquy over the letter.

... thou wouldst be great ;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it.]

Proof that ambitious schemes had been talked over between them.

[I. v. 37-51. Lady Macbeth's soliloquy.]

Character of Lady Macbeth. [She is] bullying[?] her own feelings with the rewards[??] of cowardice. Desperate reprobate villains talk no such language.¹

^a MS., 'Absent temper of Publiu . . . [?].' Rest trimmed off.

¹ A still more indecipherable note I have degraded to this footnote. As Lady Macbeth greets her husband, I. v. 57-67, Coleridge remarks, "No possible medium between fleeing from the one only without [?] . . . [?] ghost (the conscience) and running to it . . . [?] . . . [?]. Another note on I. vii. 54-58 : "[S ?]till [bu ?]llying."

[I. v. 68. Macbeth to Lady Macbeth.

We will speak further.]

Another proof of pains[?] cons[ciences?].

[I. vii. 1-28. Macbeth's soliloquy.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.]

Second [s]truggle. Contrast [th]is with [Macbeth's remorse just after the murder.^a]

[II.¹ ii. 12-13. Lady Macbeth's soliloquy.

Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.]

Confirmation that Shakespeare never meant Lady Macbeth more than Macbeth himself for [a] moral monster like Goneril.

[II. ii. 13-31. Macbeth enters after the murder.]

... Now comes the [r]esult. Compare with [Macbeth's soliloquy ^b "If it were done, when 'tis done," I. vii].

[II. iii. Speech of the Porter.]

Not Shakespeare.

[II.² iii. 107-117. Macbeth attempts to explain why he slew the grooms.]

Contrast this forced flurry of talkativeness with "And so do I" ³ [of Macduff.]

[II. iv. 1-10. Ross and the old man.]

Homogeneity of feeling and imagination.

[III. i. 40-43. Macbeth to courtiers.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone ; while then, God be with you !]

^a MS., ' 172 ' ; i.e., II. ii. 13-31.

^b MS., ' p. 164. '

¹ I have reserved for a note this almost illegible comment on Macbeth's message to his wife just before the murder, II. i. 31, etc. : " This explai[ns ?] as[?] the genius of the momen[t ?] herm . . . [?]. " End trimmed off.

² Another note too badly trimmed for the text is that on Macbeth's conversation with Macduff, II. iii. 48, etc. : " Wonderfu[l] assimila[ti]on of feel[ing] . . . [?] homogenei[ty ?] . . . [?] order to unity of im[p]ression [?] . "

³ II. iii. 131.

Even in this the unsupport[able ?] anxiety that drives him from faces he cannot bear to his own heart, still more dreadful.

[III. i. 48-50. Macbeth's soliloquy.

. . . our fears in Banquo
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. . . .]

One crime leading to [a]nother [. . . ?] even [?] [b ?]y the [v ?]ery virtues of the agent[?], as by Macbeth's generous confession of Banquo's excellences.

[III.¹ i. 107-110. Second murderer to Macbeth.

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.]

Even an assassin in this play Shakespeare will not let be a perfect monster.

[III. ii. 55. Macbeth to Lady Macbeth.

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.]

N.B.

[III. iv.]

Dwell o[n] the immedi[ate ?] following ?] of the conversat[ion] with the assassins by the ghost of Banquo in Macbeth's dreadfully agitated state of mind and body. Now he at once appeals to and avails himself of popular superstitions.

Controversy, whether the ghost ought to *appe[ar]* to the audience ? Depends on the overbalance of the educated to the uneducated.²

[IV. iii. Malcolm's description of his own corruption in testing Macduff. Macduff at first does not protest.]

¹ The note following this is too badly trimmed for the text. It deals with Macbeth's speech to Lady Macbeth, III. ii. 13, etc., "We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it," etc. "Terror . . . [?] crimes [i]mpelling to crimes, . . . [?] [t]hat . . . [?] crime . . . [?] [h]orror, and involve other crimes."

² On the re-entrance of Banquo's ghost, Coleridge has another comment, of which the first part is ruined by trimming the margin : "[F]ine . . . [?]ssion . . . [?] the . . . [?]nness bodily spirit and courage. S. T. C." Another even more badly clipped note deals with III. iv. 130-40. "All the . . . [?]anesses [a]t once [?] . . . [?] of [ho ?]rror." Another such note comes on IV. i. 144-49 : "Still desperate from terr[or] of the . . . [?] who ha[d ?] . . . [?] laugh[e]d at death [?] while he was doing h's duty."

Even this scene, tho' less pleasing, is yet a fine picture of the evil pro[duced] even in good men by public insecurity. The . . . [?] itself is most instructive.¹

Antony and Cleopatra

[II. ii. 210-11. Enobarbus describing Cleopatra.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many *mermaids*,² tended her i' the eyes.]

An evident [cor]ruption. [Wh]at to [sub]stitute, not so [c]lear.³

[IV. vii. 7-8. Scarus to Antony.

I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.]

Ergo, he must have received two other wounds, α and β .⁴ But besides, there is a pun here—his wound growing cold began to ache, which was then pronounced "aitch."

By the bye, what is the origin of the phrase, "to a T," as, "it fits me to a T"? Why was the letter chosen? *Perhaps* T might usually stand in accounts for a thousandth part, as M does now for a million; but this is indeed a mere "perhaps."⁵

Coriolanus

[I. i. 269-70. Sicinius to Brutus.

Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his *demerits* rob Cominius.]

Due merits? ⁶

¹ I have omitted another note (on the sleep-walking scene) because of its mutilation: "Pro[of ?] of m[y] asser[tion ?] respe[cting ?] Lady Macbeth's dre . . . [?] and wake-dreaming character." Another of these dim and mutilated notes is on the announcement to Macbeth of the Queen's death: "Not, as Schlegel supposes, because Lady Macbeth was wicked . . . [?] does she die suicide and . . . [?], but because she was the [?] more of a visionary, di[d] actual life and it . . . habit [?]."

² Coleridge's italics.

³ The letters in brackets were trimmed from the margins. Cf. *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 88, for a fuller note on this passage.

⁴ Coleridge draws a little diagram of the two parallel verticals and the cross horizontal.

⁵ Here follows in another hand, "Notes by Coleridge. I. E."

⁶ A conjecture repeated by Leo about half a century after Coleridge's death.

[I. iv. 13-14. Marcius to the Volscian senators.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls ?

First Sen. No, nor a man *but* fears you less than he.]

Evidently, "that" : "but"¹ would imply that Aufidius did fear Marcius a little, which never could be the senator's meaning.

[I. ix. 45-46. Marcius to Cominius, etc.

When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made a coverture for the wars.]

Corrupt, but I can propose no amendment.

[Later.] Those who are familiar with the manuscripts of the age of Elizabeth and James will not recoil, as others would naturally do, at the conjectural reading, *be thimbles made*. The "b" is often confounded with the "l," and the initial of one word made the last letter of the preceding, while the last syllable of common words is expressed by abridgement, as "thimb^s" for "thimbles"^a . . .

The Merchant of Venice

[I. ii. 61-64. Portia to Nerissa.

. . . he understands not me, nor I him : he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian ; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English.]

How boldly Shakespeare outsoars the absurd system of cold-blooded probability (*i.e.*, facsimile of real life) in the drama, *i.e.*, the imitation, *ergo*, *not* the copy or facsimile of it, may be instanced among a thousand others in p. 91,² last three lines—in which he makes Portia in English disclaim her knowledge of English.

[I. ii. 70-73. Portia on the Scottish lord.

. . . he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able : I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

^a *MS.*, 'thimbles & the.' *The rest trimmed off at the bottom of the page.*

¹ Johnson's conjecture, adopted by Rann. "That" is the accepted reading.

² This note is on the fly-leaf of volume ii. The passage mentioned is that quoted above. This antithesis of copy and imitation is one of Coleridge's favourite themes. Cf. his *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 128, 200, 204, 223 ; ii. 80-81, 117, 159-60, 201, 263, 313, 321.

Rann : bound himself to give the *Englishman* another ;—alluding to the frequent assistance, and constant promises given by the *French* to the *Scots*, during their contests with the *English*.]

No !—likewise received a box of the ear for his interference, and like his ally, the Scotchman, bound himself to return it at a fit time. This play must, therefore, have been written under Elizabeth. Shakespeare was too wise to have hazarded this *just* sarcasm under “ The minion[?]-kissing Scot,”^a Jam[es I]. S. T. C.

[III. ii. 116-118. Bassanio.

Move these eyes ?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion.]

Beautiful illustration of the true cause of pleasure derived from fine painting—*causatum*, etc.[?], transfers *in rem causantem*—the picture moves.^b . . .

The Tempest

[I. ii. 18-20.

. . . nought knowing
Of whence I am ; nor that I am *more better*
Than Prospero. . . .

Rann : Such ungrammatical expressions, as *double comparatives* and *superlatives*, occur so frequently in our author, and the generality of old dramatic writers, that it would be endless to remark them all, and impertinent to correct them.]

Yet though I admit there is no necessity for alteration here, I incline to think that the line as written by Shakespeare stood

“ Of whence I am ; nor that I am more or better
Than,¹ etc.”

[I. ii. 118-20. Miranda to Prospero.

. . . I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother :
Good wombs have borne bad sons.]

This [last] half-line evidently belongs to Prospero. In the innocent recluse, Miranda, it is inappropriate and unnatural.

^a Close of quotation not in MS.

^b Some words are trimmed off at the bottom of the page. The last is “ ἀνρίρ.”

¹ Rowe's emendation (ed. 2).

"—grandmother." "You do rightly," answers Prospero.
 "Good wombs have borne bad sons."¹

*Shakespeare's Sonnets*²

[WORDSWORTH]

These sonnets beginning at CXXVII to his mistress, are worse than a puzzle-peg. They are abominably harsh, obscure, and worthless. The others are for the most part much better, have many fine lines^a and passages. They are also in many places warm with passion. Their chief faults—and heavy ones they are—are sameness, tediousness, quaintness, and elaborate obscurity.³

[COLERIDGE]

I can by no means subscribe to the above pencil mark of W. Wordsworth; which, however, it is my wish should never be erased. It is *his*: and grievously am I mistaken, and deplorably will Englishmen have degenerated if the being *his* will not in times to come give it a value, as of a little reverential relic—the rude mark of his hand left by the sweat of haste in a St. Veronica handkerchief! And Robert Southey!⁴ My sweet Hartley! if thou livest, thou wilt not part with this book without sad necessity and a pang at heart. Oh, be never weary of reperusing the four first volumes⁵ of this collection, my eldest born! Today thou art to be christened, being more than seven years of age, and with what reluctance and *distaste* have I permitted this unchristian, and in its spirit and consequences anti-christian, foolery to be

^a MS., 'many fine lines very fine lines.'

¹ So Hammer (Theobald conjecture). Cf. Coleridge's *Shakespearean Criticism*, i. 132, n. 2.

² From the Folger set of Anderson's *British Poets*, which is described in the Preface of this volume.

³ This volume has another note by Wordsworth on page 352. Commenting on Book VI of the *Faerie Queene*, Wordsworth says, "This Legend of Courtesy, taking it all together, is to me exceedingly delightful. W. W."

⁴ There are one or two notes by Southey in the set; e.g., one on *Britannia's Pastorals*.

⁵ The first four volumes extend to the Restoration: I, Chaucer, Surrey, Wyatt, Sackville; II, Spenser, Shakespeare, Davies, Hall; III, Drayton, Carew, Suckling; IV, Donne, Daniel, Browne, P. Fletcher, G. Fletcher, Jonson, Drummond, Crashaw, Davenant.

performed upon *thee*, Child of free Nature. On thy brother Derwent and thy sister Sara, somewhat ; but chiefly on thee. These sonnets thou, I trust, if God preserve thy life, Hartley ! thou wilt read with a deep interest, having learnt to love the plays of Shakespeare, co-ordinate with Milton, and subordinate only to thy Bible. To thee, I trust, they will help to explain the mind of Shakespeare, and if thou wouldst understand these sonnets, thou must read the chapter in Potter's *Antiquities*¹ on the Greek lovers—of whom were that Theban band of brothers over whom Philip, their victor, stood weeping ; and surveying their dead bodies, each with his shield over the body of his friend, all dead in the place where they fought, solemnly cursed those whose base, fleshly, and most calumnious fancies had suspected their love of desires against nature.² This pure love Shakespeare appears to have felt—to have been in no way ashamed of it—or even to have suspected that others could have suspected it. Yet at the same time he knew that so strong a love would have been made more completely a thing of permanence and reality, and have been blessed more by nature and taken under her more especial protection, if this object of his love had been at the same time a possible object of desire—for nature is not soul only. In this feeling he must have written the twentieth sonnet ; but its possibility seems never to have entered even his imagination. It is noticeable that not even an allusion to that very worst of all possible vices (for it is wise to think of the disposition, as a *vice*, not of the absurd and despicable act, as a *crime*) not even any allusion to it [occurs] in all his numerous plays—whereas Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger are full of them. O my son ! I pray fervently that thou may'st know inwardly how impossible it was for a Shakespeare not to have been in his heart's heart chaste. I see no elaborate obscurity and very little quaintness—nor do I know any sonnets that will bear such frequent reperusal : so rich in metre, so full of thought and *exquisite*st diction. S. T. Coleridge. Greta Hall, Keswick, Wed. morning, half past three, Nov. 2, 1803.

¹ *Archæologia Græca or the Antiquities of Greece*, by John Potter, D.D., 1804. In vol. ii, Bk. IV, ch. ix, pp. 248-51, the author, Archbishop of Canterbury, argued that the Greek custom of love of men for boys was entirely spiritual.

² Coleridge makes his quotation somewhat more specific than it is in Potter's *Antiquities*, in which it reads as follows : " let them perish who suspect that these men either did or suffered anything base."

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